★ Oct. 13, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

PARK PRESBYTERIAN LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For distinguished service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY VICTORY BONDS

IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact...THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won over sixty honours all over the world!

HONOURS OF

(Drill Order)

Egmont-op Zee, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Waterloo, Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Aisne, 1914, Hindenburg Line, Macedonia 1915, '18

HONOURS OF

Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910

. . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

Dewar's White Label

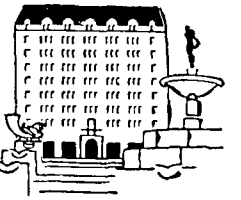
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copyright 1943, Schenley Import Corporation, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going Gala with a Whisper and a Wink

in our new draped evening Exclusive
of whispering black rayon taffeta,
jet sequin embroidery winking
against the invisible nude net
of the décolletage.
Sizes 10 to 16. $145



BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE. AT 58TH ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinée schedules because of Columbus Day. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play, now in its second year, is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 20.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney, Howard Smith, and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a remarkably simple and touching performance. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4506. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CI 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

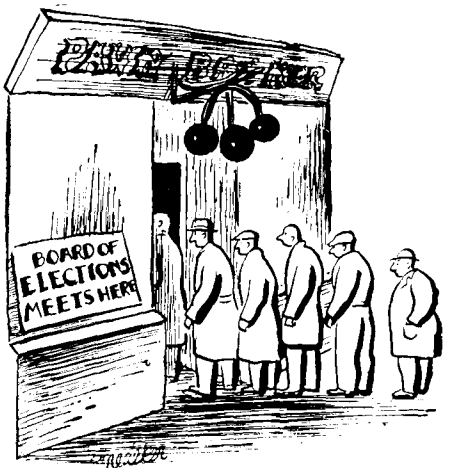
Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Touched Me!—Edmund Gwenn's interpolated vaudeville is a great help to this not very distinguished play about a young girl who is awakened by love. Montgomery Clift and Catherine Willard are in the cast. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Thérèse—Dame May Whitty, Eva Le Gallienne, and Victor Jory in an adaptation by Thomas Job of Emile Zola's novel, "Thérèse Raquin." Produced by Victor Payne-Jennings and Bernard Klawans, and directed by Margaret Webster. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably fetching. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12 at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. Second year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—An operetta based on the Mayerling story. The music is agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. Third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12 at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-0363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Polonaise—Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura are teamed up again in a rather preposterous and tiresome operetta about the life of Kosciusko. The Chopin music, however, is nicely presented. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Irra Petina and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Red Mill—Eddie Foy, Jr., and Michael O'Shea in a revival of the Victor Herbert operetta, produced by Paula Stone and Hunt Stromberg, Jr., and directed by Billy Gilbert. Opens Tues., Oct. 16. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter at 2:40.)

The Assassin—A new play by Irwin Shaw, produced by Martin Gabel, Carly Wharton, and Alfred Bloomingdale. The cast includes Frank Sundstrom, Lesley Woods, and Roger DeKoven. Opens Wed., Oct. 17. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The cowboys and cowgirls put in their annual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"Romeo and Juliet" (with Markova), "On Stage!," "Pas de Deux" (with Eglevsky), and "Fancy Free," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 11. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux" (with Eglevsky), and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Oct. 13. . . . "On Stage!," "Fair at Sorochinsk" (with Dolin and Eglevsky), and "Princess Aurora" (with Markova, Dolin, and Eglevsky), Sat. Eve., Oct. 13. . . . "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose" (with Eglevsky), and "Fancy Free," Sun. Aft., Oct. 14. . . . "On Stage!," "Undertow," and "Princess Aurora" (with Markova, Dolin, and Eglevsky), Sun. Eve., Oct. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides" (with Markova and Dolin), "Gift of the Magi," "Pas de Deux" (with Markova and Dolin), and "Helen of Troy" (with Eglevsky), Mon. Eve., Oct. 15. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Gift of the Magi," "Spectre de la Rose" (with Eglevsky), and "Bluebeard" (with Dolin), Tues. Eve., Oct. 16. . . . "Aleko," "Interplay," "Pas de Quatre" (with Markova), and "Helen of Troy" (with Eglevsky), Wed. Eve., Oct. 17. . . . "On Stage!," "Undertow," "Pas de Deux" (with Eglevsky), and "Interplay," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 18. . . . "Giselle" (with Markova and Dolin), "Gift of the Magi," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "Princess Aurora" (with Markova and Dolin), "On Stage!," and "Petrouchka" (with Eglevsky), Sat. Aft., Oct. 20. . . . "Swan Lake" (with Markova and Dolin), "Interplay," "Pas de Quatre" (with Markova), and "Petrouchka" (with Eglevsky), Sat. Eve., Oct. 20. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	65
BOOKS	94
THE CURRENT CINEMA	74
FOOTBALL	50
MUSICAL EVENTS	88
OF ALL THINGS	87
THE RACE TRACK	90
THE THEATRE	48

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 35, October 13, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIALISTS of the HOUSE

#2 The Julianellis

WHAT DO HAPPILY married couples talk about when they're getting ready for bed? Charles and Mabel Julianelli, who design shoes for Saks Fifth Avenue, sometimes talk about—shoes. One night Charles whipped out a handful of ribbons and wound them around Mabel's tootsies, creating the Pagan sandal, which you have probably worn. Charles, for the past two years a First Lieutenant in the Army Quartermaster Corps, is big, good-looking, and the last man you would expect to find fooling with ribbons. Mabel, however, looks as though she were made of ribbon candy.

Charles, who came to America from Italy as an infant, met Mabel Winkel, a Brooklyn girl, while he was living in Jersey, and courted her mostly on the Penny Bridge. Mabel ran the Julianelli shoe business alone while her husband was in the Army, but he helped her via long distance at least once. Stationed in Cheyenne, Wyoming, he saw in a shop window a string of wooden beads made of two-toned Wyoming cedar and shipped a freight-car full of the cedar to Mabel, for buckles.

The Julianellis, observing that many men prefer closed toes on women, are planning a revival this fall. Both men and the women who [illegible]em love the Julianellis' Iridium shoe (with [illegible]ulator (with little tucks), Tang (with the [illegible]hopine, which has been exhibited at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street is usually pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice, or less.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra will play for dancing in the Garden until Thurs., Oct. 18, when it moves to its winter quarters in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room you will find Cardini and his impeccable magic, Fred and Elaine Barry's dances, and the cheery music of Bob Grant's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Susan Reed, Mary Lou Williams, the Sans Souci dancers, and Edmond Hall's orchestra in a show that doesn't turn out quite as well as you'd think.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, and jazz piano by Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, Benny Morton's trustworthy old trombone and his new orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—If you don't mind dressing for your night out, this decorative establishment is just the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band easily outshout the customers.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Gali-Gali, the magician who can do anything with baby chickens, and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays pleasantly for dancing. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Jimmy Savo indulging in his own special fantasies; dances by Gomez and Beatrice. Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's music for those who must dance.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a small but neat ice show, and Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing; Dorothy Shay and George Koch's orchestra impart a subdued merriment to the Maisonette. In general, hotel life with its best foot forward.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents the sweet music of Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Eric Correa's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on hand all evening, and Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Annamary Dickey, and Edgar Bergen, the owner and operator of Charlie McCarthy, are in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room, or what you have always known as the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, Helen Howe, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross setting a neat mark for others to shoot at. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those generally competent Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, and Garland Wilson are at work. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a certain elegance, and jaunty dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his Danish-pastry songs, and Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful, Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis in charge of the show and Joel Herron's and Noro Morales' orchestras in charge of the dancing. Upstairs in the Copa Lounge, Phil Moore's quartet (to be replaced by the King Cole Trio on Tues., Oct. 16). . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's band in fairly amazing surroundings. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent Golden Gate Quartet brightening up a generally tedious commotion. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9, including Sunday, no less; at the supper show (except Sunday), Hope Emerson and other entertainment. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Stan Kenton's orchestra (to be replaced by Frankie Carle's on Tues., Oct. 16). . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Fields' orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots scorching the midnight air. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, and other legendary characters from the early days of jazz, playing in a fairly plain-spoken setting (Tues. through Fri. Eves., and Sun. Aft.). . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): a well-stocked storefront, with Art Tatum at the piano, Tiny Grimes and his guitar, the Loumel Morgan Trio, and another band for dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's frenetic trio, to be replaced at any moment by Ben Webster's new band. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio, with Erroll Garner at the piano, and Don Byas heading another band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Joe Schirmer's Trio and other entertainment; dancing.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

ART

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—The "Autumn Salon," with new work by Jackson Pollock, Charles Seliger, and twenty-seven others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

AUDUBON ARTISTS—A large show by this fairly new group: National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 11.

DARREL AUSTIN—Recent paintings: Perls, 33 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS—A small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso: New York Public Library, Room 322, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

HOWARD COOK—Journalistic paintings of the South Pacific, and domestic water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Z. CZERMANSKI—Water colors of New York people: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

EARLY AMERICAN—Work by Martin J. Heade, John James Audubon, Thomas Doughty, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

LUCILE EVANS—Paintings: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

FANTASIA—Paintings by Ryder, Redon, Chagall, and others: American-British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

THEODORE FRIED—Expressionist oils with a family-life slant: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 19.

GERMAN—Paintings and sculpture by Paul Klee, Franz Marc, George Grosz, and twenty-two others, all banned by the Nazis: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

MAURICE GORDON—Gouaches of French and German war ruins: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

GROUPS—At the **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: sculpture and black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: drawings by eleven of the painters who exhibit here. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: work by sixty-seven regular and guest members of the gallery. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: Herbert Barnett and other painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Ary Stillman, Joseph De Martini, James Lechay, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: members of the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Doris Rosenthal. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Hobson Pittman, and others. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **NEW-AGE**, 138 W. 15: Rockwell Kent, Julian Levi, Chaim Gross, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

LE CORBUSIER—Paintings and gouaches as well as plans and models by the French architect: Mezzanine Gallery, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 15.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and drawings by Goya (through Oct. 31); also, Islamic metalwork and jewelry from the eighth to the seventeenth century (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

HOWARD MITCHAM—Recent paintings: Jane Street, 35 Jane, at 8 Ave. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

PAUL MOMMER—Landscapes: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); also, work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Thurs. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 14.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Twenty-first annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

OLD MASTERS—Paintings by Rembrandt, Hals, Reynolds, and others: Schaeffer, 52 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

WALTER QUIRT—New oils: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

PHILIP REISMAN—Paintings which deal with city and factory life: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

KURT ROESCH—Recent paintings and water colors: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

STILL LIFES—Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, and others: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

LOIS BARTLETT TRACY—Abstract and Expressionist paintings: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY—A show, in honor of Annapolis's centenary, of portraits and paintings associated with the Navy: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will be open daily through Sun., Oct. 14, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is **CI** 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 14, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 19, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Oct. 20, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Nadia Reisenberg, piano, Oct. 11, 12, and 14; Nathan Milstein, violin, Oct. 18-19; Zadel Skolovsky, piano, Oct. 20.)

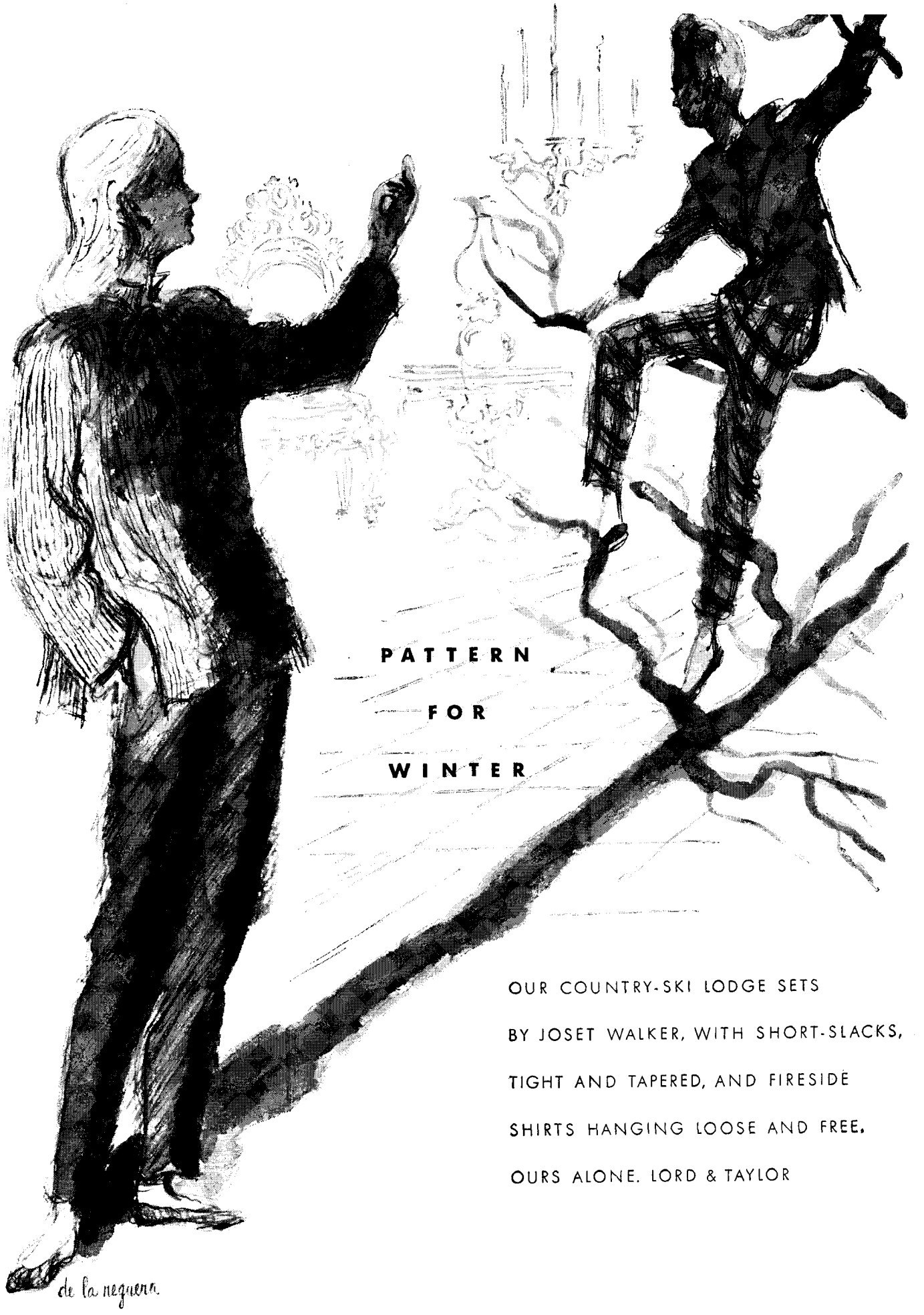
NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—"Carmen," Thurs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAKS FIFTH

ork · Chicago · Beverly Hills · Detroit

COPYRIGHT 1948, SAKS & CO.



PATTERN

FOR

WINTER

OUR COUNTRY-SKI LODGE SETS

BY JOSET WALKER, WITH SHORT-SLACKS,

TIGHT AND TAPERED, AND FIRESIDE

SHIRTS HANGING LOOSE AND FREE.

OURS ALONE. LORD & TAYLOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Eve., Oct. 11. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Fri. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., Oct. 13. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Oct. 13. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Aft., Oct. 14. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sun. Eve., Oct. 14. . . . "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., Oct. 17. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 18. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Aft., Oct. 20. . . . "La Tosca," Sat. Eve., Oct. 20. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15. (New York City Center, 55, W. of 6. CI 6-8989.)

ROLAND HAYES—Tenor. Fri., Oct. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LEONARD ROSE—Cello. Fri., Oct. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROBERT RUDIÉ—Violin. Sat., Oct. 13, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

VICTOR BORGE—Piano; and others: a benefit for B'nai B'rith Equality Lodge. Sat., Oct. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

DEVORA NADWORNEY—Contralto. Sun., Oct. 14, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ADELE MARCUS—Piano. Mon., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ALBERT SPALDING—Violin: a benefit for the Musicians' Emergency Fund. Mon., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY—Piano. Tues., Oct. 16, at 8:30 P.M., (Carnegie Hall); and Sat., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M., (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, ST 9-1391).

RUTH POSSELT—Violin. Tues., Oct. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROBERT KITAIN—Violin. Wed., Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ELEANOR FINE—Piano. Wed., Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

AMERICAN MUSIC—Susan Reed, folk singer; the Hargail Chorus; and Walter Hendl, composer, in the first of a series of six lecture-programs of American folk music. Fri., Oct. 19, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

LEON TEMERSON—Violin. Fri., Oct. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ANTONIO BROSA—Violin. Sat., Oct. 20, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin. Sat., Oct. 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—College games: FRI., OCT. 12: N.Y.U. vs. Boston College, at Boston, at 2:30 P.M. . . . SAT., OCT. 13: Army vs. Michigan, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Colgate vs. Lafayette, at Hamilton, at 3 P.M.; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 3 P.M.; Harvard vs. Rochester, at Cambridge, at 3 P.M.; Navy vs. Penn State, at Annapolis, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. North Carolina, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . SAT., OCT. 20: Army vs. Melville, R.I., Torpedo Boat T. C., at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Colgate vs. Columbia, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Submarine Base, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Georgia Tech, at Baltimore, at 7:30 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, Sun., Oct. 14, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 20. (Remsen Handicap, Oct. 12; Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 13; and Roamer Handicap, Oct. 20.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR PRISONERS' EXHIBIT—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 14.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Memorabilia relating to Jenny Lind, including letters, music, portraits, and personal belongings: Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

BERG COLLECTION—Manuscripts by David Garrick, Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors: New York Public Library, Room 318, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The annual exhibition of the Press Photographers' Association of New York, including many examples of war photography: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Chinese objects of art owned by Jacques Poberejsky: Fri., Oct. 12, at 2 P.M. . . . Antique Flemish and English furniture owned by Mrs. Edith A. Straus: Sat., Oct. 13, at 2 P.M. . . . English and American first editions from a private collection: Mon. and Tues., Oct. 15-16, at 2 P.M. . . . Etchings and engravings, including examples by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Whistler, from the collection of the Art Institute of Chicago: Tues., Oct. 16, at 8 P.M. . . . Paintings by Whistler, Courbet, and other nineteenth-century artists, owned by a Midwestern educational institution and others: Thurs., Oct. 18, at 8 P.M.

REGISTRATION—Polling places for voting in the November city elections will be open Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 11-12, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Christmas packages for service men and women still overseas must be mailed by midnight, Mon., Oct. 15. Packages, without a letter of request, will be accepted until midnight at the General Post Office, 8 Ave. at 33, and at the Grand Central Post Office, Lexington at 45. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined: the weight is limited to five pounds.

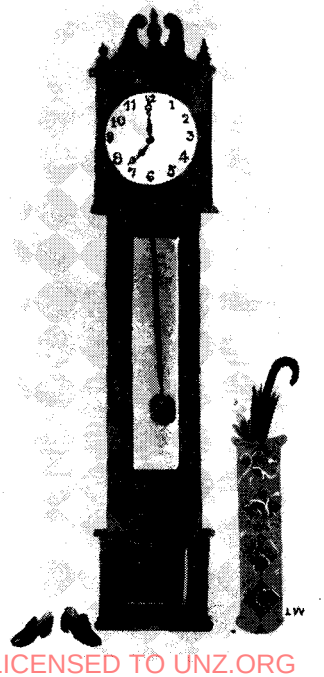
ON THE AIR

MUSIC—New York Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 14, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 13 and 20, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 20, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Opera Company: "La Traviata," Sat., Oct. 13; "Carmen," Fri., Oct. 19; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Theatre, Thurs., Oct. 11 and 18, and Sun., Oct. 14, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Mon., Oct. 15, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Allie Stolz vs. Pedro Firpo, Fri., Oct. 12; Tony Janiro vs. Al Guido, Fri., Oct. 19; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: Army vs. Michigan, Sat., Oct. 13, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Cornell vs. Princeton, Sat., Oct. 13, at 2:45 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Melville, R.I., Torpedo Boat T. C., Sat., Oct. 20, at 2:25 P.M., WNYC; Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Oct. 20, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 13-15. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 16-17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 17-19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 17-20.)



A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 16-20.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—You wouldn't think spiritualism could be as funny as it turns out to be in this excellent adaptation of the Coward farce. With Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

THE FALL OF BERLIN—A Russian documentary that is, despite a dismal English commentary, a grim, exciting, informative film. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Wed., Oct. 17.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and J. Carrol Naish. (8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., E. of 6; Thurs., Oct. 11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 12-15.)

MILDRED PIERCE—An adaptation of James M. Cain's story of mother love in the suburbs, which includes everything from a kind of incest to murder. Joan Crawford is fine as Mildred, and the rest of the cast keeps right up with her. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs, from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SILVER FLEET—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl.; Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Oct. 15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 17-20.)

STORY OF G.I. JOE—A slow-paced account of the U.S. infantrymen marching through Africa and Italy, with Burgess Meredith doing an ingratiating imitation of the late Ernie Pyle. (Gotham, B'way at 47; Mon. through Fri., at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; Sun. at 2:45, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; and Globe, B'way at 46; continuous performances.)

THE TRUE GLORY—The invasion of Europe described in eighty-eight minutes by fourteen hundred cameramen and practically everybody in the Army, including General Eisenhower. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Oct. 17.)

THE WAY AHEAD—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 11.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 16-18.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH (1943)—The latest version of this old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, and Alexis Smith. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 14-16.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6; starting Wed., Oct. 17.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 12-18.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Oct. 11. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., E. of 6; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 15-17. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 16-18.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 17-18.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE HURRICANE (1937)—Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

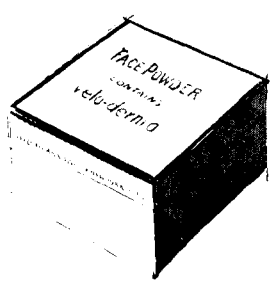
Seeking ever the finer . . . the more luxurious . . . the truly exclusive . . . she chooses

the only

FACE POWDER

containing

Velo-derma

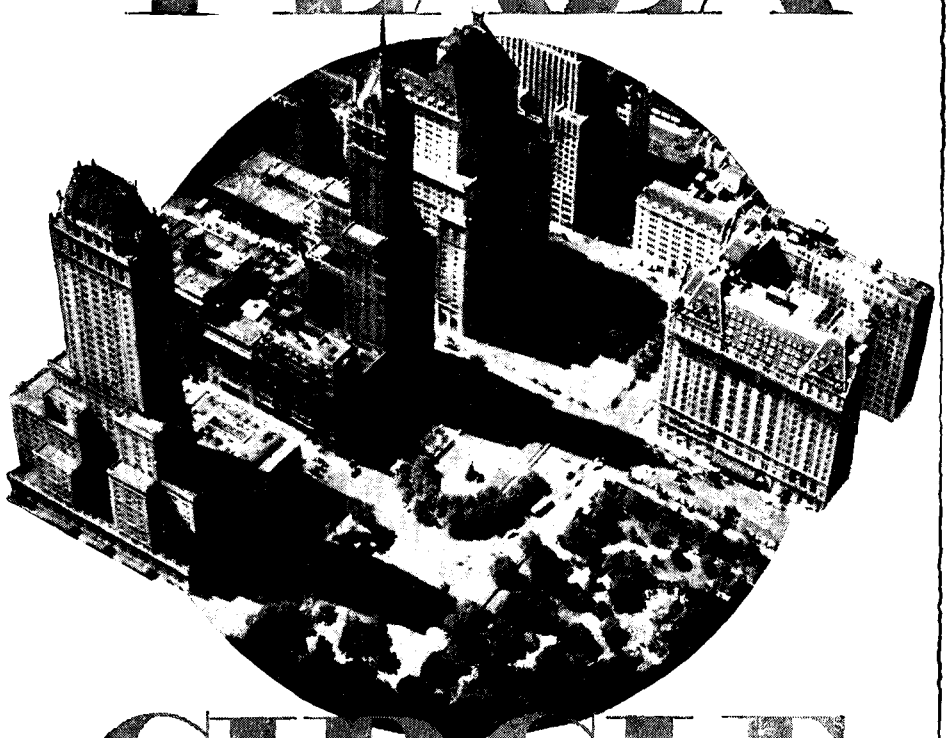


A face powder fragranced with a floral melange . . . silken in texture. A face powder blended with the rich ingredients contained in VELO-DERMA. In five original shades— Perle, Perle Beige, Perle Rosée, Perle Ivoire, Topaz.

VELO-DERMA DISTRIBUTORS, INC. • NEW YORK, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLAZA



CIRCLE

....where fashionable Fifth Avenue meets beautiful Central Park

Perhaps nowhere else in the world are four such famous hotels so perfectly located. Although together they share the distinction of a charming Plaza Circle address—each is recognized for its own individuality of atmosphere and character.

SHERRY NETHERLAND * PLAZA * SAVOY-PLAZA * PIERRE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Mary Astor caught in a Sam Goldwyn storm. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 13-15. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 15-16. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 15-17.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6; through Tues., Oct. 16.)

THE LITTLE FOXES (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 13.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a dressy version of the old number. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 14-16.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington during the war. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 16-18.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Oct. 11.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life in a California vineyard. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Oct. 11.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 16-18.)

TOPPER (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Oct. 12. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 12-13.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Oct 14-15.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the *following schedule*—THURS., OCT. 11: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., OCT. 12-14: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., OCT. 15-18: "The Thin Man" (1934), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . FROM FRI., OCT. 19: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Zasu Pitts, and Charles Ruggles.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167.)

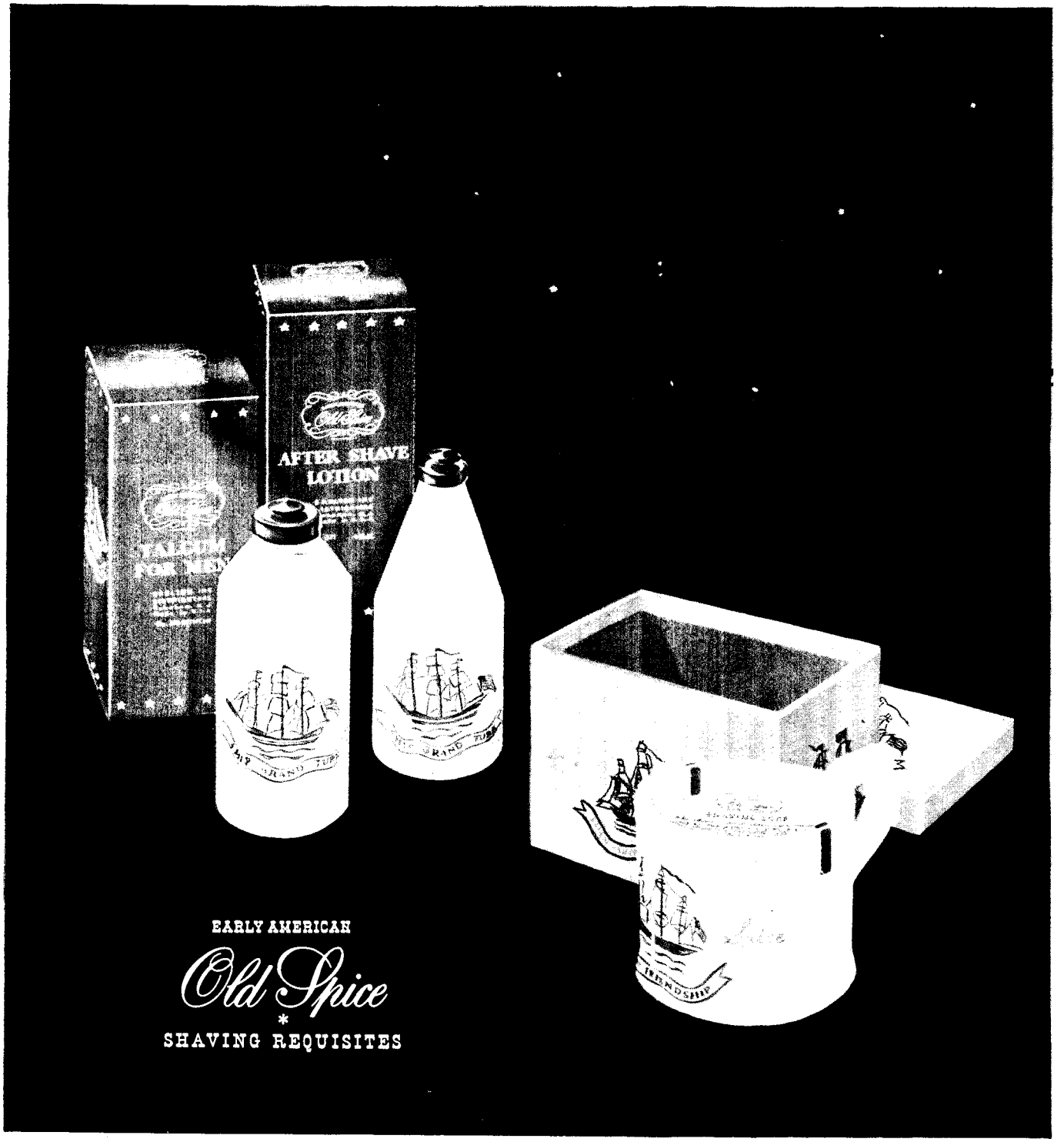
VOLUNTEER WORK—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families; men and women with amateur theatrical experience to entertain patients in Army and Naval hospitals. For information about auditions, call TR 5-8361. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers; women to work during the day or evening as hostesses and to be of general assistance in canteens in veterans' hospitals and service men's recreation centers.

NEW YORK NATIONAL WAR FUND—The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work during the day or evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and rags, which are still badly needed. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used for synthetic rubber, soap, and medicine. Your butcher will give you four meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

DOGS FOR CONVALESCENT VETERANS—Pedigreed dogs of all kinds are wanted for hospitalized service men. If you have one to give, write to Mrs. Marvin Preston, Westchester County S.P.C.A., 175 Main St., White Plains, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR THAT AMERICAN FEELING OF WELL-BEING

For efficiency in shaving, enjoy the tangy scent of Old Spice Shaving Soap in its sturdy, handsome mug, 9 months' supply, $1.00. Follow with zesty After-Shaving Lotion, $1.00†. Finish with invisible Talcum, 75¢†. Each a Shulton Original.

Inflation Reduces the Buying Power of Your Money
Help Prevent Inflation, Never Pay More than Ceiling Prices

†*Plus Tax*

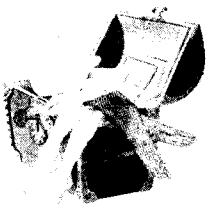
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Van Raalte

GLOVES · UNDERTHINGS · STOCKINGS

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

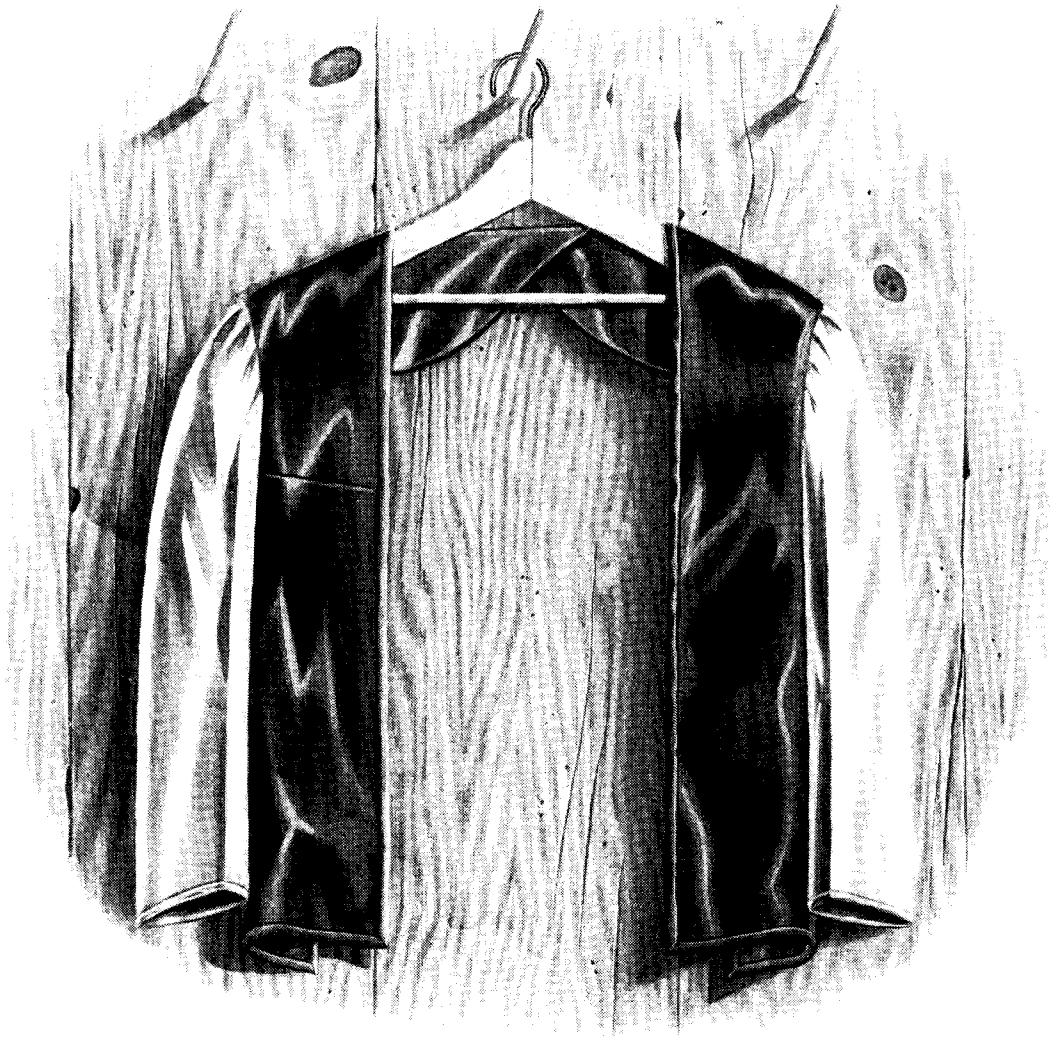


Colony

Half-way length for all-the-way sophistication, in a suedey-rich rayon Doevel* glove. At better stores. $1

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Would you wear it?

(DON'T LOOK NOW BUT YOU DO!)

SURE! You have one on.

It's the lining of your coat.

And what's more, it's made of rayon. Why . . . ?

Because rayon lining material wears well, helps hold your coat in shape, resists shrinkage and resists pulling out at the seams, slips smoothly over your shirt, and its color doesn't rub off.

To make rayon such as this, American Viscose Corporation's research engineers put in a lot of work. They began with the rayon fibers . . . basis of all rayon yarns and fabrics. Since rayon fibers are man-made, the engineers were able to give them all of the important needed "properties" for lining service. Properties such as strength, ability to take dyes, wear-resistance, many more.

As a result of their work, combined with the work of the fabric industry, you and your family are getting steadily more serviceable rayon lining materials for your suit coats, overcoats and other apparel. Yet this is just one of dozens of our continuing research projects to improve rayon and extend its uses . . . to produce more and better everyday things for America.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

America's largest producer of rayon yarns and staple fibers

Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I.; Washington, D. C.; Wilmington, Del.

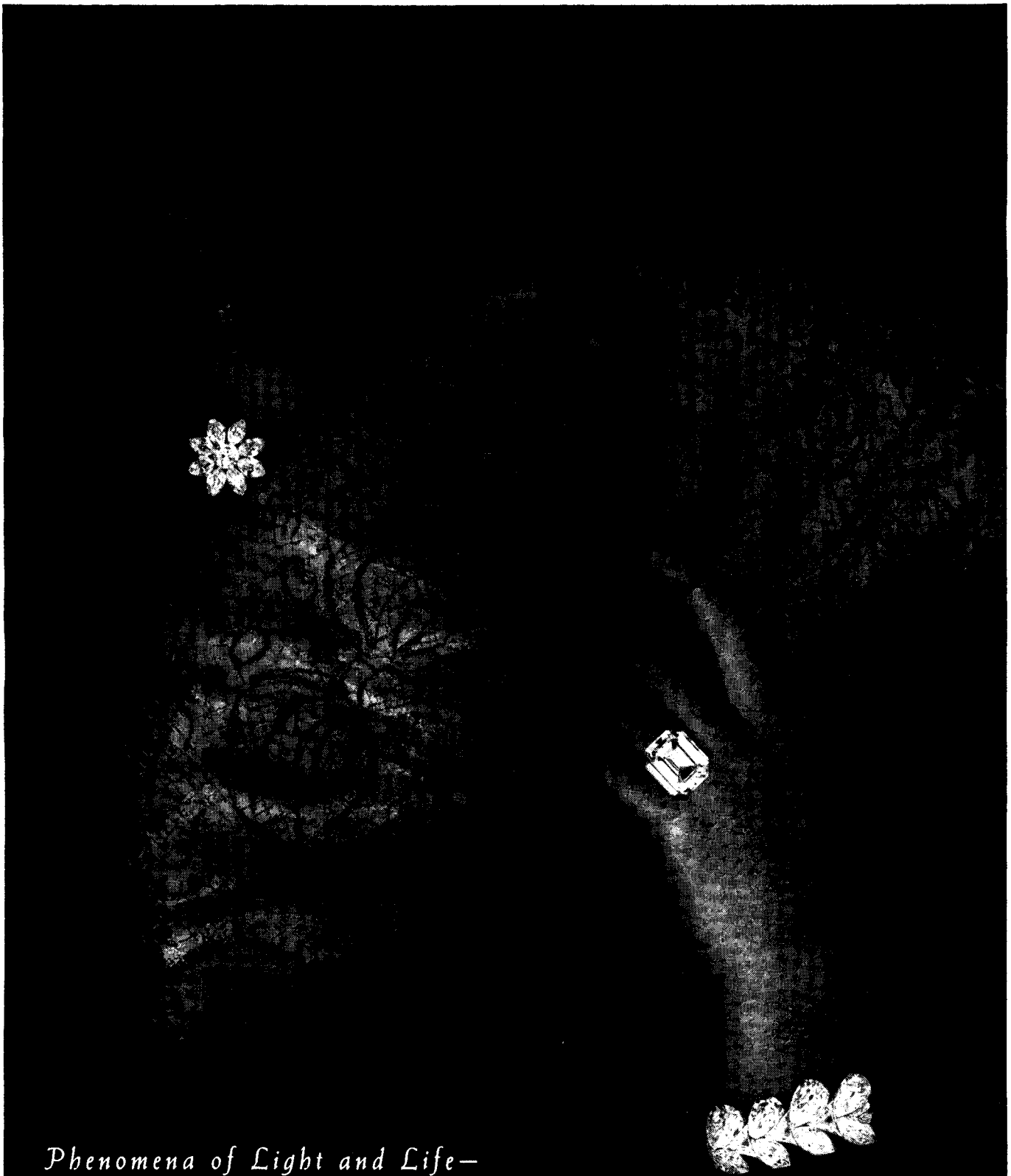
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A better way to buy Rayon Fabrics

CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRIC

This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN* rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Phenomena of Light and Life—

diamonds wrought by centuries of nature's molding—brought to perfection by Winston

Rare Jewels of the World

HARRY WINSTON, INC.

SEVEN EAST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS AND CUTTERS OF THE JONKER, VARGAS AND LIBERATOR DIAMONDS

Your request to see the various Winston collections at a private showing in your city will be honored by fine Retailers of Jewels. All Winston Jewels are stamped in the mounting for authenticity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nettie Rosenstein makes a blade-slim sheath of rayon crepe from House of Burgess...adds an impertinent peplum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

Enka Rayon

Bianchini Fiberset Dragonsatin in a Suzanne-Augustine afternoon dress of effective simplicity... beautifully contrived for flattery.

Gunther	Millie B. Oppenheimer	Erlebacher
New York	Chicago	Washington

ENKA RAYON • 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ayer way to Beauty

Cherish your skin each day
with these beauty aids of
superlative quality, and loveliness
will come true for you.

LUXURIA — cleanser and beautifier. 1.00; 2.25; 3.50.
SKIN LOTION — brisk, refreshing stimulant. 1.00.
NIGHT CREAM — smoothing, enriching. 1.00; 1.75.
LUXURIA FACE POWDER — scientifically blended, adherent, flattering. 1.00.
All prices plus tax

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with many advancements

now in production!

Ford

Here is the most beautiful Ford car ever built—with more improvements than many pre-war yearly models. . . . Under the broad hood there's new and greater power. Plus improved economy in oil and gasoline. . . . Roomy, colorful interiors invite you to relax in luxury. New-type springs assure a full-cushioned level ride. Brakes are newly-designed hydraulics—for quick, smooth, quiet stops. . . . Ask your Ford Dealer about the smartest Ford cars ever built. FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crown Staffordshire
rose bouquet **29.50**

Flowers Forever Lovely

Roses, pansies, tulips, anemones in prim bouquets most delicately made of Crown Staffordshire bone china. Their only purpose is to be always beautiful, which indeed they are. Newly arrived from England, **4.50** to **42.50** *Fourth Floor*

9.00

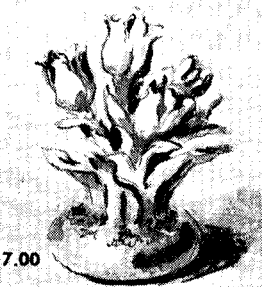
Bloomingdale's

LEXINGTON at 59th

4.50

5.50

5.00



7.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York

Our hats

IN THE RING

there's a lot of new millinery excitement on our third floor. Ingenuity and flattery by famous designers — up-to-the-fashion-minute headlines from which we've sketched just one. Our sequin-sparked helmet toque molded in spice, black, or brown felt, **25.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the Battery, is no good unless some special arrangement is made, because several short ones would mean so much more in tips; a ride on Fifth Avenue or on one of the crowded cross streets is even worse, because standing time on the clock doesn't really amount to much and the traffic involves a certain amount of wear and tear not only on the operator's nervous system but also on the passenger, who is apt to be small and reluctant with his tip; a call from the theatre at night is terrible because it takes you out of the theatre district, making you miss a lot of other calls; Pennsylvania Station, especially the Long Island section, where you get down in "the hole," is sheer hell; and the hostile jungles of Brooklyn, from which no fare returns, is of course unthinkable. There is, in fact, nowhere in the city a driver really wants to go. The haul of his dreams, the quick, easy transport of one rich and bountiful patron to a place where another is waiting to come back, is no more than that —a splendid, unattainable dream, souring him on reality. We met a cheerful, friendly driver once, a man who smiled and bowed when we said we wanted to go to Van Cortlandt Park, but that, alas, was also in a dream.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign on a bulletin board in a local school that reads, "The Legion Auxiliary are in demand for old toothbrush handles. Kindly leave same at the Principal's office."

The Tudor Grill, in Washington, D.C., urges its patrons to "try our atomic bomburger, 15c."

This year, at the annual fête in honor of William Tell held in St. Gallen, Colonel C. R. Adams of the U. S. Seventeenth Anti-Aircraft Artillery Group won the crossbow shooting championship of eastern Switzerland.

Distinction

OUR Third Avenue correspondent was having a beer in a bar last Thursday when the man standing next to him started telling the bartender about a singer who could crack a glass by hitting an exceptionally high note. "What do you think of that?" the man demanded. "That's what I call singing." The bartender didn't seem particularly impressed. He wiped some suds from the bar, then said, "Oh, I don't know. We used to have a singing waiter here who could really let go. He made every bottle behind this bar stand up and be counted on 'Down by the Old Mill Stream.' And on 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie' this mirror here that cost the Saints only know what bellied right out over my head. We tried to get him to sing something easy and moony, like 'Danny Boy,' but it was no use. He didn't know his own strength. Made us so nervous we had to get rid of him. The last I heard, he was singing in a church in Queens. In a bar, you see, all you want is a bit of feeling, but in a church volume is fine."

Just Like a Parade

THE purser on the Queen Mary these days is Colonel Dallas D. Dennis, a rugged Californian who never would have done in the old days. He's a quantity-and-speed man who more than once, since the rise to fame of a recent insecticide, has been referred to as "old DDD." He has made twelve Pacific and twenty-six Atlantic crossings as troop commander on various transports, six of the crossings on the Queen Mary. We had a talk with him a few days ago while he was in port, just after 14,500 men had been unloaded in five hours and a half. "It was a new record for the Queen," he said. "I think we could unload in five hours if we really tried, though. The thing is, if we ran them off too fast it would ball up the shore business. You see, the troops don't get onto Manhattan. They're shipped right over to Jersey by ferry, so we can't move the men any faster than the ferries can handle them, which makes five and a half hours just about the minimum."

The work of Colonel Dennis and his staff, which consists of two officers and three enlisted men, all Army Transportation Corps personnel, begins when the troops come aboard at the port of embarkation and ends when the last man goes down the gangplank on this side. About the only thing Colonel Dennis isn't responsible for during the voyage, we gathered, is the operation of the ship. The troops are assigned by him to quarters by regiments or smaller units, he told us, just as they are in a camp, and of course a record is kept of each unit's location. On ordinary, or life-size, ships, this record usually indicates the whereabouts of each unit simply by deck number and longitudinal position—forward, amidships, or aft. As you might imagine, a considerably more elaborate record is necessary on the Queen Mary. "We handle it as though it were three ships," Colonel Dennis explained. "We divide the Queen vertically into three areas and give each area the name of a color —red, white, and blue. The red area is the forward third, white is amidships, and blue is aft. Every man wear a colored button to indicate his area and he's more or less expected to stay in his area. There isn't much reason for him to go out of it, because the areas are complete organizations. Each of them has its own mess, its own movie theatre, its own recreation rooms, its own promenade deck, and so forth."

When the ship is a couple of days out of New York, we learned, the approximate time of arrival is radioed to the Port of Embarkation here. The port officials, meanwhile, have been provided with a complete list of the units aboard. A few hours after the arrival hour is sent along, the port radios Colonel Dennis a preliminary list of the order in which the units are to disembark. This list usually names only the units that are to come off first, second, and third, and the unit that is to be disembarked last. The last one is always either a mess or an M. P. outfit. When Colonel Dennis gets this list, he calls a meeting of his staff and the commanders of the units aboard and they determine which of the ship's four gangplanks is to be used first. "It's just like organizing a parade," Colonel Dennis said. "We work out the route that each unit will follow from its quarters to the head of the gangplank, what corridors will be used, what stairs—the Q. M.'s got six stairways, incidentally, and two of them go from top to bot-

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were in a ringside seat, not more than half a smoky block from the ring, the night the riot broke out after the Graziano-Green bout in Madison Square Garden. Before the fight, there had been the customary rumors. There is always one darkly informed character to every row at the Garden, and the one just behind us said, "When Charlie don't take no bets, you can figure something stinks." It is one of the extra charms of boxing that the layman can never be quite sure what preliminary conversations have taken place before a fight; what, if anything, stinks. It was hard for us to tell exactly what happened, being so far away, but everything looked all right to us, and then suddenly the ring was full of men yelling and slugging and a little extra mayhem was spilling out into the press section and the aisles. We had seen such quick explosions before—a Klan riot in Freeport, Long Island, a good many years ago; a vicious beating in a taxi strike—but they were different in that they were about something important to the men who took part in them. Except for a few professional gamblers, none of the eighteen thousand people in the Garden had any important, personal stake in how the fight came out. Their behavior apparently came from an instinct for violence in its pure, imbecile form; fury without cause or sense, in a vacuum. It just seemed comic to us at the time, but later we weren't quite so sure. There is an editorial tendency these days, a cosmic urge, to tie things up rather too readily with the atom bomb, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that that was the way our mind went. We got the idea that unless we are all a good deal brighter than we seem, the neat, absolute chain reaction that would end by vaporizing everybody might easily start about nothing much more [illegible] unimportant boxing match, possibly one that stinks. This is our jeremiad for the week.

WILLIAM H. OSBORN, a gentleman of one hundred and two, spoke with the voice of ultimate cynicism last week from Columbus, Ohio, where the Grand Army of the Republic was gathered for its seventy-ninth general encampment. Only thirteen of the old men had made the trip this year; the other hundred and forty-nine had to stay home for one reason and another.

"I've been nominated three times before for Commander in Chief," Mr. Osborn said. "Somebody else can have it. It's too much sugar for a penny. The Commander doesn't have much to do with the G.A.R. any more—the women run it to suit themselves."

He and his companions had seen Bull Run and Gettysburg and Appomattox; some of them had talked to Lincoln, and that by now was four score years ago; they were all a hundred, or very nearly, but they might as well have been boys of six, because their army had been taken over by women—fidgety, bossing

people around, intolerable. When a man has served a century in the world, he gets to know a lot of things, but mainly the fact that women can generally be counted on to take charge of everything in the end and make a mess of it. We can understand Mr. Osborn's courteous refusal to be a candidate for Commander in Chief of a vanishing legion, nourished now on broth and sensible advice instead of glory, answerable to no bugle call more stirring than the voice of a woman, suiting herself. His idiom is strange to us, but it has a fine, sardonic ring. As he says, the whole thing certainly sounds like too damn much sugar for a penny.

A WIFE and mother we know went to call on *her* mother one day last week and found the old lady alone with her orange cat, who seemed to be in quite a state. He was pacing up

and down in front of her, lashing his tail and shaking his head.

"Goodness," said our friend, "what on earth is the matter with William?"

Her mother looked at the cat and her expression was soft and indulgent. "Oh," she said, "I've just been telling him about that silly old Patton."

"Really, Mother," our friend began, but there was something about William that made her a little uneasy. His amber eyes certainly seemed to glow rather more fiercely than usual, his fine whiskers looked very indignant and alert.

WE'D like to know just what, in his black heart, a taxi driver these days really considers a worth-while trip. In the course of an average week, we cover a good deal of midtown Manhattan, riding arrogantly around in hacks at our employer's expense, and we have yet to give an address that failed to evoke a tiny expression of pain, or at best humorous resignation, on the driver's sensitive face, the look of a man who has been foolishly tricked into

wasting his time and losing money. As far as we can make any sense out of it, a really long job, like the Yankee Stadium

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I want you to meet a charming vote I've rounded up for you."

• •

tom—and everything but the exact time."

The complete disembarkation order is received when the ship reaches Ambrose Light, which is about two hours out of port. A final meeting of unit commanders is then called and the rest of the disembarkation schedule is mapped out. Colonel Dennis crossed his fingers as he told us that he has never had a deadhead on one of his ships. "We weed them out before they ever get aboard," he said.

We'd heard all during the war that the red, white, and blue allocation business was to prevent all the soldiers aboard rushing forward or aft and lifting one end or the other of the Queen Mary out of the water. Not so, we were informed. If fourteen thousand men got as near as they possibly could to either end of the ship, that end would be depressed merely a couple of feet, which would be dangerous only in very shallow water. As for all the soldiers' going to starboard or port at the same time, that wouldn't embarrass navigation, and they wouldn't get very far anyhow; they're packed in too tight.

Zoology

TWO young ladies in harlequin glasses and ballet slippers were peering in the window of a Madison Avenue pet shop the other afternoon. "But, darling," a correspondent of ours heard one of them say as he passed by, "I know a borzoi when I see one. After all, I used to be with Knopf."

Station Atlantik

REMEMBER those clandestine anti-Nazi radio stations, supposedly the voice of the German underground? Well, they were clandestine all right, but not German. The most powerful and most famous of them, Station Atlantik, was started in April, 1943, by a British undercover psychological-warfare outfit, probably in Gibraltar. It was preceded, however, by two or three other phony stations set up by the British. One of these featured a character dubbed Gustav Siegfried Eins, actually a loyal subject of the realm posing as an irascible Prussian N.C.O., whose propaganda line was anti-British, anti-American, anti-Italian, and anti-Gestapo. He was pro-Junker, pro-military, and pro-Hitler in a kind of anti-Nazi way: der Führer, poor fellow, was just being misled by Himmler et al. In his rôle of Anglophobe, Gustav made spirited references to "those British swine" and demanded that London be reduced to rubble, but when the Japs interned the crew of a German ship in Yokohama, he called them yellow riff-raff with a violence presumably deleterious to Axis relations. Another British broadcaster pretended to be a Catholic priest incensed at the Nazi treatment of his Church.

When Atlantik came along, it presented straight news items delivered by various announcers with *echt-Deutsch* accents and sugar-coated with offerings of German jazz. Their material was seemingly the sort that only a resident

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... and right over here was Sewell Avery's office."

• •

German could obtain, and it fooled not only a lot of resident Germans but also a lot of non-resident American newspapers, which quoted Atlantik broadcasts as inside-Germany stuff, as, indeed, it frequently was. The day after one bombing of Duisburg, for instance, Atlantik was on the air reporting that on Gneisenaustrasse twenty-one houses had been demolished and fourteen heavily damaged, that rescue work was still going on in the air-raid cellars of Nos. 3 and 6, and that twenty-nine dead had been counted so far. Similarly, circumstantial reports were given for a dozen other streets. Again, in a broadcast calling for better treatment of German soldiers' relatives, Atlantik stated that the tobacco shop of Wilhelm Koester, a deceased soldier, in the Leverkusenerstrasse, Remscheid, had been closed and the goods and fittings confiscated, that the Widow Koester had been put to labor in the Alexander Works, and that as a result her two children, aged eleven and twelve, were left to their own devices all day. This sort of information, which for the most part had *not* appeared in the German press, was true, and you will have to form your own conclusion as to how it was obtained. (You couldn't have picked the Widow Koester up by aerial photography.) We can, however, disclose the source of such Atlantik items as the fact that there were fourteen typhoid cases in a specific town and that the authorities were also worried about a measles epidemic (twenty-three cases) in the northern section of a certain city. Twenty years before the war began, the Germans started sending monthly health statistics for each town to an international health commission in Geneva, and the diligent bureaucrats kept on with these reports throughout the war. All the British had to do was consult the Geneva files. The Nazis never thought of this; time after time they descended upon an epidemic-ridden town and arrested municipal authorities for having trafficked with the enemy.

Followers of E. Phillips Oppenheim will be relieved to learn that Atlantik did not confine itself to the truth. In the summer of 1943 it announced that Rommel had been killed in a plane crash on his way to Italy; this drew from the Germans the useful information that Rommel was alive in southern France. Another time it said that German police had warned against touching drifting rubber balloons—which were probably poisoned and certainly carried little bottles of incendiary liquid—that the enemy was releasing. Taking this as a tipoff, the Nazis withdrew thousands of police from their war jobs, outfitted them with rubber gloves, and set them to picking up harmless pieces of aluminum foil dropped by Allied fliers to confound the German radar. An old propaganda device is the raising of false hopes; an Atlantik adaptation of this was to announce that listeners had written in asking for the pronunciation of the name of the Italian fortress island Pantelleria, adding, "But you must not worry about Pantelleria. One cannot smash it, one cannot conquer it. Pantelleria is as invulnerable as Helgoland." This little exercise in chicanery, we need hardly record, was pulled off as the Allies were about to smash Helgoland's opposite number.

One of Atlantik's most successful offerings was a judicious mixture of truth and falsehood in which it announced that the Allies had begun their invasion of western Europe but did not have them landing in Normandy. This helped keep the Germans guessing. Atlantik was the first news outlet to announce the attempt on Hitler's life. Nazi leaders knew that no powerful underground station was actually operating under their noses, and this scoop must have made a bad day worse.

Rooked

LARGE numbers of young boys, we are informed, spend their Saturday afternoons in the dark world of the movies, even though they cannot abide any hint of romance, or, as it is more commonly known, mush, which they regard as a waste of time between fights, airplane wrecks, and cattle roundups. In this connection, we wish to extend our sympathy to a couple of lads we have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard about who started off in a high state of excitement to see what promised to be a foolproof picture—a movie called "Without Love," featuring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn.

Leisure

MAYBE laundries are still as busy as they say they are, but we have at hand a story that makes us wonder. After the usual prolonged delay, a friend of ours got back a batch of shirts from his laundry, all of them with that familiar look of having gone through the ironer the wrong way. On a sleeve of one white shirt was a ticktacktoe design in pencil, whose filled-in squares still plainly showed that "X" was the victor over "O."

Hq.

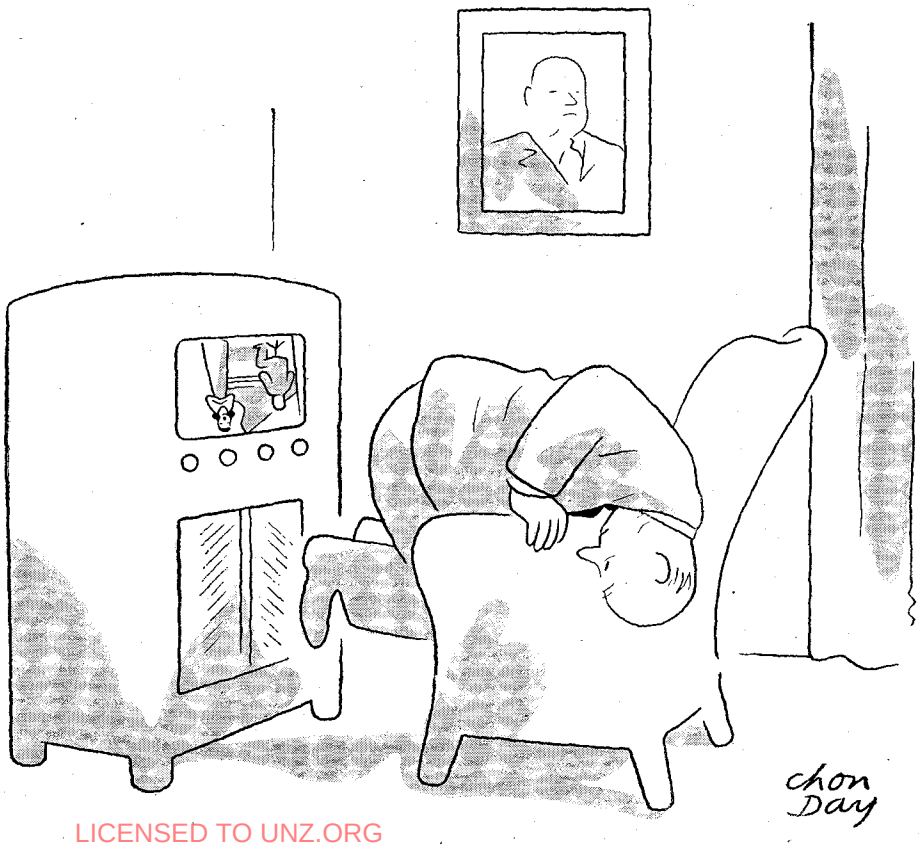
WHEN we dropped in at the Goldstein-McGoldrick-Pette mayoralty-campaign headquarters at the Astor last week, the lady at the reception desk was occupied with a citizeness who kept saying that the City of New York owed her forty-eight thousand dollars and would Judge Goldstein please see that she got reimbursed when he became Mayor. We entered a small room where, talking into a telephone under a sign reading "Publicity—winged with news it lands! Loaded with bunk it flops!," was Noel Meadow, a publicity man. "Sure, a guy is willing to put up eighty thousand dollars," he said. Then he hung up and handed us a batch of campaign literature. "We're *humanizing* the candidates," he told us. "They're just three *human beings!* Look at this Jonah J. Goldstein campaign song I created." While we were reading this, with some astonishment, a person named Clarence came in and was presented to us as the idea man for the Independent Citizens' Committee for G-McG-P. "He just bursts forth with ideas," an unidentified lady said. "He's dynamic. He's not even a volunteer. He just comes in." Clarence called our attention to a life-size oil portrait of the Judge. "We move it from office to office to stimulate the help," he said. "Nothing around here is static, except perhaps the campaign issues. We're against underworld gangsters, Tammany bosses, the Communist foothold in local politics, and Newbold Morris. The Judge's wrath is real in these matters. He's a real grass-roots man."

Overcoming a temptation to take the portrait with us, we went into an adjacent office, where a Mrs. Krinsly, after telling us that she is the author of some humorous material about the Judge, handed us an essay which read, in part: "Jonah's hat is as good as The Hat's hat. The Judicial fedora sees the inside of hat checkrooms an average of five times a day at a quarter a throw. Total ransom therefore comes to something between $350 and $400 a year." We laughed immoderately and returned to Mr. Meadow, who said, "My gosh, the woman with the Armenian vote is waiting for me!," and introduced us to the candidate for President of the City Council, Judge Nicholas M. Pette, a cheerful man in a neat pin stripe. "It's good to see you once more," he said meaninglessly, and squeezed our arm. "Judge Pette has the personal touch," Clarence told us. He then introduced us to one of the candidates for Supreme Court Justice, Leo J. Rosett. "Call him Judge," Clarence said. "He's technically still a lawyer, but it's better to call the candidates Judge." "If I'm elected," Judge Rosett told us, "I'm going to take life much easier than I used to."

"No more clubs! No more clubs!" a man was shouting to six others in our next port of call, the Democrats for G-McG-P headquarters, in another suite. "We've got fifty-five clubs of Democrats against Tammany," a gentleman we believe was named Counahan explained to us. "It's the beginning of a new kind of politics. Too bad about LaGuardia. He could have jumped behind Goldstein, but he threw Morris in deliberately to hurt us. I don't know what I'll get out of the election if we win. I wouldn't call it patronage. It's just that certain jobs must be given." We made our way to an office at the end of the corridor where Judge Goldstein, a small grass-roots man who looked like a nervous penguin, was listening to someone say, "That's the only thought in my mind and I'd certainly appreciate it . . ." "Let me borrow your ear," an individual in a green-checked coat and a derby hat said in our ear. "You want to know who's running this campaign? Mrs. Goldstein! She's the dynamo! She's the pusher! She's the brains! She runs the whole proposition like a household." The last thing we saw as we left was the Judge, standing at the desk of his wife, a dynamo with fluffy white hair, as he started to sign the first of eighty-three letters.

Hero's Return

A LADY has kindly forwarded us a card of invitation from an elderly intimate of her mother's. It reads as follows, except for certain changes in the names: "Cocktails—Saturday—5 to 7. Do come—to meet Captain and Mrs. Louis Walker. Louis went through the death march of Bataan. Very informal. Love, Aunt Betty."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LISTEN TO THE CROOKEDS

THE thin yellow leaves fell from the elms down to the lawn, and in the orchard the thin brown leaves fell from the apple trees to the brown grass. Angela and Eddie Webb played in the grass road that led in from the street to the shingled barn, and the October sun lay lovingly on the world—the world that Angela and Eddie knew, so far no larger than the college town, with its clapboard houses and the little tidal river that ran between steeply rounded fields. Eddie had a new tricycle; at least, it was new to him, coming as a hand-me-down from the son of a friend of his mother's, and he rode it up and down the roadway with the same intent violence that he did everything that stirred him. Leaning over the handlebars, and making the moan of a dive bomber, he pedalled from the open picket gate to the runway of the barn, turned around with a minimum of effort, and rattled, moaning, back again. His little sister, Angela, sat on the step of the side door, under the trellis covered with Creeping Jenny, and dug in the dirt with a kitchen spoon, filling a toy teapot and emptying it again, sometimes spitting into it to make a suitably damp mixture. She hummed, and it cannot be said that her mind was very active. Inside the house she could hear her mother moving about, getting ready for two other faculty wives, new ones, and Miss Waites, the college librarian, who were coming to tea. It was the most tranquil of Indian-summer afternoons; the trees were quiet, there was a smell of mud flats from the river beyond the orchard and the field. Eddie finally stopped by the trellis and, making the noise of a throttled-down engine, sat meditating. Then he fell completely silent, and in the mid-afternoon there was nothing to be heard but the chirping of sparrows and the sound of the crickets in the grass.

Angela stirred the muddy mixture in the teapot and said, in a dreamily conversational tone, "Listen to the crookeds."

There was silence again after that until suddenly Eddie said, "Listen to the *what?*"

"Listen to the crookeds," Angela repeated.

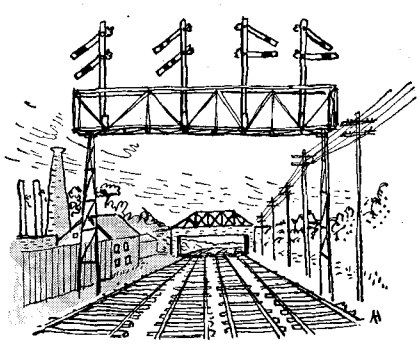
Eddie gave a snort of hopeless disgust. "Crookeds, crookeds, crookeds! Can't you ever learn to talk straight? It's '*crickets.*' Say it! Say, 'Listen to the *crickets.*' "

"Listen to the *crickets,*" Angela said. She was running out of spit, but she tried again; if she could get the right consistency, it wouldn't matter what Eddie said. She was only four, and her life, actually, was ruled and ruined by Eddie and her mother and was settling into a pattern of despair from which it well might never emerge. Her mother, who had not wanted a daughter, had long ago fallen into the way of considering her the eternal, unfortunate feminine; she had no real interest where Angela was concerned, whereas Eddie, the male, was the one to be taken seriously. Their father, who was a great deal older than their mother, maintained a polite, noncommittal attitude and never interfered either with the running of the house or the raising of the children; this was the unendearing weakness in an otherwise blameless character.

So Angela spat unproductively, and spat again, the happiness and goodness of the hour gone forever.

"Come in, Angela," said her mother from indoors. "You're a sight. Let's braid your hair now and get it over with." She came to the screen door and looked down at the little girl holding the muddy teapot. She was an efficient, thin young woman with a hard, small-featured face. She was not as young as she wished she was, and she still clung to the manners and clothes of college girls. Now, in corduroy slacks, a too-big, woolly sweater with the sleeves rolled up, and a ruined pair of moccasins, she stood looking out at her two children with entirely unaffectionate eyes. "Don't forget to wash before the company comes," she said to Eddie.

Eddie did not answer. He stared boldly at his mother, and then he pedalled off toward the gate. Angela got up slowly and went to the door. There was mud on her overalls and her hair hung stringily down her neck. With her big eyes, her high forehead, her pale and gentle face, and her graceful, resigned manner, she did not seem to belong to the same clan as her mother and Eddie,



nor was she like her father, except in her natural dignity. So far, she was alone.

"Hurry *up*, Angela," her mother was saying. She opened the door and pulled Angela in by the forearm.

Upstairs, in the bathroom, she sloughed off Angela's dirty overalls and jersey and put on her a plaid pleated skirt and a sweater of an unbecoming yellow. Then, sitting on the old laundry hamper, she brushed and combed the straight brown hair, and Angela held her head as still as she could against the rough strokes. They did not exchange a word except when Angela, remembering her teapot and spoon, asked, "Can I go outdoors again?," and her mother answered, "No."

THE family living room was a comfortably messy place, but there was also, across the hall, a formal sitting room which the Webbs used when they had company. Today it was terribly clean and ready for visitors, with a fire burning behind the shiny brass andirons and a lace cloth on the tea table in front of the small Empire sofa. There were pale gray walls and gray-and-gold Empire chairs and long green-and-gray-striped curtains looped up at the windows; over the mantelpiece, flanked by a pair of very glittery girandoles, there was a big bull's-eye mirror, with a gold frame and eagle, that reflected in its convex surface a tiny, unreal vision of the room. A green carpet spread nearly from wall to wall, with some little square marks stamped on it where chairs had been left standing too long. It was quite a grand room for a village house, everyone agreed, but today it looked almost cheerful, with the bright fire and with the low sunlight coming in through the polished windowpanes. In the mirror, almost the whole room was reflected in elongated miniature, a shining interior, fascinating as the real room could never be, an other-world room filled with golden light from the golden elm trees outside.

Sally Webb, having changed from her corduroys and sweater into a salmon-pink wool dress, came in and put one plate of sandwiches and another of brownies on a low table. She gave the fire a jab with the tongs and then looked critically around the room. She was bored with the idea of having the three women to tea, but it was something she had to do. She considered Miss Waites a hopelessly eccentric old lady, and the professors' wives were as yet of almost unknown quality—one was about her own age and the other nearly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as old as Miss Waites.

She had sent Eddie upstairs to wash, and now she heard him call, "Here comes one of them, Mummy!" It turned out to be the young wife, Alice Lawrence, a shy girl with a bad complexion and blond hair that needed washing. She was dressed, however, in a tweed suit that Sally wished she had herself. Mrs. Lawrence had a cocker with her, who remained outside on the granite doorstep and looked in at them with rheumy, anguished eyes from which perpetual tears seeped down his muzzle in two dark-brown channels.

"Hello," said Sally. "It's nice to see you."

"It's nice to come," said young Mrs. Lawrence.

"I haven't got any very gay company for you," said Sally in the tone of a conspirator. "You and your husband must come to dinner sometime, and then we'll have some merriment. Today I've only got Mrs. Page and Miss Waites." She knew, as she said it, that there would be little liveliness with her husband and Professor Lawrence in the house, even though their presence might be leavened by the company of a few more sprightly souls. Nevertheless . . .

"I like Miss Waites," said Alice.

"Oh, I like her, too," said Sally. "But isn't she a freak!"

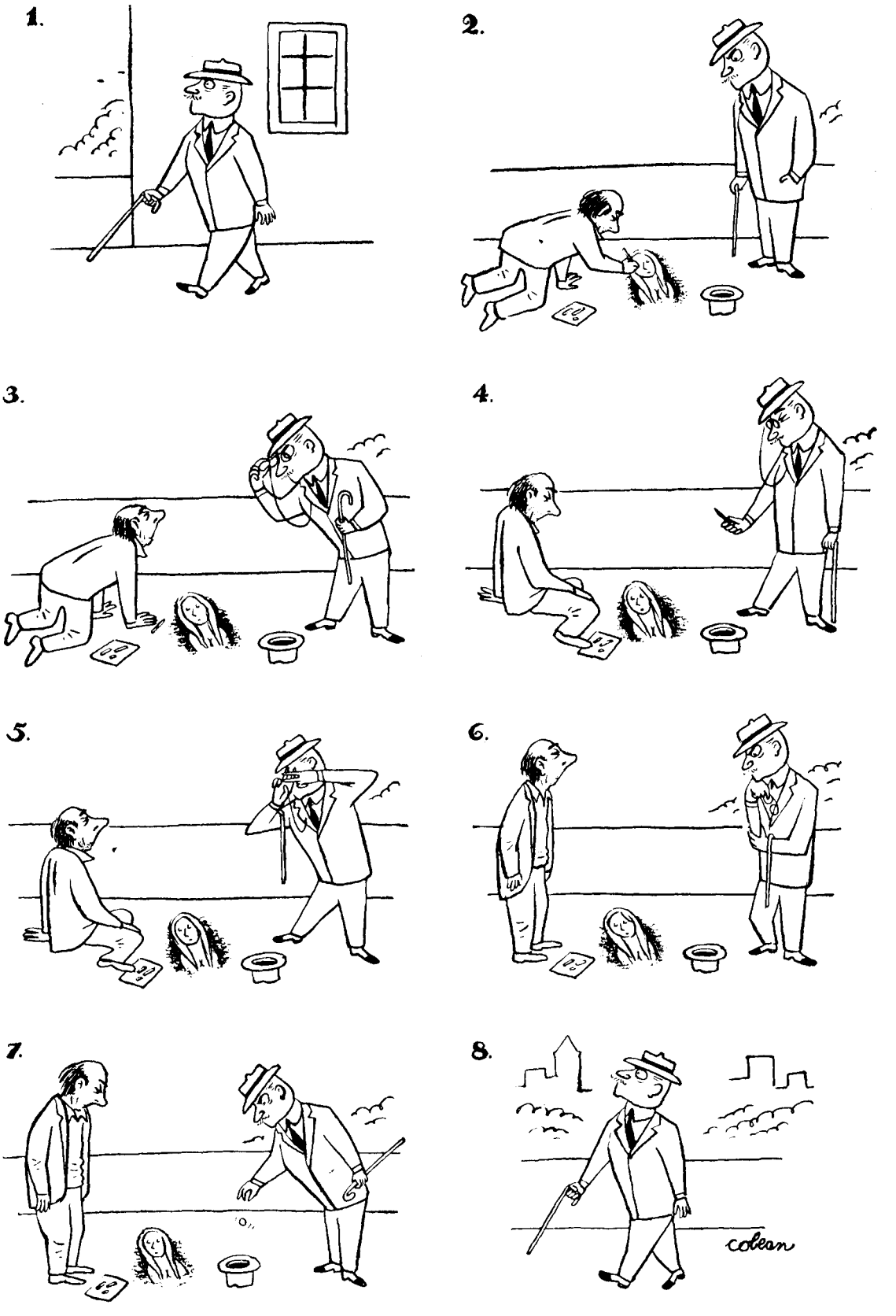
"Well, I don't know," Alice said carefully. "I guess she's a little queer, but I can't imagine her looking any differently than she does. Everything about her seems suitable, somehow. I never think about how she looks, really."

"Well, I do," Sally said. "I don't see why any woman, I don't care how old she is, has to be quite so peculiar. No man could ever have looked twice at her."

"As a matter of fact, lots of men did," Alice said, annoyed. She hoped she would never be forced to see very much of Sally.

"Really?" Sally said. "Don't tell me there were great scandals in her life."

Alice instantly regretted having given a piece of what had turned out to be news; she had thought of course that everyone knew that Miss Waites had been something of a figure in her youth. "Well," she said, "she was a friend of my mother's in their young days, and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, we specially want color film."

• •

Mother told me about her when we came here, and so I went and looked her up." She remembered the affection and envy in her mother's voice, talking about the fascinating, the unconventional, the gay and brilliant Lillian Waites, who had studied, travelled, done everything she pleased, refusing to conform, and who was obviously destined for great things. Where along the way, and how, had her luck deserted her?

During this conversation, Angela had come in from the kitchen and leaned her shoulders against the wall, with her hands clasped behind her back and her plaid skirt drooping in the back and hiked up in the front. Her eyes moved thoughtfully from one profile to the other. Her mother noticed her and said, "Angela, this is Mrs. Lawrence."

"Hello," said Alice, heartily, for she was rather unused to children.

"Hello," Angela answered almost inaudibly.

"That's my dog out there," Alice said. "Would you like to go out and see him? He likes children."

Angela did not give a very direct answer. She just said, after a pause, "Maybe I can have a kitten someday," and did not look toward the dog.

Her mother gave a resigned shrug and said to Alice, "Let's sit down. Or maybe you'd like to see the house. It's an old one, you know, we fixed up."

"I'd love to see it," said Alice. "But you've probably got some things to do about tea."

"Oh, everything's done," Sally said. "Come upstairs and I'll show you what we did up there."

The stairs curved between walls covered with a scenic paper in various shades of green and brown; there was a dark-green, glossy path painted evenly up the middle of the treads. The two young women had just reached the turn when Eddie shouted from above, "Here comes another, Mummy!"

"Oh, damn," said Sally. "Well, I'll show you later. We think it's quite nice, though as a rule it's a mistake to change the original layout of an old house." Alice swallowed a yawn.

They went down again, and Alice went into the sitting room. Sally stayed at the door to greet Miss Waites, who was coming swiftly up the walk, swinging her shoulders and holding a pocketbook over her stomach with both hands.

THE logs burned bravely, and before them sat the four grownups. Eddie and Angela were having milk and sandwiches at a table by the window; this was intended to be their supper and to save Sally time. Mrs. Page, dressed in her best, filled the light little armchair in which she sat. She was fat and soft and shy, her still-brown hair piled up plainly under her brown felt hat. She looks, thought Lillian Waites, like 1910; all she needs is good big leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Mrs. Page's voice was soft, too, and mellow, and she sat agreeably and conversationally, eating brownies that were not half as good as the ones she made herself. Sally slouched behind the tea table, and Alice perched on a stool beside the fire. Miss Waites, in completely shapeless clothes of dark brown and dark blue, with a tarnished heavy silver necklace lying on her flat bosom, sat in another little armchair. She had a long and somewhat lopsided face, with very brown skin and a sardonic, pale mouth drawn to one side. What remained of her youth was her thick, curly hair, now gray and short, but growing with vigor out of her narrow skull, and her large brown eyes, fine and heavy-lidded, whose expression complemented the amused cynicism of the mouth. She was twitchy, and when she spoke it was in a brusque, rather elegant voice, independent and careless. She quickly ate a lot of sandwiches and drank two cups of tea, for she had had an early lunch. Angela was the person in the room who interested her most, and she wished the child could be made to speak, but Angela had remained observingly aloof and sat silently drinking her milk and dropping crumbs on the table and floor. Eddie was eating and drinking too, humming all the time, sometimes loud, sometimes low, rhythmically kicking his chair rung and one of the table legs with heel and toe. Miss Waites considered him barbaric, just the kind of child Sally Webbs inevitably had and who made you tremble for the future of humanity. She did not like the shape of his head and neck, or his hard, canny eyes, and there was something unmistakably sexual about him which, thought Miss Waites, was really too much at the age of six. Where Angela had come from she could not imagine —probably from some sad, poetical ancestor who had died of tuberculosis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after a year or two of married life with a husky man of affairs. Her delicate, serious face, lightly smeared with peanut butter around the mouth, seemed altogether too gentle for the world. Miss Waites, who was not sentimental and did not as a rule care for children, found herself very conscious of the little figure by the window. Bored by the women, irritated by Eddie, and having a literary imagination, she sought in Angela spice and relish to save the afternoon. She did not find anything so tart, but she was touched by the child. She's docile, hopelessly docile, thought Lillian Waites, but so charming, really so adorable, and what she must have to put up with . . .

"They still have fresh corn at the A. & P.," Mrs. Page was saying.

"How wonderful for October!" Alice Lawrence answered with dutiful enthusiasm. The pink teacups clinked in the saucers.

"We can't take our screens off yet, the flies are so bad," Mrs. Page went on.

"Neither can we," said Sally.

Obviously, what the child needs is love, thought Miss Waites, munching an egg-and-chives sandwich. But she is too resigned, she hasn't any gumption at all. I don't believe much will come her way. She is like Wordsworth's women, with their melancholy strains and mossy stones. Just the same, I wish I could do something for her.

Angela was looking at the mirror. She always liked the strange reflection in it, and now it was made more fascinating by the figures it contained. The glass did not seem like glass but like a bubble that at any moment might sail out of the gilt frame, carrying the winking fire, the bending windows, the tiny people, carrying it all away complete, to somewhere, anywhere. Looking into the distance, with a move of her hand Angela upset her milk, and as it coursed over the table, Eddie called, "Mummy, Angela's spilled her milk." Angela sat motionless, watching the spreading river reach the edge of the table and begin to drip to the rug.

Sally sprang up, keeping her temper within very visible bounds. "Don't try to fix it, Angela," she said bitterly. "You'll only make it worse. I'll get a rag."

"Clumsy as usual," said Eddie. "You can't eat and you can't talk. . . . Do you know what she calls crickets?" he asked the three visitors. "She calls them crookeds. 'Listen to the crookeds,' she says." He gave a laugh of no mirth.

Alice, embarrassed, laughed too.

"I think crookeds is cute," said Mrs. Page.

Lillian Waites at first said nothing. Neither did Angela, but she looked at Miss Waites and their eyes met. Miss Waites smiled her lopsided, sardonic smile, and then she said, "It's a good name for them. It's exactly what they are, with those legs."

"Yes," said Angela, speaking for the first time. "They're crookeds."

Sally came in with an old dish towel and mopped up the milk.

"I'm going out now," said Eddie, and, giving his mouth a violent, prolonged scrubbing with his napkin, he went out of the room.

"I don't know what's the matter with Angela," said Sally to the others. "She's always spilling things and knocking things over—she doesn't coördinate, or something, I guess. Now get down, Angela, and *try* to be careful."

The conversation became desultory. It was interrupted by a clatter in the front hall. Eddie had brought his tricycle into the house and was riding it.

"Eddie!" Sally called. "Take that out at once."

But Eddie appeared confidently in the middle of the tea party, on the tricycle. Bent over the handlebars and looking neither to right nor to left, he rode through the sitting room in triumph, between the little gray-and-gilt chairs and the little mahogany tables. Moaning in crescendo, he circled at the end of the room and came back, and went with a bounce over the threshold into the hall and out of their sight, and the low sunlight lay on the carpet that was furrowed by his passage.

"Eddie! Eddie! Wait for me!" Angela cried.

"Sit still, Angela," said her mother. Angela sat down on the edge of the sofa. No one spoke. Then she looked at Miss Waites and laughed gently and said, "*You're* a crooked."

"Angela!" said her mother, but Miss Waites said, "Yes, I'm a crooked. Maybe you'll be one yourself sometime, you can't tell." Though I doubt it, she added to herself.

Angela considered her with her large, bottomless eyes. She got up and went to her and stood beside her with one hand on the knee covered with dusty-blue wool, and they stared at one another, brown eyes looking into brown eyes. Then Angela whirled around and ran out of the room.

"You're not to go out, Angela," her mother called.

But there was a surprised yelp from the spaniel on the step, and the screen door slammed.

"I *am* out!" shouted Angela.

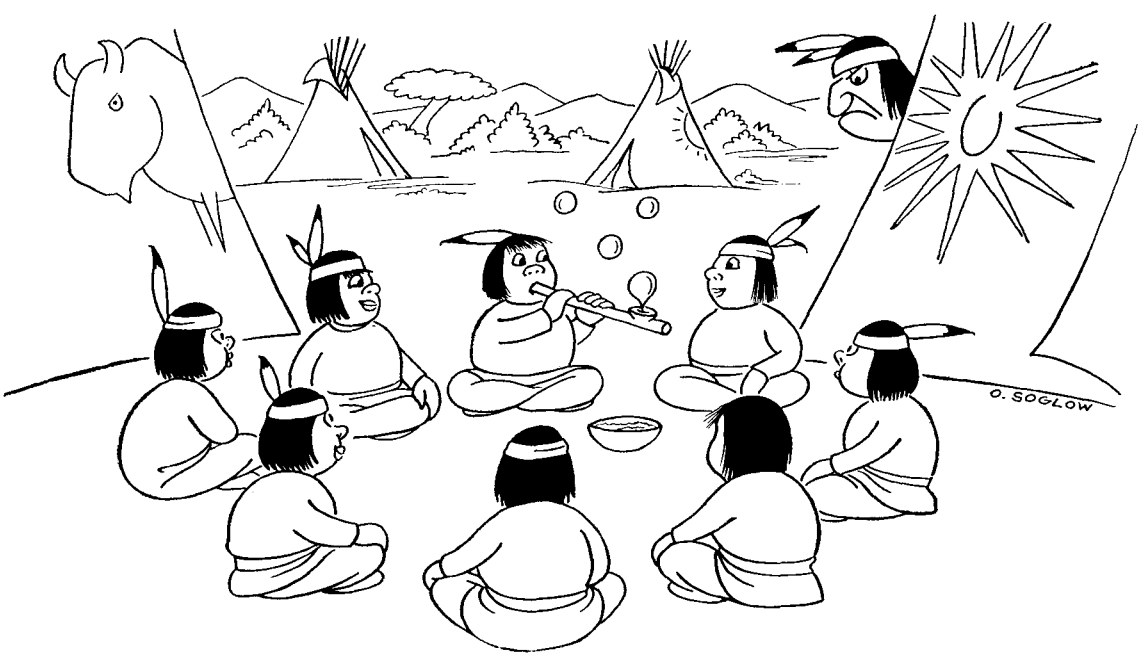
—Elizabeth Parsons

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

As he boarded the ship, he broke into a laugh and waved good-by to newspapermen with a gesture reminiscent of a Hitler salute. He carried two suitcases.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY

WALTER KIMBALL loathed writing personal letters. He marvelled at the seeming ease with which his wife dashed off several long ones every day, keeping up a brisk correspondence not only with her own family and their circle of friends but also with *his* family and *their* circle of friends. The result was that the Kimballs received a hellish amount of social mail, some of which was addressed to Kimball himself, since each of Mrs. Kimball's correspondents good-naturedly threw him a bone from time to time. Thanks to his wife's industry, Kimball was spared the necessity of answering many of these letters, as well as all those sent impartially to "Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Kimball."

Quite a few of the letters addressed to Walter contained loopholes, for which he was grateful. Such a line as "Ask Fran what she puts in her veal stew that makes it so good" he considered a loophole. A letter with a line like that in it he turned over to Mrs. Kimball, who wrote a long, chatty reply. On the other hand, an inquiry from Mrs. Kimball's Uncle Munson about the advisability of buying some stock or other had to be answered by the master himself. Also, there was a small group of ladies who, as Mrs. Kimball put it, "will feel hurt if *you* don't write." Perhaps the most communicative of these was an elderly, self-styled cousin who had attended boarding school with Kimball's mother. Kimball's "Cousin" Madeline wrote to him every week or so, and her letters invariably led to complications of a rather special kind:

> I am so worried about your ear and hope it won't develop into anything. A very good friend of mine here in Tarrytown had much the same trouble, except that hers was under the arm. Mrs. Glidden, this friend of mine, went to every conceivable specialist, and not one of them was able to do a thing for her until, quite by accident, she happened to hear of a Dr. Catesby Vining on East Eighty-third Street. He is *wonderful!* Don't know the exact address, but he's in the phone book. Please go to see him! Mrs. Glidden is still miserable, especially at night, but she says that Dr. Vining has a splendid reputation and is considered one of the best men in the country. I hope you'll make an appointment with him as soon as possible.

What puzzled Kimball was that his ears were perfectly all right and always had been. He showed the letter to his wife. "You must have said something about my ears the last time you wrote to her," he announced plaintively. "What *was* it, for God's sake?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Kimball said. "Absolutely nothing. I didn't even mention your ears. Why should I?"

"But you must have!" he said. "*I* didn't."

"Perhaps you told her that you had a little ache or something," she suggested.

"If I ever had a little ache, the last person I'd tell would be Madeline Cochrane. You must have said something, Fran. Try to remember."

Mrs. Kimball replied firmly that she had never alluded to an ear ailment of any kind in her letters to Mrs. Cochrane, and added that he had better sit down and get the answer over with before he forgot all about it. As usual, the task of composing a brief, cordial note kept him busy for almost an hour. He included the reassuring news that his ears were fine.

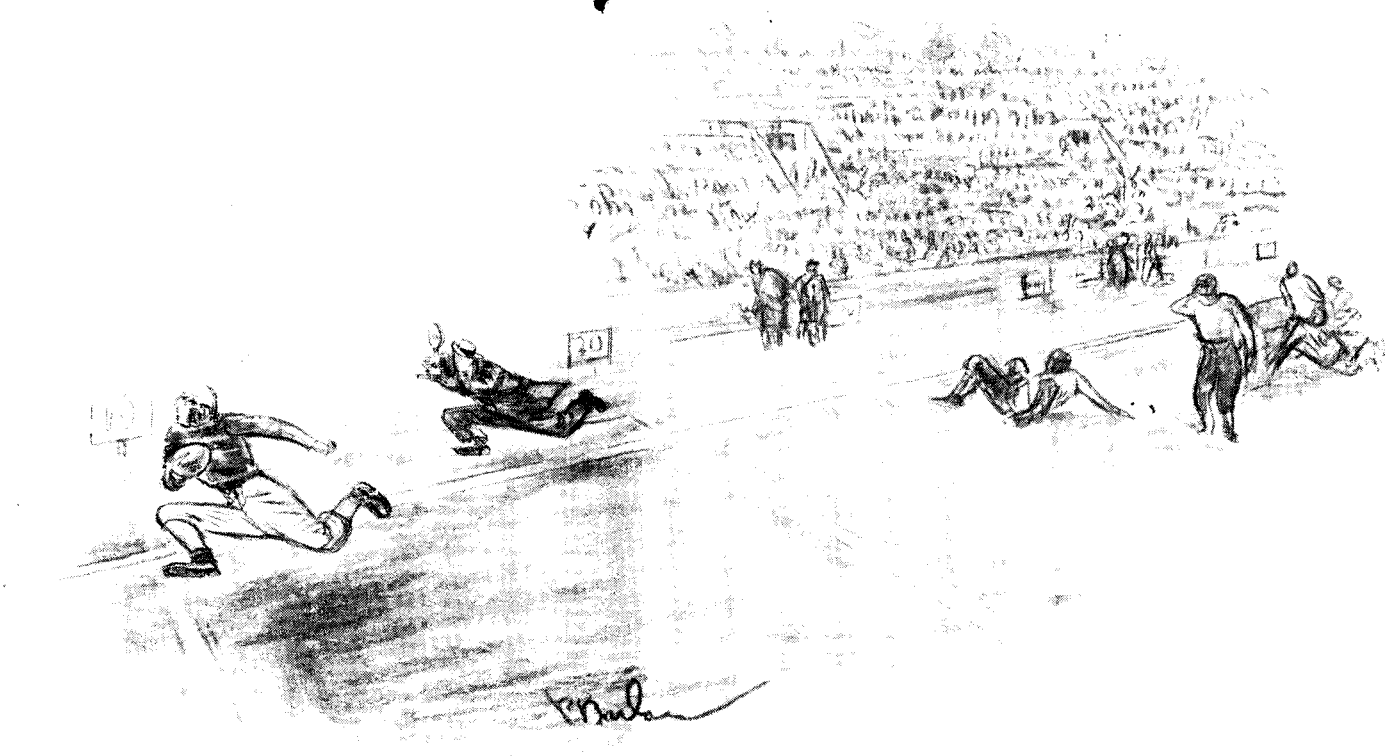
Mrs. Cochrane responded promptly:

> You didn't say boo about going to see Dr. Vining and I'm so afraid that if you postpone it too long there may be complications. Mrs. Glidden is as wretched as ever, but she says it's a great relief to her to know that Dr. Vining *understands*. Please don't delay going to him. I had such a nice treat on Wednesday. Alice McClennan—you don't know her, but your mother does—phoned and asked me if I'd like to drive to the Old Turnpike Inn for lunch. The scenery was beautiful, and we had roast mallard duck, currant jelly, wild rice, French peas, and the most heavenly little . . .

This time Kimball needed no goading. He went to his desk at once and informed Mrs. Cochrane that his ears had never caused *him* a moment's trouble in his entire life. He said this three times, with minor variations in the wording. Privately, he wondered what possible relationship there could be between

"Did you ring, chief?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



his putative ear trouble and the mysterious ailment from which Mrs. Glidden was suffering, but he avoided any reference to this point and merely inquired whether he might be allowed to ask how in the name of heaven the subject of his ears had come up in the first place.

With an air of triumph, Mrs. Cochrane's next letter began:

Frances wrote to me about your accident the very day it happened, and I do so hope an infection hasn't set in. Charlotte Glidden's infection wasn't noticeable for about five days. I want you to call Dr. Vining the moment you receive this. You should have known that Frances would tell me if a thing like this happened, since I'm one of your family's oldest friends. I have her letter right here. She said, "We certainly live in dramatic times, don't we? Walter and I turned on the radio as soon as we got up this morning, and he was so excited by the news that he nicked an ear while shaving." That's exactly what Charlotte Glidden did, except that she was getting ready to go to a dance at the country club. The blade turned out to be rusty. Humphrey Glidden had been using an electric razor for several months, and Charlotte neglected to investigate. So please get in touch with Dr. Vining. Your blade may have been rusty, too, and you may not have realized it. I must tell you about the *very* clever minstrel show the Presbyterian Church put on last night for the benefit of . . .

"Look," Kimball said to his wife. "I want you to promise me something: never, as long as you live, do a thing like that again."

"But it was a perfectly natural thing to tell her," Mrs. Kimball protested. "She just built it up in her own mind."

"That's what I mean," he said. "She'll seize on anything. So if you have to say something about me, just tell her I'm feeling swell, and don't add another word."

"All right, dear," Mrs. Kimball said.

Some weeks later, Mrs. Cochrane wrote:

You must be in agony with that shoulder. Exactly the same thing happened to Mrs. Claude Timmis, a very dear friend of mine here in Tarrytown. She was trying to open a bottle of cooking sherry, and she injured something with a Latin name. It's just like yours, because men have them in their shoulders, too. She goes to a Dr. Fergus Bartlett. He's one of the best men in the country, and he's in the Medical Arts Building in New York. He uses some wonderful new ray on her. I know, because I was talking to her at the Altar Guild yesterday afternoon. Please get in touch with him and see what he says. He'll probably use it on you, too. I suppose you're staying home from your office for the time being. Who *wouldn't*, with a thing like that! But I know Frances is making you as comfortable as she possibly can. By the way, I was going through a trunk in my attic the other day, and I found the funniest old snapshot of your mother and father, taken while they were visiting our old house in Narragansett when we all were children. If you would care to have it, and would promise not to mislay it or throw it away . . .

"I seem to have injured something with a Latin name while opening a bottle," Kimball said to his wife as he handed her the letter.

Mrs. Kimball giggled. "You're so funny when you're cross," she said.

"Well, you'd be cross yourself if people kept writing to you out of a blue sky, telling you to go to a doctor when there isn't anything the matter with you," Kimball said in an aggrieved tone. "You must have said something to her about the way I open bottles."

"No, I didn't," Mrs. Kimball said. "Besides, you open bottles beautifully."

"Probably she'll write to my mother and ask her whether she knows I'm drinking myself to death. As if I weren't limiting myself to one cocktail before dinner."

"Oh, I don't think Cousin Madeline would do that," said Mrs. Kimball, without conviction.

"Come on, Fran, let's have it," Kimball urged. "What did you say to her?"

"Nothing," his wife insisted. "Not a blessed word. Honestly."

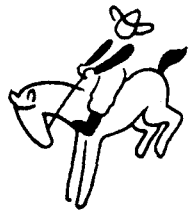
When Kimball wrote to Mrs. Cochrane, he explained that there must have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been some mistake and that his shoulder felt like a million dollars. But he placed still greater emphasis on the fact that he was limiting himself to a single cocktail before dinner.

Mrs. Cochrane answered him by return mail:

Just because your shoulder feels all right now doesn't necessarily mean that it *is* all right. It simply may mean that the trouble is latent, and that you will start suffering when you least expect it. After all, the damage has been done. Mrs. Timmis's Dr. Bartlett has had a lot of patients who have made the frightful mistake of minimizing these things. Don't forget. The name is Dr. Fergus Bartlett, and the address is the Medical Arts Building. Mrs. Timmis has explained to him exactly how you injured yourself, and *he is expecting you.* We've been having the most freakish thunderstorms lately, and as a result my rhododendrons . . .



Kimball took the obvious course. He persuaded his wife to forward a complete disclaimer, certifying that his shoulder had never been better and that no disaster had befallen it at any time. Mrs. Cochrane was not entirely convinced. To support her stand, she entered in evidence a page from one of Mrs. Kimball's cheerfully rambling bulletins, and on it Kimball found what he was looking for. "I spent most of Saturday afternoon putting up mincemeat —Mother Kimball's recipe, rich but *very* good—and Walter played golf for the first time in ages. I was glad he did, because he needs to get outdoors more. It improved his color greatly, even going out for just one afternoon, although his left shoulder was tired from all that swinging. He brought home Arthur Millis, Sam Fraser, and Pete Kail, who were in his foursome, and they all stayed for lamb curry because their wives had driven to a meeting of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs and wouldn't be back until late." In her own letter Mrs. Cochrane put in a final plea for Kimball to go to Dr. Bartlett, "just to be looked over, for safety's sake," and then discussed, with surprising restraint, the matter of the single cocktail before dinner. She recommended cranberry juice instead, explaining frankly that she owned a third interest in a cranberry-juice cannery in Maine. The habit of taking a cocktail before dinner every night, she said, had been the undoing of a Mr. Chauncey McBain, the husband of a friend of hers in Tarrytown. Mr. McBain had gone to the best men in the country, but without much success, Mrs. Cochrane feared. "Anyway," she concluded, "I don't like to ask Laura McBain for the *names*, because it's something nobody ever really *discusses* with her."

AFTER this letter, Mrs. Cochrane gave materia medica a respite. She devoted a sequence of three letters exclusively to matters pending in Congress before returning to the field that was undeniably her specialty. One day, when Kimball was feeling unusually fit, he got a letter from her which began:

Poor Walter, I know *just* what you must be going through. The same thing happened to little Patsy Cavagnaro, the daughter of my fruit-and-vegetable man. The only difference is that hers was the ten-cent toy kind. She simply adored it and even went to bed with it on, and when she was all red and swollen, a local doctor took her off orange juice. But this didn't seem to help matters. Finally, Mrs. Pierson Giles—a very wealthy woman here in Tarrytown—ball bearings—offered to take little Patsy to Dr. Felix Schieffelin, the big skin man. He's absolutely the best in the country, but it took him quite a while to decide what the trouble was. That was months ago, and little Patsy is still going to him. It must be costing Mrs. Giles a pretty penny, although fortunately she can afford it. I do wish you'd go to him yourself, as I feel sure he could help you, even if it meant selling some War Bonds. The important thing is to get *well!* I'm sure Frances agrees with me . . .

"Now it's little Patsy Cavagnaro!" Kimball told his wife desperately. "There isn't a word in it about what's supposed to be the matter with me, but I'm to sell some War Bonds and go to see a big skin man."

"I don't know *anything* about this one!" Mrs. Kimball said.

"Write to her, anyway. We'' *both* write. She's got to be stopped somehow."

When the explanation, which was addressed to Mrs. Kimball, came, it proved, to her distress, that the mischief had been of her devising. "You told me what a festive time you had had on Walter's birthday," Mrs. Cochrane reminded her virtuously. "You went dancing at the Plaza, and you said you gave Walter a shockproof, waterproof watch with a canvas strap. You said the metal strap on his old wristwatch always chafed him, and so you decided on a canvas strap for the new one. Little Patsy Cavagnaro's toy watch had a metal wristband, too, so I knew *exactly* what agonies Walter had been suffering . . ."

Kimball uttered no word of reproach. If his wife had expected him to go storming around the house, she was pleasantly disappointed. He said lightly that it was only natural for Cousin Madeline to misinterpret things. After all, she was elderly.

In accepting this statement gracefully and without apprehension, Mrs. Kimball made a grave mistake.

About a week later she greeted her husband rather wildly when he came home at the end of the day. "What did you say to Cousin Madeline about my intestinal tract?" she cried.

"Intestinal tract?"

"She wants me to go to the Mayo Clinic. She says some woman in Tarrytown had trouble with *her* intestinal tract, too, and that it sounds like the same thing I'm having. You know perfectly well I've never had any trouble like that! You *did* say something to Cousin Madeline, Walter. What was it?"

Kimball beamed with satisfaction. "I may have mentioned something just in passing," he admitted.

"But *what?*"

"Oh, just enough to pique her curiosity."

Mrs. Kimball made quite a scene about it. But the happy result, from Kimball's point of view, was that his wife stopped saying, "Cousin Madeline will feel hurt if *you* don't write," and thereafter was willing to handle all correspondence with Mrs. Cochrane. That brilliant diagnostician still writes to Kimball, of course, but it is Mrs. Kimball who prepares the replies. "Walter loved your letter—" she generally begins, and then goes on to such matters of mutual interest as a new recipe for green-tomato pickle.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

RANK

The stripe and eagle, star and bar,
Categorize the ones in war,
Distinguish General from Joe,
Those you don't from those you know.

How nice to differentiate
Superior from subordinate
So easily, without dispute!
And if in any doubt, salute.

But now we suffer peace, at last,
To authorize a subtler caste,
And uniformed Good Humor men
Snicker as they salute again.

—W. W. GIBSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"When you get a moment, there's something I'd like to speak to you about."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNALS OF COLLABORATION

EQUIVALISM—III

IN Paris, in the spring of 1942, Charles E. Bedaux, the industrial-efficiency expert, held some final conversations with his current favorite Nazi friend, General Franz Medicus, about a strange, ingenious scheme for building a pipeline to carry peanut oil across the Sahara Desert. Bedaux, born in France, had emigrated to the United States, had become a citizen and millionaire here, and, in 1937, after losing control of his network of American management-consultant companies, had returned to his native country to pursue his new career, collaborationism. General Medicus, second man in the Nazi Department of Administrative Economy, which held the industry of Occupied France in its greedy hand, was one of the most powerful and important Germans in Paris. According to a reminiscent description Bedaux once gave, Medicus, whom he met in 1941 at a smart collaborationist Paris dinner party, "spoke excellent French, Latin, and Greek and was a highly polished scholar and lawyer who, despite his heavy responsibilities"—Medicus, among other things, administered all seized Jewish businesses—"found time to take photographs of every cathedral in Occupied France." Another of his duties was to serve at the bar as Advocate of the French Cause, or devil's advocate. Whenever a suit arose between conquered and conqueror, it was the German Medicus's odd duty to plead the French side. An earlier interesting legal task of his had been to assist, in 1935, in writing Hitler's anti-Semitic Nuremberg Laws. As Bedaux said to United States Department of Justice officials in Miami, in 1944, when he was being held by our government on suspicion of treason, he and Medicus, who became the most popular weekender at Bedaux's Château de Candé, in Touraine, had been very friendly, and this was something he never wanted to deny. Certainly Medicus had been a good friend of Bedaux's peanut-oil pipeline.

Charles E. Bedaux

The genius of Bedaux's pipeline scheme was its simplicity and its triple function. He planned to start it in an Algerian oasis, somewhere between Fez and Colomb-Béchar, and run it south across the Sahara for about two thousand miles, between the Grand Erg and the Igridi sand dunes, through the valleys of the Atlas Mountains, and across the Sudan to the port town of Gao, on the Niger—"the last unused fertile spot of Africa," according to one Nazi geopolitician. The pipeline, whose first function would be to carry water from the oasis southward, would make possible the building of a trans-Saharan railroad. Second, carrying peanut oil northward, after the railroad was built, it was to serve as a public-utility money-maker for the French and as a food provider for the Germans. Since 1879, when French engineers and politicians began dreaming of a trans-Saharan railroad as an artery of empire into the little-exploited Niger colonies, water and money had always been lacking to make it feasible. Bedaux proposed that sixty thousand tons of Nazi steel be made into seven-inch pipe, which he would lay from the Algerian wells to the Niger in nine months. The pipeline would water first the pipelayers themselves and then the railroad construction gangs working in their wake, who would lay track alongside the pipe. He further proposed that, while all this was going on, peanut plantations and presses be set up on the Niger. By 1946 at the latest, the water would be turned off, because the northward flow through the pipe of two hundred and fifty thousand tons of peanut oil a year—the richest supply of edible fat in modern Europe's history—would be ready to begin. By 1944, the railroad, which Bedaux figured would reach Gao in 1946, would have arrived midway in the desert, at the oasis of Ouallen. To refresh its builders the rest of the way and to complete his bold scheme for what he lyrically called "conquering the Sahara as an obstacle of human progress," he planned to run an additional water pipe north from the Niger and have it ready and waiting at Ouallen. This line, when no longer needed to water miserable conscripted laboring men, could be used—and this was the third function—to water the desert and make it profitably blossom. Eventually there would be two more peanut-oil pipelines, a gasoline pipeline, and a highway for trucks.

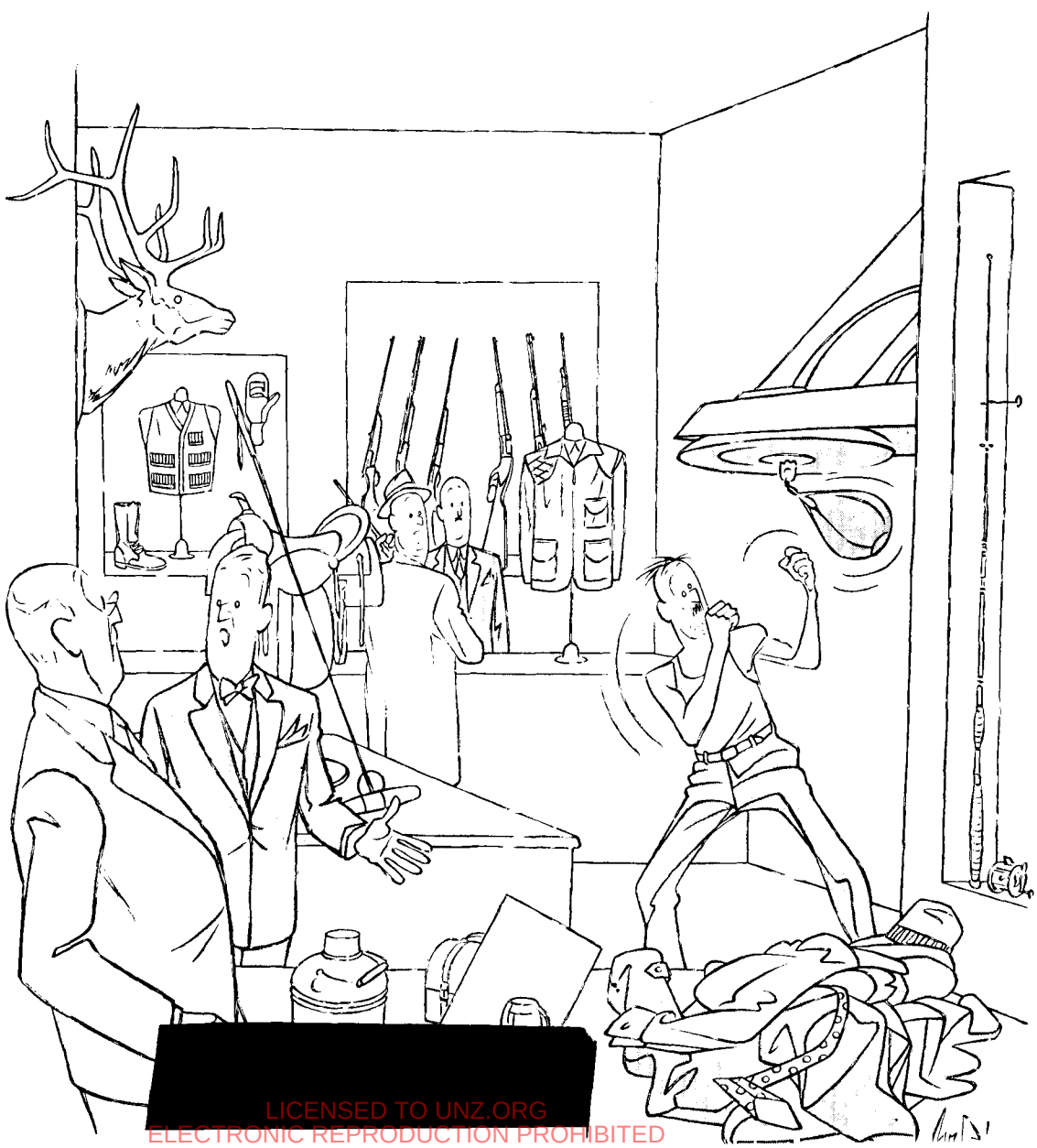
The railroad was to be fourteen hundred miles long and was to cost the French the equivalent of thirty million dollars (or about as much as they were paying the Germans every fortnight for the occupation), and there was to be, according to a map of Africa found among Bedaux's papers at the time of his arrest and annotated in red ink by his own hand, a branch to run west through Timbuctoo and to the river town of Bamako, inland terminal of the French railroad to Dakar, the flourishing airport for anything flying from Africa to South America. Once the Nazis had comfortably conquered England and the Continent and were ready to start on the New World, Bedaux's trans-Saharan railroad would furnish them with troop-train transportation from Oran, on the Mediterranean, to Dakar, on the Atlantic, whence paratroopers would then hop off to start the flow of the *Herrenvolk* into South America. The Nazis' immediate interest, in the spring of 1942, was the peanut-oil proposition, but it was what they called Hitler's desert railway that they ponderously publicized as the master race's biggest colonial project for its coming thousand-year world empire. Thus, that spring, a photograph of Bedaux, in sun helmet, needing a shave, and looking virile against a backdrop of sand dunes, appeared in Nazi newspapers from Vichy to Berlin. That was the apogee of Bedaux's collaborationist career.

TO get to North Africa from Paris to work on his pipeline, Bedaux needed permits from both the Nazis and the Vichy French. The French were the less coöperative of the two. Nazi *Ausweise*, or exit visas, were not often given, even to a man as important as Bedaux, but the Germans, understandably more eager than the French to start Bedaux on his way to the desert, gave him two *Ausweise* in Paris, the first in May, the second (since he still hadn't got one from Vichy) in June. The May *Ausweis* described him as a man "who has profound knowledge of occupied territories of the West as well as foreign countries" and designated him as "an expert in economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matters." Vichy didn't take the hint and produce the necessary papers for his departure. The Nazis became more explicit in the second *Ausweis*, which was issued with the special endorsement of Otto Abetz, then German High Commissioner in France. It described the American Bedaux as "attached to the German Military Occupation High Command," then went on to say that his mission was the rapid installation of a pipeline "which would carry from the Niger River to Continental Europe edible oils. . . . France will assist in this plan so far as is possible." At a July luncheon with Bedaux, in Vichy, Laval boggled at the idea of paying for a desert railway, which the sand might easily swallow up someday, and bluntly asked Bedaux what the Nazis had made him come across with for his two *Ausweise*—and could Bedaux please get him twelve thousand tons of African alcohol to swap with the Nazis for gasoline filched from the French gas supply. The lunch ended with Laval's promising Bedaux his French visa. However, early in August, since the promise was still unfulfilled, Bedaux prodded Laval with a letter that recalled the luncheon and added, "If you with your brilliant intelligence and I with my universal experience were able to work together without any fetters, we should soon be able to establish the practical basis for the building of the New Europe that must become the work of the man of tomorrow." Late in August, the brilliantly intelligent Laval finally signed an "Order of Mission for Monsieur Charles E. Bedaux." This document also requested French civil and military authorities to facilitate the mission.

A small group of French bankers had allmission with four million francs, of which Bedaux himself subscribed two and a half million, to pay for a preliminary survey and the working out of plans in detail. Bonds were issued and an innocent-looking agreement was made by which the French State was to have jurisdiction and operational control over the pipeline and Bedaux, his friends, and his family would have no interest in "licensing its operation," but nothing was said about Bedaux and the bankers not making millions on the peanut plantations. The mission was to start early in October. There would be thirty engineers and surveyors, some prewar American trucks and Ford tractors Bedaux had rustled up in the black market, and his own de-luxe expeditionary equipment, which he had used on a number of peacetime safaris and which would require the services of a retinue of two hundred. That summer, Bedaux received a communication from the Swiss consul in Paris, acting for the United States Government, which gave him and his wife, since they were both Americans, orders to return home on a safe-conduct ship that was soon to leave for New York. Bedaux dismissed the order with a letter that must have dazed the Swiss consular office. The letter said that since Mr. and Mrs. Bedaux had been "officially charged with a mission to help organize a better extraction of all products of the earth, mineral and vegetable, and in a pacific way to help in the reconstruction of all that which war destroys, we cannot abandon the humanitarian activity which has been en-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trusted to us." The American-born Mrs. Bedaux was nevertheless not joining her husband on his good-will trek. According to what he later told a friend, the Nazis were going to hold her in Occupied France as a hostage, to make sure he returned from the Sahara.

Then came a flurry of bad luck. On September 24th, at 5 A.M., Bedaux was arrested in the Paris Ritz by a German pickup squad. At eight o'clock his wife was arrested. All other Americans between the ages of sixteen and sixty were being rounded up, too. By nine o'clock, Bedaux's German military-intelligence pals in Berlin were lamely explaining to him on the phone that the arrests had been as much of a surprise to them as to him, that these arrests had been secretly ordered by their rivals, the S.D. (*Sicherheitsdienst*), the uniformed spy arm of the S.S. and the most feared of all Nazi services. (Both the S.D. and the S.S. represented what Bedaux later described as the fanatical "pure spirit of the Nazi revolution.") At ten o'clock, Bedaux was trundled off with seventeen other American males to a Paris police-station latrine, where they spent the rest of the day. That night he and the others were taken to the St. Denis internment camp for British prisoners, and the next day they were moved to the less comfortable new Compiègne internment camp for Americans. There he received an ill-timed Vichy message ordering him to leave instantly for the Sahara. The S.D. was uncoöperative. Bedaux, who had been a pet of the administration chiefs of Nazidom, at first seemed to mean nothing at all to the S.D. A week later, however, the S.D. softened and Bedaux was sprung. Mrs. Bedaux, who had been sent to confinement in the restaurant building of the Jardin d'Acclimation Zoo, along with a number of female compatriots, was released six days later. Her companions, however, were shipped off to further detention in the town of Vittel.

A fortnight after Bedaux was freed, the Nazis donated to his mission, through the amiable generosity of the Department of Administrative Economy, fifteen thousand litres of gasoline, six hundred and fifty of oil, a hundred and forty kilos of grease, all these to be picked up at Algiers, and ten thousand litres of gas, three hundred and fifty of oil, and seventy kilos of grease, these to be waiting for him at Casablanca. His friend Mediers, who had never relaxed

farewell and of platonic solicitude for Fern, his wife, now back in her château. "Go in perfect tranquillity," he wrote. "[redacted]

great mission. Soldiers cannot fight with trouble behind them. . . . We who are staying behind form a ring of steel around Fern." The letter ended, in English, "Happy returns," by which Medicus meant not birthday greetings but a happy homecoming to Candé. On October 27th, Bedaux arrived by plane

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Now summer's exile has its end.
  Now stirred as by my hope of heaven,
A sunburned pilgrim, home I wend
  To turn the key in F-11.

Farewell at last to wood and shore,
  Mosquitoed breeze and drafty cottage.
My birthright I have swapped once more
  For this well-seasoned mess of pottage.

How good to feel beneath the foot,
  Instead of grass, the asphalt tickle!
Oh, happy circumstance, to put
  In subway slot the usual nickel,

To find the Plaza's prospect fair,
  To breathe again with nought to hinder
The ripe, monoxide-scented air,
  And from my eye to blink the cinder!

What matter in New Hampshire now
  That fall encrimsons vale and highland,
Or frost has fired the shimmering bough
  In Maine, and, I suppose, Rhode Island?

Here in the neon-flaming town
  The season burgeons undiminished.
Here autumn lays no burden down.
  The year is born instead of finished.

Now leaps the pulse as if it were spring.
  Now every John seeks out his Julia,
And musicals awake and sing
  And hats are tall and look peculia',

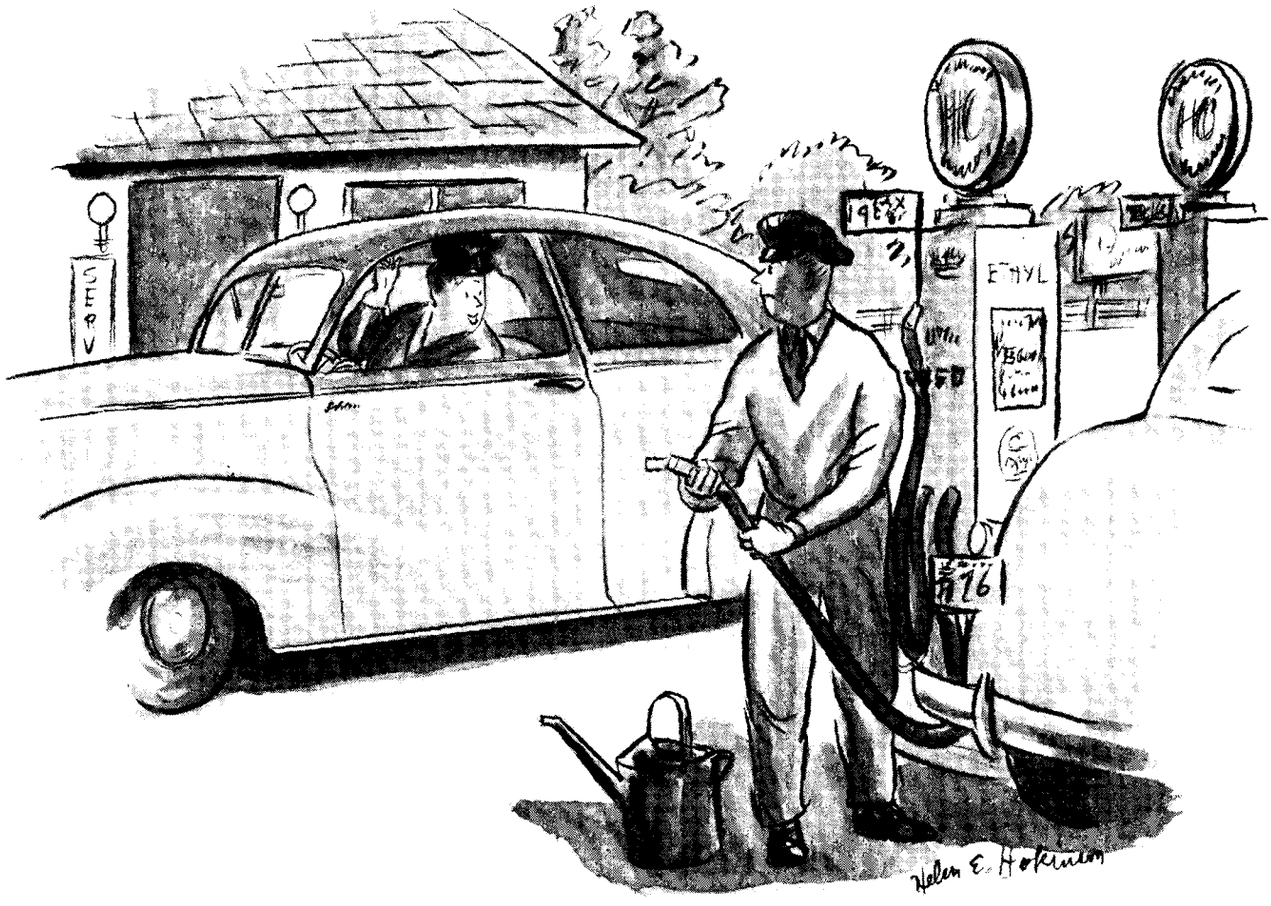
And ladies for their sables yearn
  And landlord to his lease is plighted.
Oh, lovely time! Oh dear return
  From regions wholesome but benighted!

Let red October burn its way
  Amid the suburb's tattered greenery.
From any window I survey
  A more engrossing kind of scenery,

And to my nostrils cometh faint,
  Sweeter than sumac, sooner or later
The smell of fresh, autumnal paint
  Scorching upon a radiator.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •



"I want everything!"

• •

later he gave a luncheon for them at his headquarters in the Hôtel Aletti, to meet our State Department representative, Mr. Robert Murphy. In Miami, fifteen months later, when he was in the custody of our Department of Justice, Bedaux said that the lunch with Murphy had been for the purpose of "explaining the Sahara mission," which by this time must have been as clear as the desert air. The mission, it had been decided, was at last to start its trek on November 15th.

The party was again held up, however, this time by history and for good. On the morning of November 8th, a German general on the Armistice Commission turned up at the Aletti and demanded quarters. Bedaux was transferred from his own suite into a room in a suite already occupied by a hospitable Nazi Army captain named Wurmann. That night, Bedaux missed hearing the opening shots of the Allied invasion of North Africa because, being an insomniac, he had put wax pellets in his ears before going to bed, to avoid hearing even peaceful noises. Before dawn, he and Wurmann were out on the Nazi's luxurious terrace, drinking brandy together and watching—in what frame of mind, he never said—the spectacle of American tracer bullets patterning the black sky. The two men, who were alone, were seen by some French patriot, perhaps an angry French waiter or chambermaid. A report of the brandy drinking with the enemy was communicated to the French underground. At Bedaux's hearings in Miami, his air of arrogant, international big-business calm was destroyed only when a government representative mentioned that convivial little terrace scene. At that moment Bedaux lost his famous, easy, fascinating smile, and it never returned. He had not known that Uncle Sam knew.

WHY Bedaux did not flee the Allied invasion, no one knows. He had plenty of time. He was eventually arrested, as a collaborator, by pro-Ally French forces, but that was not until December 5th. And they released him on December 29th and did not rearrest him until January 2, 1943, when they were acting, they said, "at the request of another authority," which turned out later to be the United States Army. Thus he had a second chance to make a getaway. During his December detention, he was held in the former Italian Club, hastily rigged up for French political prisoners, and after he was picked up in January, he was sent to the suburb of El Biar, where for the next eleven months he was confined in the United States military-police barracks.

In January, two Federal Bureau of Investigation agents, Percy Foxworth and Harold Haberfeld, their destination Algiers and their purpose a Bedaux investigation, were killed in a plane crash somewhere in the Brazilian jungle. Other agents were immediately dispatched to carry on in their place. Algiers was still seething with the confusion that followed the invasion, and men there who might have been experts on Bedaux had been able to go into hiding. All the records of importance were in Vichy or Paris or Berlin. Fortunately for the F.B.I. agents, Bedaux proved to be an invaluable, meticulous source of information on himself, for it had always been his custom to carry with him a small

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

library of private papers and a whole gallery of photographs of his family and his interesting friends. His baggage for the Sahara expedition included Laval's letters and copies of his own letters regarding the mission; the order to carry out the mission and other documents; Nazi letters of reference and the *Ausweis* which identified him as being "of the German Military High Command," and photographic negatives of all three *Ausweise*; code telegrams; business telegrams; tender love letters from his wife; carbon copies of letters from the Nazi High Command; carbons of inconsequential letters to Admiral Darlan; photostats of Bedaux's family birth certificates for two generations back; photographs of Otto Abetz's children in peasant costume; an envelope marked "Edward," containing Candé snapshots of the Duchess of Windsor and one of the Duke mowing the lawn; photographs of the late Kaiser's grandson, Prince Louis Ferdinand, with whom Bedaux had carried on a correspondence about philosophy and beer; a dozen or more prescriptions (some marked "Digestion," one marked "Face Alcohol") from American, French, and German doctors; notes about important luncheon appointments for the previous year; a bicycle license; a letter from the Snowflake *Herald*, of Snowflake, Arizona; clippings from the *Journal-American*; a red leather box containing pen points; a green leather folder containing nothing; and a package of Medinal sleeping tablets. Most important of all, his papers contained a questionnaire, in French and on French-made paper, intended —or so it was rumored —to be used in espionage, probably for the Germans. There were spaces to be filled in with information on Allied military plans in Africa, on airfields and airline schedules, the shipping available at Dakar, and the military codes being used by General Charles de Gaulle.

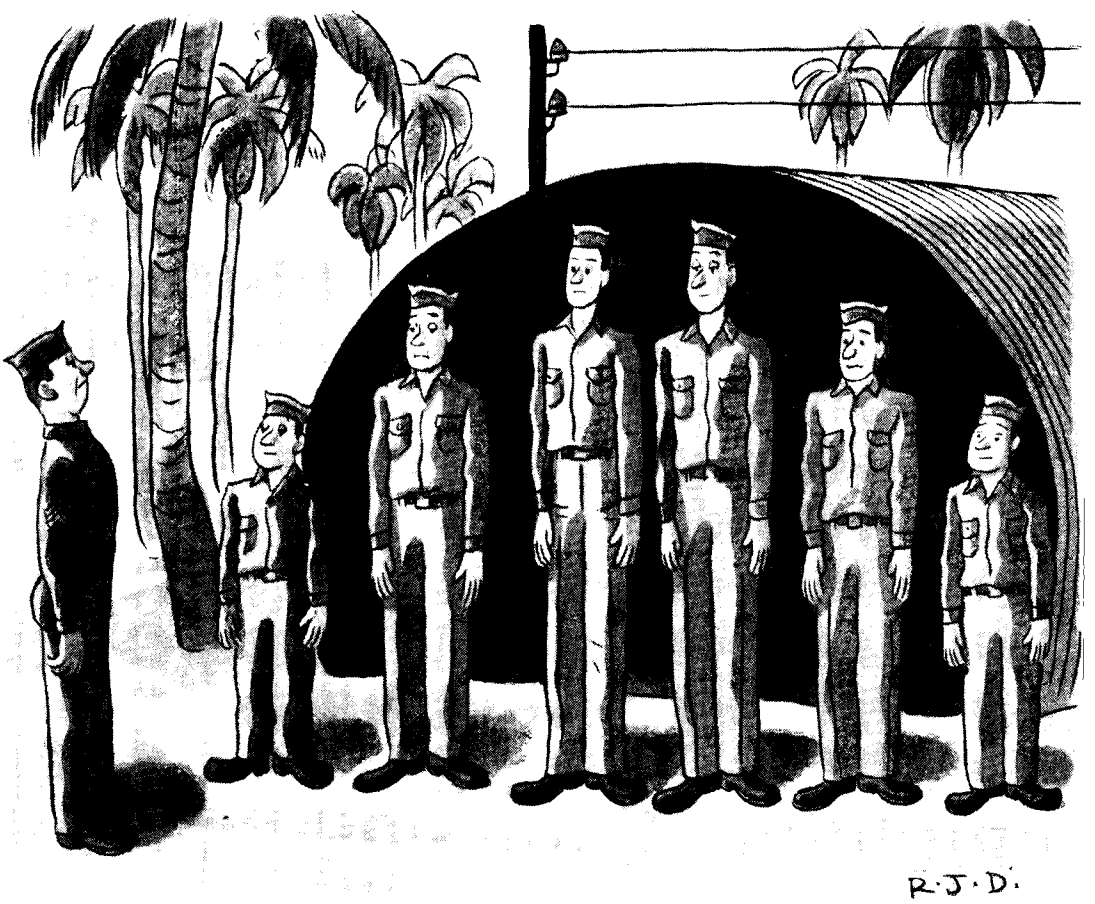
The purpose of the questionnaire is still a mystery the authorities have not explained, but three reasonable explanations of its presence in Bedaux's valise have been offered. According to French gossip in Algiers, the popular pro-Vichy explanation was that it had been planted. Between December 5th, when Bedaux was first arrested by the French and his papers were seized, and December 30th, the day after his release, when they were restored to him, there had been a disorderly interval of twenty-five days in which his papers had been accessible to a buzzing crowd of anti-Pétainists, turncoat ex-Vichyites who were continuing in their jobs as military, naval, police, and municipal officials. For instance, the night he was released from the Italian Club, when his papers were still being withheld from him, the other prisoners, armed with tommyguns they had taken from the guards, broke into the warden's office and kidnapped the *chef de police*, while some insane-asylum lunatics, who were mixed in with the prisoners, intelligently escaped. Inebriation and *filles de joie* animated the corridors. On January 17th, Bedaux himself, by then in the United States military-police barracks, offered his precious papers to a judge advocate, who hastily placed them in a metal container and put them away for safekeeping.

The second explanation, reported to be Bedaux's own, is that espionage agents, like anybody else, can be careless and that the questionnaire had been accidentally put in his *dossier* by an official during one of the two periods he was under French arrest. The contention he is supposed to have offered in defense—that he had merely glanced at the questionnaire and, seeing on it African place names not on his route, thought it was a paper strayed from some Colonial Service desk—seemed plausible, in the light of his reported insistence to the French authorities that had he realized what the questionnaire was, during the eighteen days it was in his possession, he would have been "insane not to destroy it," since it labelled him a spy.

The third explanation of the mysterious questionnaire is simply that Bedaux was a spy.

THE F.B.I.'s customarily thorough investigation was finished in the spring, but, because of the pressure of world events and uncertainty about what on earth to do next with Bedaux and who should do it, he was not removed from El Biar until the end of 1943, when he was flown to Miami, under arrest and in military custody. He landed there on December 23rd. Upon his arrival, the Army significantly surrendered him to the Department of Justice.

During the war with Germany, Miami took the place of Ellis Island



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's *today*, and *tomorrow*, and *every* day—as the boys come home.

Railroads played a major part in their comings and goings. Trains carried almost all of them—many of them time after time. More than a million a month are riding the trains right now. And trains successfully handled the even bigger job of carrying nine-tenths of the mountains of material which they needed to win the war.

The end of the war means many things to many people. One thing it means to the railroads is a chance to get long-denied material for building new locomotives, new freight cars to replace equipment worn by war service—and fine, new passenger trains to provide added comfort and luxury in swift, safe travel.

Railroads are at work on these things now, today and every day. In that great time just starting, they will serve you in better style than ever before—but with the same responsible and faithful performance upon which America has learned, both in war and in peace, that it can rely.

LET'S FINISH THE JOB BUY VICTORY BONDS

AMERICAN RAILROADS

—LOOKING AHEAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Shubert Thea., New Haven, Conn.
Oct. 15th to Oct. 20th
Memorial Theatre, Hartford, Conn.

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"

Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.
CHICAGO
HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"COMPLETELY ENCHANTING COMEDY" —JOHN CHAPMAN, Daily News
You Touched Me!
with EDMUND GWENN
BOOTH Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

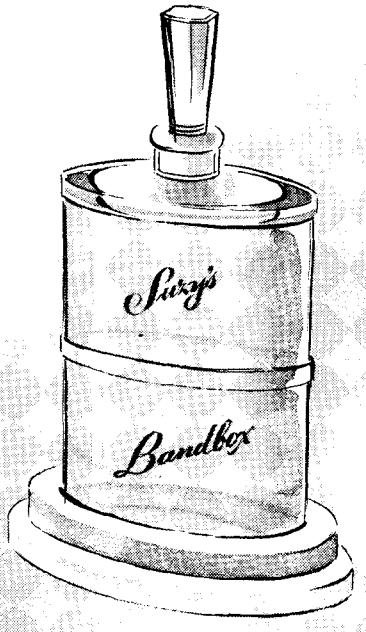
A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
Marinka
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
"A BEAUTIFUL SHOW. . . . YOU'LL ENJOY IT."—Post
BARRYMORE Thea. 47th W. of P'way. CI 6-0390.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

as our main immigration center, because of the large amount of air travel from Europe via South America. Our Immigration Detention Station there operated, uncomfortably, in an old mansion on N.E. Thirtieth Street. Bedaux was quartered in the bedroom of the chauffeur's apartment, over the garage. A former New York secretary of his, Mrs. Isabelle Waite, who had not seen him for seven years but who had heard about his plight, turned up in Miami at her own expense and, out of her own pocket, bought him a cozy easy chair, an icebox, and a stove for his room. He was locked in at night, but during the day he was free to sun himself on the spacious lawn overlooking Biscayne Bay and to converse, in his usual beguiling manner, with the guards. To one of them he declared, as though he were a contented guest, that he would be delighted to sit out the war there. While he waited within his jail over the garage, the delicate perplexities created by the fact that he was now definitely a prisoner of ours were claiming the attention of the departments of Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of State Hull, and Attorney General Biddle. Any offenses he might have committed from the time of Pearl Harbor up to the Allied invasion of North Africa would have been committed in territory that was not yet an American theatre of war. Therefore, the War Department had felt that it could not properly keep him under arrest. When the State Department had announced his arrest by our Army, the charge it had named was "trading with the enemy," but the Nazis were not enemies when he started trading. Furthermore, owing to technicalities in the law, maybe he was no longer an American citizen and had done whatever he had done as the Frenchman he had been born, in which case he could not be prosecuted here for treason or, indeed, for anything. The Department of Justice, however, could and promptly did decide to hold him until his citizenship status was cleared up. He was held by order of Edward J. Ennis, Administrator of Foreign Travel Control.

The first of the two Bedaux hearings, which were held at the Border Patrol Station in Miami, was on the matter of his citizenship, and it ran from December 28th through December 31st. The case was handled by Ennis's assistant, John L. Burling, who was sent from Washington for the job. Officially, Bedaux was in the custody of the Immigration Service of the Department of Justice. Because his passport had expired February 27, 1942, the Immigration Service had the right to hold him for lack of travel documents and for presumed lack of citizenship. In some ways, ours is a gentle and philosophical government. It considers that being an American citizen is essentially a state of mind, and one that is so important and profound that the lapsing of a passport does not necessarily deprive a naturalized citizen of citizenship. On the other hand, a naturalized citizen who returns to the country of his origin and remains there for over two years, as Bedaux had done, is presumed to have lost his citizenship until he can rebut that presumption. At the first Miami hearing, Bedaux was given an opportunity to rebut the presumption. The inquiry was to ascertain why he had not come back here when the war broke out in Europe; why he had not complied with our government's June, 1942, order to return; and why, when it was too late for a legal exit, because the Germans by then held all France, he and his wife had not, like the other dilatory Americans in that country, patriotically tried to escape over the mountains into Spain and so get home. Bedaux had answers for everything except the last; clearly, escape had never occurred to him. His circumlocutions, supposedly explaining why he had not come home for seven years and how busy he had been everywhere else, were so elaborate, so varied, so multi-directional, so intimate, and often so beside the point that in the four days of the hearing he fascinated almost everyone present, including his questioners.

In answering inquiries put to him about his relations with the Germans, he impressed the officials by the damaging facts he freely gave them, by his detailed memory of them, and, above all, by what seemed the conviction behind them—his zealot's belief in privileged international money as against nationalistic, or patriotic, money; his faith in the need of a new Europe, led by some sort of élite; and his insistence that both international money and such an élite would benefit and ennoble the humble European people in an orderly, more nearly ideal new world. As his own spokesman, especially on his favorite topics—himself and his ideas—he showed an ebullience, a charm, and a mixture of plausibility and candor which, coupled with his foreign-movie-star accent, might momentarily have panicked any American jury. In the long run, his defense was weak, because protest was not his stock in trade. He made four vague claims intended to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Suzy's BANDBOX

is as vital and unforgettable as youth. The crisp, definite scent she wears to complete flawless tailleurs and he sends to complete his compliments.

SUZY, SUZY... Fashions chic Parisian hats to go on your head... creates fabulous perfumes that go to your head... both enchanting!

PARFUMS DE SUZY...ÉCARLATE • BANDBOX • GOLDEN LAUGHTER... *Distributors: S. P. F. of America • 475 Fifth Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN from JOHN HERSEY'S
Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. CO 5-2412 Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell
Dark of the Moon
A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. CI 6-6075. Evgs. 8:40. 2 Perfs. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 & 8:40

SECOND YEAR!
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, 44th St., West of B'way
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
FRANK FAY in "HARVEY"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

WINDMILL
Piccadilly Circus
NOW IN IT'S 14TH YEAR
"We Never Closed"
A Vivian Van Damm Production

prove that he had secretly been a good American citizen while he was seemingly collaborating. The first was that with his Nazi pull he had been able, paradoxically, to save lives the Nazis would otherwise have taken; there was apparently some truth in this. His second claim was that he worked for the cause of liberty by arranging for the freeing of a hundred nameless Jews from concentration camps and a dozen unidentified American citizens from the American camp in Compiègne. The third was that he had been friendly with the Nazis in order to obtain their secret plans and pass them on to our Paris Embassy men; though some had weekended at his château or lunched with him in Algiers, he had, they later reported, told them nothing they could not have picked up at any bright cocktail party. His fourth claim, which he made in the course of explaining some tax difficulty he had had with our Treasury Department, was the high point in his incredibility. He claimed that he had been serving "a vital interest" as a good citizen by remaining abroad and fiddling with the Nazis, since he had done so only to persuade them to hand over his sequestered Dutch company, which, if they had employed its services in Occupied France, might have furnished the tax money for which our government was waiting. He added that he had even considered giving the Treasury Department stock in his foreign companies, so that it would eventually get what was coming to it. It was the impression of our government officials at this hearing that, as the consequence of his supreme belief in himself, he inclined to tell the truth when in the positive position of declaring what he had done and that he inclined to lie when in the negative position of having to explain what he had failed to do.

The climax of the hearing came on the fourth day, when Burling asked him, almost as citizen to citizen, if he had realized, when contemplating the building of his trans-Sahara railway line, its military importance to Germany in the event that Field Marshal Rommel's African campaign should succeed. This time Bedaux's answer was both glib and factual; he said he had figured that the war would certainly have ended before the railroad was completed and that in the meantime he would have deprived the Nazis of sixty thousand tons of wartime steel by using them for his pipeline, and who could deny that this loss to the Germans was an indubitable service to the Allies?

Throughout the hearing, Bedaux

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE NOW to NOV. 6
Seats Now For All Perf. — Mail Orders Filled
S. HUROK presents
Ballet Theatre
THE GREATEST IN
RUSSIAN BALLET
Evenings including Sundays at 8:30—1.20 to 4.80. Mats. Every Saturday & Sunday 1.20 to 3.60 (tax included).
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. CI 6-6363. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX THEA., West 45th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"THE play the whole country is talking about." —GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
GINGER ROGERS • LANA TURNER
WALTER PIDGEON • VAN JOHNSON
"WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF"
XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

For Rest YOU NEED THE BEST
Cheerful Guest Rooms. Boardwalk Sun Decks. Famous SHELBURNE GRILL and Cocktail Lounge.
Attractive Rates
the Shelburne
Paul Arnswalde, Mgr.
ATLANTIC CITY
Call MUrray Hill 2-3442

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"PARIS"

The "Double Note" Fragrance

Coty

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U. S. A.

"PARIS" 'AIR-SPUN' POWDER AND HARMONIZING BATH SEQUENCE

DUSTING POWDER • TALC • BATH SALTS • SOAP • SACHET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S A TIP ON QUALITY TAILORING

There's more to it than appears on the surface! For instance, today you have a right to expect your lining to last as long as the garment itself. Modern linings of Celanese*, a true synthetic yarn will match worsteds for wear. They're steadfast in looks. They never pull out of shape. Only seems sensible to take a second look when you go shopping—and make certain a Celanese* lining is backing up your next suit and topcoat. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Celanese** *Linings of Synthetic Yarn*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was maneuvered into stating that he still considered himself an American citizen, and he maneuvered himself into stating that he had implicit faith in American justice. The hearing's final question seemed to trouble him most. He was asked how the United States Government was to decide whether he was sincere in his friendship for our government or sincere in his associations with the German authorities. His slow answer, given in a low voice, was that he thought that our government should consider not his intentions while he had been engaged in his European activities, since they had been perforce for the Germans, but the things accomplished, since they had been for the Allies.

The hearing ended with Bedaux's being informed that it had been held only to determine his admissibility into the country as a citizen without proper papers, that no indictment for any action of a criminal nature had as yet been drawn up, but also that there was no guarantee that, as he himself quickly summed it up, "It might not come tomorrow . . . I hope not."

THE indictment did not come for six weeks. During this time, the government agents Ennis and Burling had been appointed special Criminal Division assistants to the Attorney General to seek a Grand Jury indictment of Bedaux, if found to be a citizen, first, for treason and second, for communication with the enemy. The trial, which no one then dreamed would be cancelled by Bedaux's funeral, was to be held in the Federal District Court in Washington.

On St. Valentine's Day, life moved quickly for Bedaux. His second hearing convened in midmorning, and it closed at 1 P.M. with Burling's statement that Bedaux had been found to be indeed an American citizen. This statement, made by Burling in his capacity as a special official in the Immigration Service, was immediately followed by Burling's announcement that he was also a special representative of the United States Attorney General and as such would take immediate steps against Bedaux on a charge of treason. Upon this protean exhibition of powerful, orderly, national administration—something the accused had so admired in its German form—Charles E. Bedaux moved off the public scene forever, back to the privacy of his room over the garage.

Considering what he did that night, Bedaux must have been more confident than our government was that treason could be proved against him. It is far

"Won't you step into my parlor?"

Oriental rugs are welcome in any room in the house! Whatever the period...whatever the decor ...they're superb mixers. As for durability with lasting beauty there's no sounder investment. And "Sloane" has meant the finest values in floor coverings for more than a hundred years!

W&J SLOANE

Fifth Avenue at 47th Street • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wedgwood Room

at Supper
EDGAR BERGEN
and
CHARLIE McCARTHY
★
ANNAMARY DICKEY
★
Dinner & Supper
EMIL COLEMAN
and his Orchestra

MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra alternating at Supper

Cover from 10:30, $2

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra (no cover) Selective dinners and à la carte

The WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE AT 50TH STREET

The Sophisticate:
Companion of celebrities; dines at the smartest restaurants; a clever conversationalist; a first nighter; admired wherever she goes.

Bradford Bachrach knows how to photograph every type of woman

Bachrach

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 5th Ave., WI 2-4517

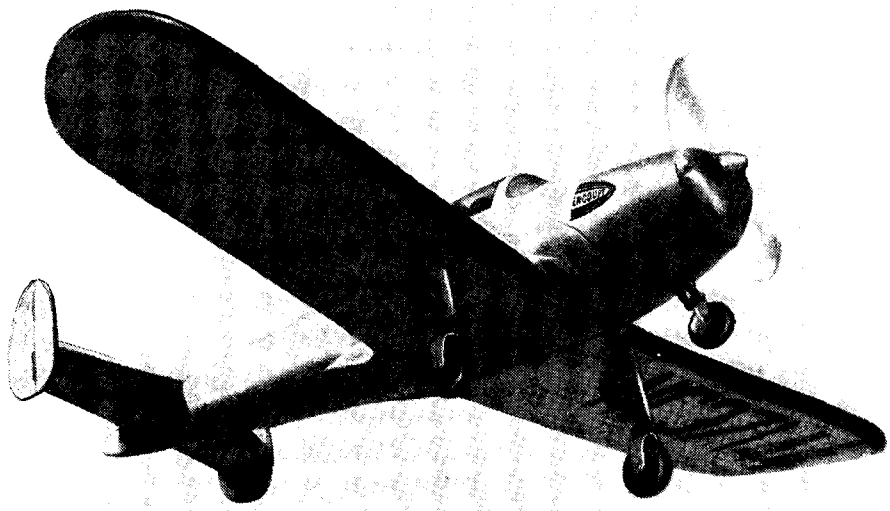
Boston • Washington
East Orange • Baltimore
Philadelphia • Providence

easier in our land to convict for murder, which conveniently demands no witnesses to the overt act, than for treason, which requires two witnesses to the overt act or else "a confession in court," according to the austere phraseology of our Revolutionary Constitution. Because Bedaux, at his first hearing, had shown no signs of making a confession and because it would have been difficult to summon French witnesses who were three thousand miles away, the government had deemed it prudent to lodge against him the second and more practicable charge, based on an obscure statute probably never used since the Civil War and dealing with communication by private citizens with enemy governments. In the terms of this aged statute, Bedaux's super-modern peanut-oil pipeline for the Nazis could have been presented as one of the finest examples of communication in our history.

At nine o'clock that night of February 14, 1944, Edmund L. Jones, Bedaux's lawyer, whom Bedaux had belatedly summoned from his office in Washington, called on his client for what turned out to be their one consultation about his defense. To the guard who let Jones out of the garage at nine-fifty, Bedaux said that he was tired and going to bed. Four minutes later, the guard noted that Bedaux's light was already off. The guard likewise noted, on his one-o'clock round, that the light in the garage bathroom, which shone through a transom into Bedaux's room and was customarily kept on, was also off. The guard turned it on, noticed a few minutes later that it had again been extinguished, and decided that Bedaux had turned it off so that he could sleep; he was known among the employees as the interesting foreign insomniac who had to be issued two sleeping pills nightly. The next morning, at nine o'clock, the bathroom was invaded by two painters, who, while they were working, heard Bedaux snoring. The lawyer arrived again at ten o'clock, waited for an hour, and then entered Bedaux's room, along with a guard and the devoted, worried Mrs. Waite. They found him in bed, unconscious and with a swollen tongue. He was taken to a hospital, where he died at nine-fifteen on the night of February 18th. The autopsy showed that he had suffered from advanced coronary sclerosis and myofibrosis of the heart, that there was also a faint trace of jaundice, and that his death was the result of acute phenobarbituric intoxication. Bedaux's strange brain, it was found, weighed thirteen hundred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can get a Federal license to fly with 1/3 less instruction in an ERCOUPE than in any other type of plane. WHY?



Because ERCOUPE is the *CERTIFIED SPIN-PROOF plane.

*Certified incapable of spinning by U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration

ERCOUPE'S spin-proof safety design results in simplified operation. A single steering wheel guides ERCOUPE up or down, banks and turns it left or right . . . makes flying easier, reduces learning time by one-third. Sturdy all-metal construction, tricycle landing gear. Economical operation, low maintenance cost.

ERCO Engineering and Research Corporation, Riverdale, Maryland

ENGINEERING AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
Dept. Y, Riverdale, Maryland

Please send me booklet about the Ercoupe Plane and name of my dealer.

Name_____

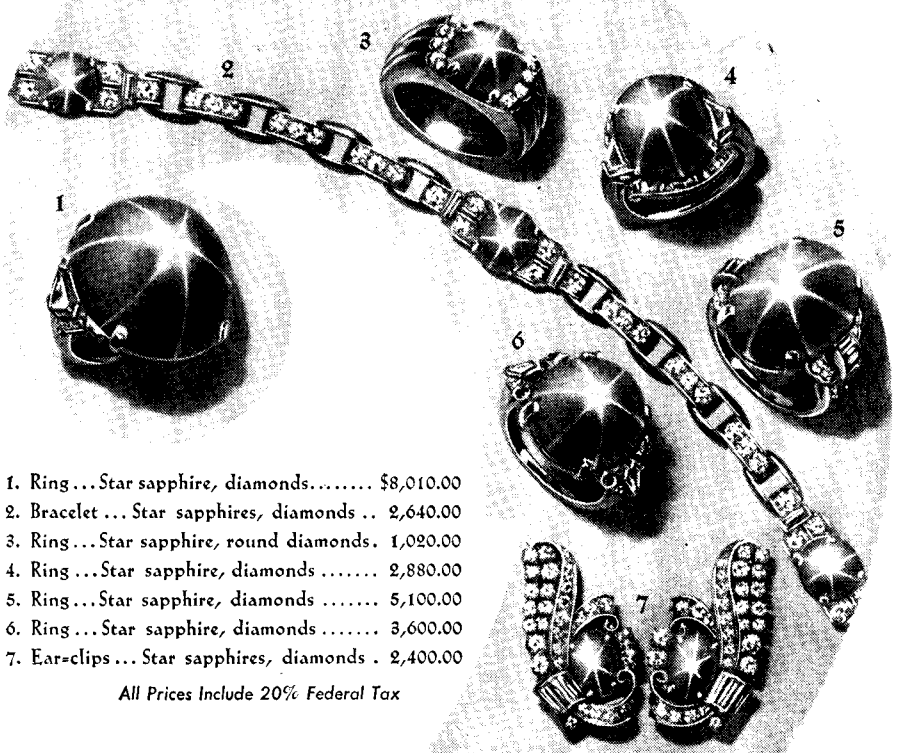
Address_____

City_____ State_____

Age_____ Occupation_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIANT STAR SAPPHIRES

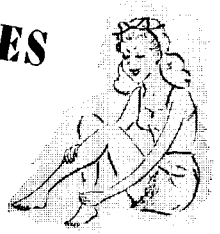


1. Ring ... Star sapphire, diamonds..... $8,010.00
2. Bracelet ... Star sapphires, diamonds .. 2,640.00
3. Ring ... Star sapphire, round diamonds. 1,020.00
4. Ring ... Star sapphire, diamonds 2,880.00
5. Ring ... Star sapphire, diamonds 5,100.00
6. Ring ... Star sapphire, diamonds 3,600.00
7. Ear-clips ... Star sapphires, diamonds . 2,400.00

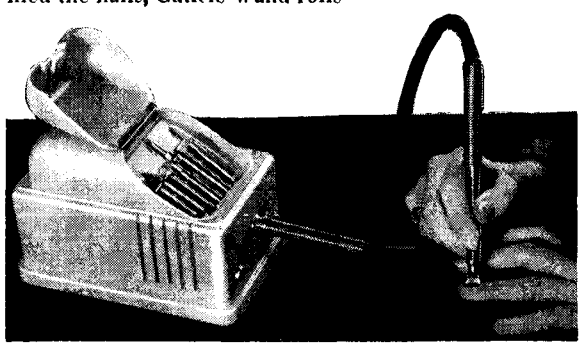
All Prices Include 20% Federal Tax

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
607 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

MANICURES PEDICURES
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME
Quickly, Easily, Pleasantly
WITH THE
Electrical Manicurist



Manicuring becomes fun with the electric Beautiator. Guiding its five clever attachments, instantly interchangeable, is about as easy as holding a pencil. After Revolving Disk has filed the nails, Cuticle Wand rolls the cuticle, Whisk brushes away the dead skin, Buff provides a perfect polish base and Massager stimulates circulation in hands and fingers. In 15 minutes you have a professional manicure without leaving the house. Handsome case is of ivory plastic. Also wonderful for pedicures. **29.75**



LEWIS & CONGER
New York's Leading Housewares Store
Sixth Avenue at 45th Street • VA 6-2200 • New York 19, N.Y.

and fifty grams, or fifty grams less than the average. An empty box of Luminal, the American sleeping pill, was found with a farewell note on his bed table. He had hoarded his nightly ration to make up a massive dose.

THE aura of fabulousness that alone made Bedaux's life coherent continued after his death. Upon Attorney General Biddle's announcement of Bedaux's suicide, certain hot-heads among the liberals gave American Fascism a boost by declaring that interested Fascists in this country had been powerful enough to murder Bedaux, or perhaps to order him to murder himself, to prevent his telling all he knew on trial; that Fascism had murdered the F.B.I. agents, Foxworth and Haberfeld, who the year before had been killed in the plane crash in Brazil, to prevent their reaching Algiers to find out whatever it was that Bedaux knew; that Fascism had suppressed a list of character witnesses Bedaux planned to call for his trial, to prevent the names from becoming known; that Fascism had suppressed Bedaux's suicide note to prevent the truth about all these things from ever being dreamed of. Bedaux's mysterious list of character witnesses was mysterious indeed. It featured, besides the names of one ex-King, one meat packer, one camera manufacturer, and one business-machine manufacturer (all of whom, as labor-union circles and even the hot-headed liberals already knew, had in one way or another openly used Bedaux's services), the more obscure names of a New York hotel manager who probably knew nothing about Bedaux except that he paid his bills, one Chicago doctor who had given him a good prescription for a gargle, one elderly mother of a diplomat, one lady in politics whom he had met once at lunch, one Middle Western lawyer and wife who, as refugees, had been house guests at his château, and two devoted stenographers who had once worked in his New York office. The Department of Justice did not give the names on the list to the press after his death for the simple reason that the case died with him.

As for the contention that his suicide was a convenience to Bedaux's Fascist friends, his death, like everything in his life, was probably exclusively a convenience to himself. It was the view of the Department of Justice that beginning with noon of St. Valentine's Day he had understood the dilemma facing him and that he had had no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regrets at having been proved an American citizen who could possibly be hanged if tried and found guilty, because, if deported to Algiers as a Frenchman, he certainly would have been shot by his patriotic countrymen as a collaborationist, perhaps even without being tried. Furthermore, the only defense he could have offered to avoid paying with his life on one side of the Atlantic or the other would have been to swear that he had hoodwinked the Germans in order to serve the Allies, in which case his wife, still held in his château as a hostage by the Nazi High Command, would very likely have paid with her life, and to the Nazis. It was precisely to protect his widow that his suicide note was suppressed by the Department of Justice until she and the château were free. She is still living in France, in hiding from publicity.

His suicide note was classic. It was to the effect that he could not defend his own good name without endangering his dear ones, but that someday his beloved wife would know that he had been "a good, honest, deserving American." The note's final, characteristic, equivocal line was "I kept the Luminal which the authorities gave me."

Once, in an address carefully copyrighted in the name of Charles E. Bedaux and read by him to a group of amazed American businessmen, Bedaux by chance established himself as his own prophet in what he was then glad to live in as his adopted country. "A man," Bedaux said, "loves his country. He makes laws for the glory of his flag. He traces the outline of a national ideal he would like to live up to, but his stomach, his needs for trade are essentially international. He is a patriot, and a sincere one, but when his money is concerned, he blissfully commits treason." —JANET FLANNER

(This is the third of three articles on Charles E. Bedaux.)

•

Song writers Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern met for the first time at Victor Hugo's funeral. The meeting resulted in the shows "Sunny," "Showboat," "Sweet Adeline," "Music in the Air," and "Very Warm for May."—*Roanoke (Va.) World-News.*

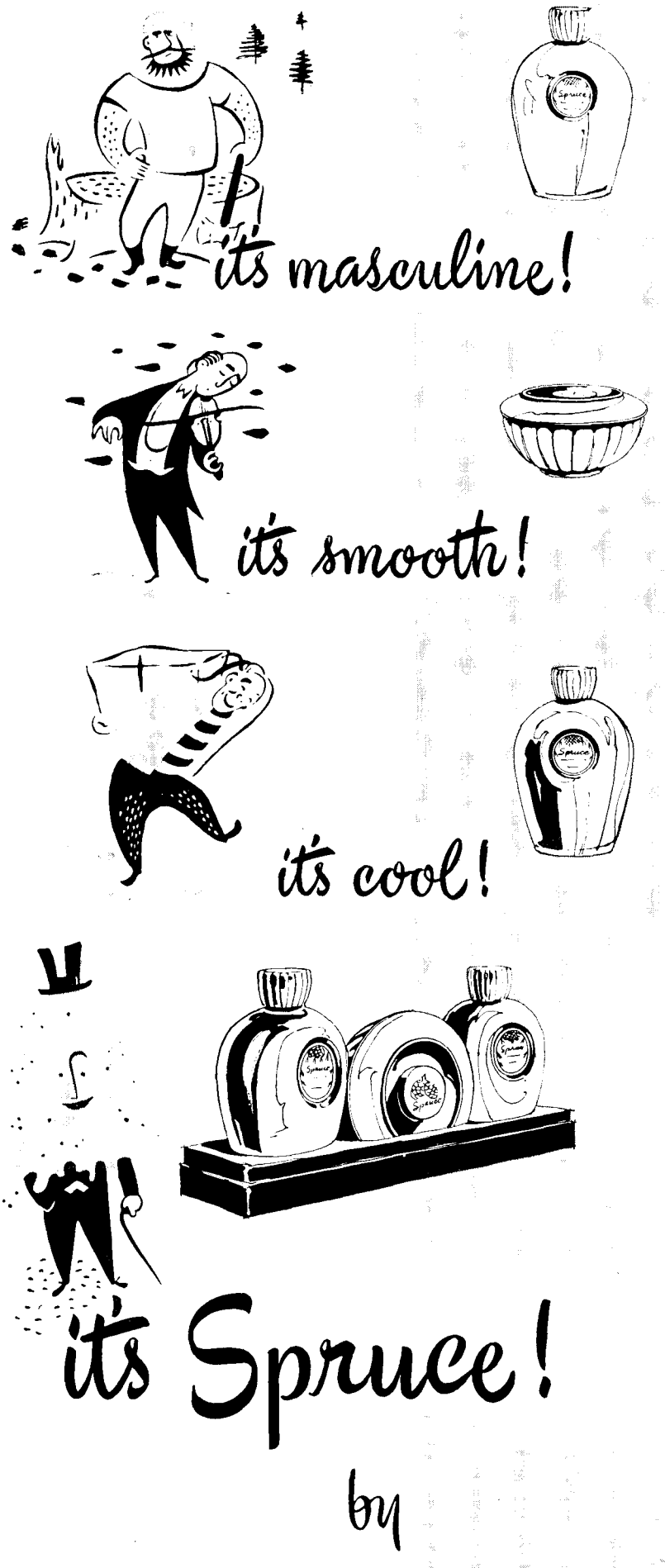
Bet *you* never knew that!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the San Diego Union*]

Mrs. Warren Beckwith, whose husband is on duty in the Pacific, invited about 20 friends in Tuesday evening to share the good news.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

EGGERTH AND COSTELLO

IF it had come in on a hot night in August, when such operations are customary, "Polonaise" would still have been a conspicuous bore, but more or less explicable. Arriving now, with the theatre season theoretically in full swing, there is no accounting for it at all. All operettas these days seem to have a common formula; a somewhat dubious footnote to history is set to arrangements of music from some sprightly and celebrated Continental composer, and for the rest the producers put their simple faith in God, the ballet, and a couple of expensive singers. In this one, the story has to do with a few highlights in the career of General Thaddeus Kosciusko, a Polish patriot still responsible for minor traffic dislocations on Fifth Avenue once a year; the music is based on that of Frederic ("I'm Always Chasing Rainbows") Chopin; and Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura, a pair of accurate but rather bloodless vocalists, have been employed to deal with the big songs.

"Polonaise" begins in 1783, when Kosciusko is made a brigadier general by Washington, who has a way of opening conversations with "As I was saying to Lafayette only last week," and in the presence of the flower of the Continental Army, as sorry an outfit as I have ever seen on any stage. It swings then to Poland, where the hero, disguised as a tsimple tsilk paddler (I am only trying to reproduce Mr. Kiepura's own description of his trade), is in reality the leader of the peasant army. Love enters here in the person of Marisha, whom he rescues from the disgusting embraces of an officer in the Russian army of occupation and to whom he presently sings a song that sounds like "The Hot of My Corn Tree" (Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat). There is also some incidental comedy furnished by one of his subordinates, a Sergeant Wacek Zapolski, and an intense, active girl named Tecla, seemingly a harlot. It concerns their romance in a hayfield, and the jokes probably need no further definition. "I am ready to make all Poland — happy" is a fair sample of what Gottfried Reinhardt and Anthony Veiller seem to regard as oral humor; their visual humor depends on such things as several glasses glued to a tray so that they don't tip over when it is held at an angle, and inserting their comic, a man with conspicuously knobby shanks, into the ballet as a danseuse. Then, for a time, we consider the war, which is considerably complicated by Kosciusko's old attachment for the Countess Ludwika Zaleski, whose conversation on the whole delighted me. "I wonder if we aristocrats are incredibly brave or incredibly stupid?" she asks herself once in a moment of political wool-gathering, and later, at the height of the confusion, she says with distaste, "A woman's place is *hardly* at the barricades." She is not really a bad woman, however—just ideologically backward.

The war ends with the Polish defeat at the battle of Macijowice (I am getting damn sick of copying out these Polish names, by the way), an engagement portrayed in a rather ambitious ballet in which it appeared to me that the Spirit of the Flag, an icy blonde, was leading her soldiers on to gallant destruction, but the gentleman behind me had his own interpretation. "Mrs. Luce Takes Bridgeport," he murmured thoughtfully. In the end, the lovers are reunited happily, though in Philadelphia, and the audience is given its freedom. God knows what happened to Poland. None of this, incidentally, has much to do with the actual career of Thaddeus Kosciusko as outlined in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which conscientiously spells his name Tadeusz Kosciuszko and states, among other things, that he was really in love with Tecla, the comedienne, and that it turned out very badly indeed. A certain latitude, however, is certainly permissible in dealing with those foreigners.

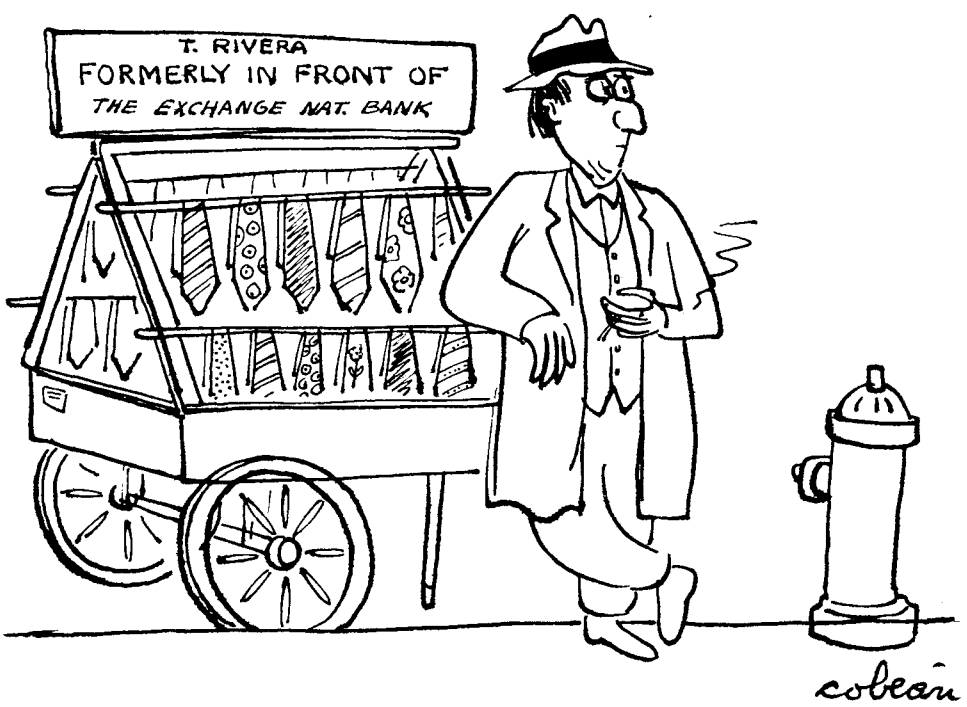
Miss Eggerth, a strapping, rosy girl, sings her part acceptably and acts it not at all. Mr. Kiepura, whose face reminds me of some small, humorous animal—a beaver? a chipmunk? a raccoon?—is, I should say, rather unimposing for a hero of romance, but his voice, like hers, is loud and firm. Mary Grant's costumes seem to me almost a parody of the period, the peasants in particular looking very much like those little figures that pop out of barometers, and Howard Bay's sets are mannered but unenterprising. Since I was also disappointed by John Latouche's lyrics, especially those that went with a song called "The Next Time I Care, I'll Be Careful," which was obviously his big effort for the night, I'm afraid I was left with practically nothing to admire, except a brief performance by James MacColl as a decadent Polish king, which had an authentic, mincing humor in no way related to the text.

It is an editorial foible around here to incorporate the name of the theatre in any review. "Polonaise" is at the Alvin. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

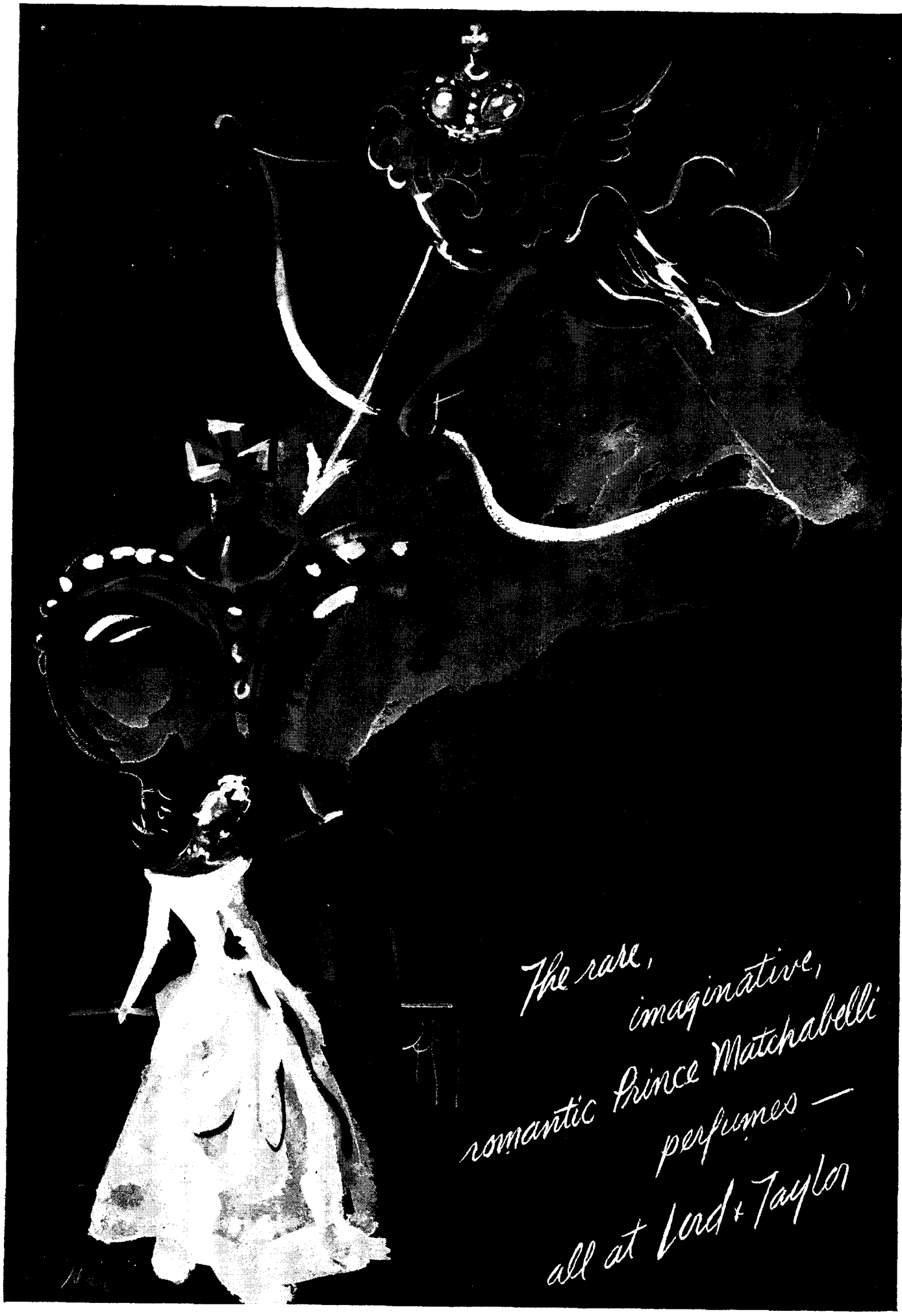
•

The scandal was the everyday shoe of the ancient Greeks.—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.*

Well, if the shoe fits . . .



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pat-a-Kake

A Makeup Foundation that's GOOD for the Skin

Two years of exhaustive research resulted in the discovery of this formula — modern, scientific laboratory resources perfected it . . . NOW, and only now, Elizabeth Arden announces PAT-A-KAKE, the ultimate in a Makeup Foundation. You will find it at your favorite dealer . . . a sensational new development in beauty. PAT-A-KAKE gives a younger, smoother, softer-looking skin AT ONCE . . . helps to conceal blemishes, freckles, tiny lines . . . has a lasting, beneficial effect . . . no artificial, ready-to-crack, heavily coated look. PAT-A-KAKE is easily applied, easily removed, leaving the skin actually fresher, prettier than before.

Six wonderful shades to compliment every complexion.

Price 1.00 (plus tax)

Elizabeth Arden

FOOTBALL

Give and Take

IT is not too soon to start suspecting that the 1945, or first postwar, football season is going to be a reasonably accurate copy of any of the three wartime seasons. After only a fortnight of play, it is already apparent that, at least in this part of the country, there are once again just two leagues in amateur football. One is made up of the two teams representing West Point and Annapolis, the other is made up of everybody else. And once again, everybody else is having to get along on such bits of nourishment as the opulent armed forces are willing to forego. Thus, whatever pair of teams you happen to be watching on any Saturday this fall, you will discover that most of the cast of characters is by courtesy of the services, and you will further discover that few of the performers on either team were around last year. This season, however, the services can afford, understandably, to be rather more generous, and though the younger football players continue to disappear abruptly from the college teams, the older ones are beginning to come back in quantity.

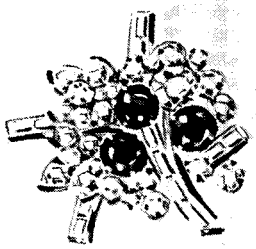
Thus Pennsylvania, having given up its favorite backfield man, Tony Minisi, to the Naval Academy, has at least got Don Schneider, one of its best freshman players of three years ago, back from the wars. And Holy Cross, having given up Stan Koslowski a year ago to the North Carolina Pre-Flight Training School, has now got him back again. It was Koslowski, you may recall, who turned up on the Pre-Flight team so unexpectedly last fall that he wasn't even listed on the program the day his team gave a good beating to Navy, which had been entertaining a not unreasonable dream about an undefeated season. On last Saturday's showing, Schneider and Koslowski are quite at home in their old uniforms, and since they both have several very useful teammates to help out, it may well be that Pennsylvania and Holy Cross are about the best of the everybody elses.

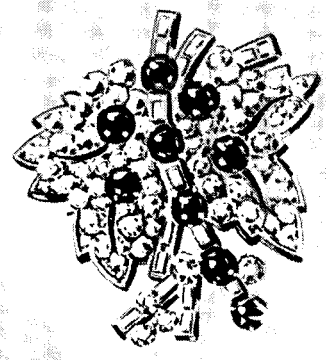
I WAS in Philadelphia on Saturday, and I watched Schneider with considerable interest as he galloped around the Dartmouth ends with what looked like the greatest of ease. I also had an eye on George Savitsky, Pennsylvania's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALLADIUM

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELRY





For your treasured jewelry, the precious metal palladium . . . rarer than gold . . . has the natural whiteness to give full play to the brilliance of diamonds and the flashing beauty of colored gems.

Ask your jeweler to show you a selection of jewelry created in palladium.

PLATINUM METALS

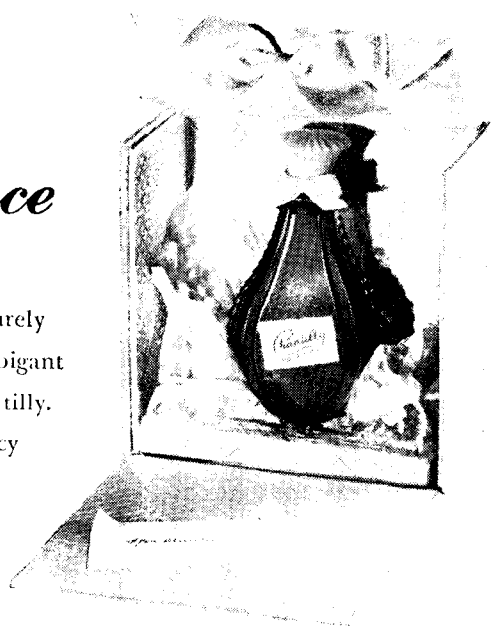
Section of

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC. 67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Overture to romance

To delight the senses as swiftly and surely as a lovely melody, the House of Houbigant has created this new fragrance—Chantilly. You'll find it light, with a faintly spicy accent and lingering ways . . . a perfume to inspire second looks and, perchance, romance!



huge tackle, who got back from the wars a year before Schneider did. Last season Savitsky was what sportswriters love to call a tower of strength, breaking up enemy plays and making almost every other tackle. On Saturday, fame being often an expensive possession, Savitsky was the lonesomest man in Philadelphia. Dartmouth was ostentatiously cutting him dead, and its ball-carriers were always wandering off somewhere else. Only once did Savitsky get close enough to one to bring him down, and he had to go a long way to do it.

No one really expected anything but a Pennsylvania victory, and Pennsylvania won, all right, by just waiting for the extraordinarily bustling Dartmouth team to get tired and then pouncing. Pennsylvania pounced twice, each time for a touchdown. Still, while a pair of fellows named Alexander and Frost were in the Dartmouth lineup, there was always a chance that Pennsylvania might be tied, or even beaten, and the audience sat through a series of vehement rainstorms until the very end of the match. Alexander is the Dartmouth center—a nicely constructed and solid Negro from the Midwest; Frost is the Dartmouth quarterback—a lean, lanky, almost spectral New Englander. It was Alexander's duty to hand the ball to Frost and then help his teammates keep the Penn players from getting at him before he had performed whatever trick he had in mind; it was Frost's duty to pass, or run, or kick the ball while Alexander and the rest of the boys protected him. The pair did a nice job until late in the third quarter, when Frost, after already having been broken clean in two at least twice by hard Penn tackles, hurt his left hand in what looked like an easy play and had to leave the field. He walked off glaring at his injured member in indignation and clearly muttering unpleasant things at it. And with him, just as clearly, went the ball game. —J. W. L.

•

1922 Model T touring, like new—$245. Jack Smith, 760 Pine.—*Abilene (Tex.) Reporter-News.*

Must be *something* wrong with it, at that price.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "No Passport for Paris," by Alice-Leone Moats*]

The Germans have always had a perverted love for Paris. They feel toward it rather like a man feels toward a woman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

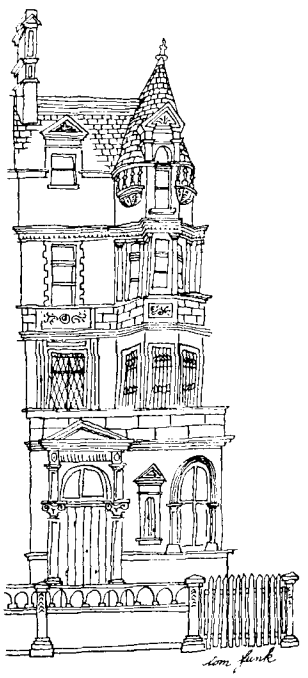
HONESTY, ETC.

ON the last Tuesday in April—that was, this year, the twenty-fourth—the Narragansett Electric Company held its annual meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, and, one may assume, transacted routine business. Then adjournment was taken until the last Tuesday in April of 1946, which will be the thirtieth. President Samuel C. Moore doubtless returned to his desk from the 1945 meeting firm in the conviction that God was still in his heaven and that all was well with the company's first-mortgage 3s of 1974 (Moody Aa). Then, perhaps, he threw a switch on his interoffice telephone and flushed a vice-president. He had, I read in the company's annual report, which I found lying around the house the other day, his choice of Ralph E. Nock, Edward Cabot, Ralph P. Ormsbee, or William Webster. Let's say he picked Ormsbee.

"Yes, sir?"

"Nice annual meeting, wasn't it, Ormsbee? Well, ring out the old, ring in the new. Got to get on with things. Nothing from Chet Lang yet on those circuit breakers? Put in a call for him up in Schenectady, will you, please—and reverse the charges."

That, more or less, is the way I should have handled it. And it is only by the merest whim of destiny that I am not at this moment the president of Narragansett Electric and sitting in Samuel C. Moore's chair.



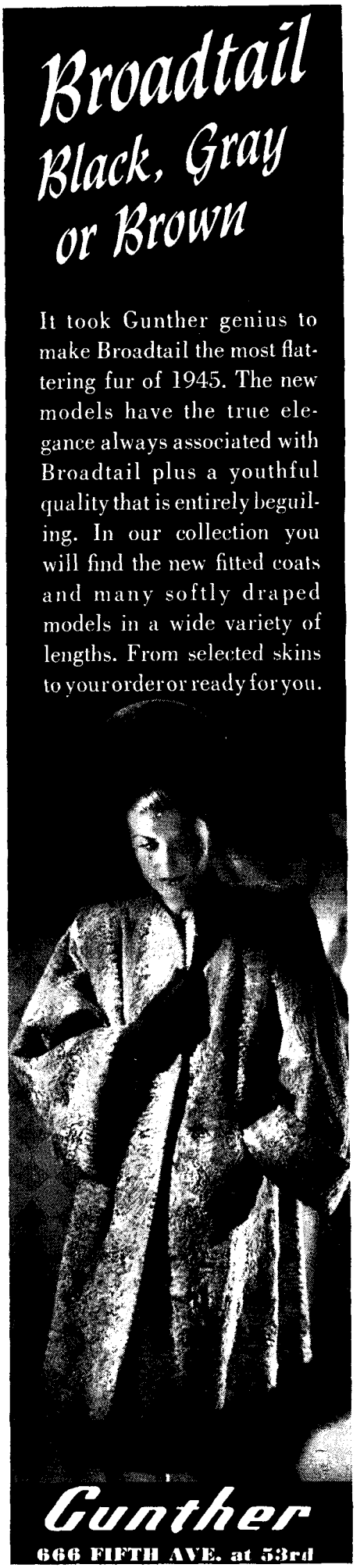
IN the era just before the present century and myself had reached our teens, the streets of Providence, like those of most of the rest of our cities, were illuminated by two kinds of electric lights. What kind of light you got depended on what kind of street you lived on. Main thoroughfares were served by arc lamps, which chewed at sticks of carbon with a night-long sizzle and sputter. In the daytime a workman climbed each arc-lamp pole, cranked the lamp back toward him along the iron standard from which it hung until the big glass globe was within his reach, pulled out the stub of carbon and threw it to the street, inserted a fresh carbon stick, cranked the lamp back to the end of the standard, and returned to earth. The carbon stubs were legitimate jetsam for the youth of the vicinity, who used them to draw portraits or to inscribe taunts on sidewalks. Occasionally the workman, who carried his fresh carbons in a stout denim bag, would carelessly drop one, and apparently it was against the code for him to pick it up. These unused sticks were regarded by us children as trove of a superior order.

Less populous areas got their street illumination from incandescent bulbs at the ends of fixtures, modelled on the Hogarthian line of beauty, which curved gracefully out over the street from green wooden poles. The tiny bulb at the end of the fixture was something of an anti-climax. It gave just enough light so that a footpad could pretty well determine the economic status of a casual pedestrian as he was passing beneath it. Then, if he looked worth picking, the footpad could loot him in security a hundred feet beyond. I do not know that this ever happened.

One of these exiguous lights glimmered nightly in front of the Vaughn house, on Babcock Street. Babcock Street started at Broad Street, almost opposite the Eighteens' firehouse, and petered out half a mile away, at the edge of Roger Williams Park. There were perhaps twenty houses along Babcock Street, most of them in the first three or four hundred feet. The Vaughns lived near the upper end of the more densely inhabited fraction of the street. They were father, mother, and three sons—Eugene, Ralph, and Sidney—and they have no concern with this history beyond the accident of being friends of mine and living right behind an incandescent street light.

One afternoon, an hour or more after school was out, I stood in front of the Vaughn house waiting for Eugene or Ralph or Sidney, individually or in any combination, to come out and play. I do not know why I was not waiting in the house. Perhaps, like most persons of my age, I was something of a claustrophobe and, if I had any waiting to do, preferred the open sky.

I say "of my age," but I am uncer-


Broadtail
Black, Gray
or Brown
It took Gunther genius to make Broadtail the most flattering fur of 1945. The new models have the true elegance always associated with Broadtail plus a youthful quality that is entirely beguiling. In our collection you will find the new fitted coats and many softly draped models in a wide variety of lengths. From selected skins to your order or ready for you.
Gunther
666 FIFTH AVE. at 53rd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SMOOTH *figure* STRATEGY

. . . your sleek molding Flexees girdle, your free-as-air Flexaire bra. Expertly designed to complement each other and contour your figure in a smooth, unbroken silhouette.

FLEXAIRE BRAS: $1 TO $5
FLEXEES GIRDLES AND COMBINATIONS: $5.95 TO $15

tain just what my age was. I know that I was far enough along in arithmetic to encounter problems that did not come out even. Up to the end of the previous grade, if I were required to divide 186,063 by 327, I could take on the job in the assurance that the final dividend, however long delayed, would correspond exactly with the final divisor, and that if this consummation failed to come off, it was the fault not of the figures but of the figurer. Recently, however, I had been confronting problems that developed fuzzy and disagreeable fringes at the ends, if you could call them ends—dividing 327 not into 186,063 but into 186,603 or 186,306. Short of doing the business over again (or, of course, trusting to the teacher's verdict), there was no way of telling whether the result was accurate or not. Life, I had already decided, was a more lopsided and hit-or-miss business than I had been led to believe. I was due to get supporting data for this conviction within the next five minutes.

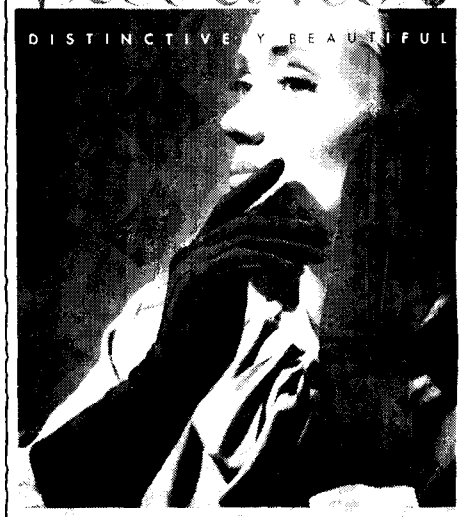
There was no curbstone in front of the Vaughn house; the ground simply slid into a shallow, gravelly gutter at the base of the light pole. I picked a handful of stones out of the gutter and began tossing them, one at a time, into a puddle a little way down the street. The target was so large and so near that the sport quickly palled, and by way of variety I raised my right leg and began flipping pebbles at nothing, under it. The torque imparted by the meeting of wrist and thigh, combined with the precarious balance of the thrower, lent to each missile a pleasantly erratic course. I could not tell what was going to happen. I could not tell, that is, until the last stone I have ever cast in this fashion soared unaimed into the incandescent bulb overhead and shattered it with a pop which, so far as I was concerned, proclaimed the end of the world.

I do not, I trust, have to explain that I was not trying to hit the bulb. I was not even trying to miss it. For the moment I had not even been conscious of the bulb's existence. If I had previously taken an oath not to stir from that spot until I had broken the bulb by this technique of subfemoral propulsion, I should probably be there to this day, well established as an eccentric of considerable repute, known to Ripley, and afflicted with a permanent Charley horse in my right leg.

Babcock Street, as I have indicated, was not in a populous neighborhood and, since it went nowhere, was seldom used by anyone who was going anywhere. But within seconds after the disaster, it

Lavando

DISTINCTIVELY BEAUTIFUL



Tribute to lovely hands, Ireland's LAVANDO are fashion's most famous "dependables" — the *loveliest of gloves*. Always beautiful, always smart and always wearable, they're made of luxurious imported Arabian mocha. Velvet-soft and washable. From five dollars at fine stores.

IRELAND Brothers GLOVES

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. • NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO • KANSAS CITY, MO.

See how leather responds to this easy care!

CONVENIENT LIQUID
QUICKLY CLEANS, BEAUTIFIES, PRESERVES

Use Neatsope regularly on shoes, upholstery, luggage, saddles and other leather equipment. See how it brings back lustre and color—softens dry, hard leather—protects against heat, dryness, moisture, salt air, scuffing. No grease or odor. Takes any polish. 25c and $1 at department and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold.

NEATSOPE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was thronged. The throng consisted of two boys who came along the other side of the street. They were boys with whom I had only a nodding acquaintance, and any boy whom one did not know well was, of course, thoroughly untrustworthy, certainly in a crisis of these dimensions.

"Nyah, nyah, *we* saw you!" screamed one of them.

"*You're* goin' to catch it!" cried the other.

"I didn't mean to," I explained. It was a useless and incredible declaration, but I wanted to get it in the record. It seemed to carry as little weight as I had expected.

"*You'll* catch it!" yelled the first boy.

"*We* saw you! *We* saw you!" said the other.

Therein lay the rub. Unquestionably they had seen me. Unquestionably, too, living in a neighborhood that depended for its street illumination on this same type of light, they knew that to every pole was affixed a printed notice which read, "$10 Reward Will Be Paid for Information Leading to the Arrest and Conviction of Anyone Breaking This Light. Narragansett Electric Lighting Company." Or perhaps it was twenty dollars. Whichever it was, it was a fabulous amount—a sum to gain which one would without hesitation have turned in his grandmother.

I sprinted for home. I assumed that in cases of this sort the Narragansett Electric Lighting Company made the apprehension of the culprit the first order of business (which was not going to give them a great deal of trouble in the present instance); that trial, conviction, and prison followed speedily; and that the broken bulb was then replaced, with elaborate ceremony, by way of warning.

There was one tiny ray of light in this terrible business, a light no more powerful than that cast by the ineffective incandescent bulb itself when it had been in working order. It was nearly six o'clock. The lighting company's offices were closed for the day, and the two witnesses could not pour their damning intelligence into the proper ears before nine the following morning. If I could be there at the same time, or a little bit earlier, explain that the whole thing was an accident, and offer to make restitution, then all might conceivably yet be well. After all, the company would save ten dollars under such procedure, or twenty.

Luckily my father was home, and I told him the story and outlined my program. He listened gravely.

"We'll drive down there first thing

Young-Timers wool jersey strikes a few capricious notes . . .
sleeves that push up willy-nilly, flip bow, little girl collar
26.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY LEWIS

Chamois jacket

the real McCoy—of oil tanned, imported, beautiful golden chamois skins, perfect with country clothes. Lined throughout. Sizes 12 to 20. 19.95. Mail orders 15¢ extra

Sportswear, 2nd floor
746 Fifth Avenue, New York City

in the morning," he said. "Don't worry about those two boys. They don't count. Even if they hadn't seen you, if nobody in the world had seen you, if that light had been in the middle of the desert of Sahara, you would still have a moral obligation to pay the lighting people for the damage you did to their property. You see that, don't you?"

I nodded dutifully, and thought, but did not say, that it would be a threefold pleasure to write off a moral obligation, keep out of jail, and be in a position to thumb my nose at the two potential informants—all, as it were, with a single flip of the hand.

IN the morning my father hitched up Selim and we drove downtown. The Narragansett Electric Lighting Company's offices were in Providence's only skyscraper, the twelve-story Union Trust Building. No sign of the two gleeful witnesses in the entrance hallway, no sign of them in the elevator. Best of all, no sign of them in the lighting company's offices when my father opened the door and I followed him fearfully in. My terror subsided considerably, but not altogether; the witnesses might even now be closeted with the president.

"This young man broke one of your incandescent street lights by accident," my father explained to a pompadoured young lady, who beamed at me across the counter as if light breakers were her private failing. "He wants to pay for it."

"Just a moment," she said. "I'll call the manager."

The manager looked to be of sterner stuff than the pompadoured lady. No beams out of him. But the close attention he gave to my father's narrative, which pictured me as the most contrite resident of Providence at that precise moment (and made no mention of any [illegible] to my deed), indicated pretty

STYLE... AND A TOUCH OF GENIUS

Chunk-y

12.95
medium heel height

★Gives that ridiculously tiny, Chinese look to your foot. Definitely, a Slater find. Brown or Black Suede with bright nailheads.

•

Mail Orders Filled • Coupon Required

•

Matching Bags

J.&J. Slater
JOHN SLATER, *Pres.*

IN NEW YORK
575 MADISON AVENUE
IN WASHINGTON
1215 Connecticut Avenue

Why we stopped borrowing notebooks

A FRIEND OF OURS has a remarkable notebook. In it he keeps a catalogue of words. Words to describe weather. Words to describe women. Words to describe food.

When we wanted to write a piece about Camembert cheese, we borrowed the notebook. We turned to the section: Food, words to describe. And we made checks by the Camembert words.

For the golden crust, we chose *tender*. For the creamy center, a whole bouquet of words . . . *mellow, mild, smooth, delicate.*

We sprinkled these words through a paragraph of prose. We read it over. We stared at the words. The words stared back. Something was very wrong.

So we took out a package of Borden's Military Brand Camembert, and spread the cheese on a cracker. We tasted. We tasted again. We spread another cracker.

How foolish to consult a notebook! For the soul of Camembert is a gentle, fugitive thing. It cannot be captured in an adjective, or held in a net of sentences. It must be *enjoyed*—wordlessly and *abundantly!*

We spread another cracker.

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT
One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

Extraordinary
Lamps and Accessories
JAMES AMSTER · 140 E. 53rd ST. PL 8-1866

Makers of Art
Hair Pieces
For partly or all bald scalps!
Our 32 years of experience have made many disappointed people happy again.
Invisible inside Transformations for young ladies.
CHARLES & ERNEST, Inc.
109 East 47th St., New York WI 2-5571

FREE Lawrence SADDLE CATALOG

● Pictures, descriptions, prices on Lawrence saddles . . . standard equipment of Western riders since 1857. Write for your free copy.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS
THE GEORGE LAWRENCE CO. PORTLAND, ORE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clearly that the incident had not yet been brought to his notice. At the end of my father's recital, the manager turned his gaze on me. He rubbed his chin with his right hand, and I could just hear the little hiss as his fingers passed across a few bristles that had escaped his razor.

"Hmmm," he said very slowly and judicially. "I see. I see." Then, having made up his mind, he went on briskly, "Customarily, in a situation of this kind, there would be a charge of seventy-five cents for the light and an additional charge of seventy-five cents for the labor of installing it. But you have been so straight and honest in coming here right away and telling us about what happened that it's not going to cost you anything. And when you're a few years older and start looking for a job, you come down here and this company will give you one."

THE Narragansett Electric Lighting Company dropped the "Lighting" out of its name some twenty-five years later, in consideration of the vacuum cleaners and washing machines and hair curlers and juice extractors that were undreamed of in an earlier and innocent day. I never accepted the manager's offer. I just happened to take up something else. But I think it only fair (and perfectly safe) to lay the facts before President Samuel C. Moore at this time and to tell him I am sure he is doing as well with Narragansett Electric as I would have done.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH

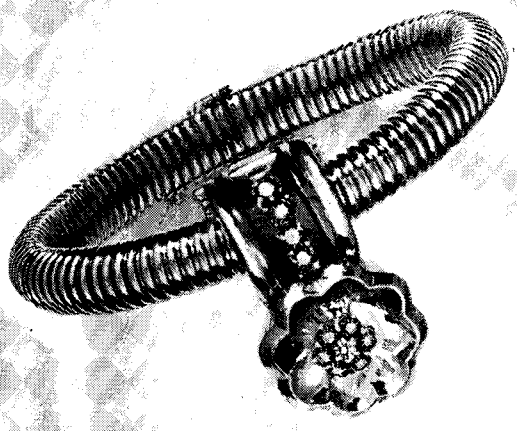
•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Miss Feinberg would tell him that "Christabel" had been written by "Keiths," and that "it was sort of an epic or narrative poem of a very romantic nature such as they had in those days." Mr. Katz would assure him that "The Eve of St. Agnes" had been written by "Wadsworth," "and you might say there is something very mysterious and peculiar about the atmosphere of the poem." Mr. Harry Fishbein would explain that a sonnet "is a kind of poetry they have, usually of a short nature."—*From "Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe, Scribner's, 1935.*

It was disastrous to them that Beverly Ginsburg should be of the opinion that "La Belle Dame" was written by "Keiths." Nothing short of catastrophic that Michael Terry thought "Wadsworth" had written "Ode to the West Wind." Perfectly priceless of Rose Fine to say that "the sonnet was a kind of poetry they had in those days, usually of a very romantic nature, but generally with something very mysterious about the atmosphere of the poem."—*From "Youth Is the Time," by Robert Gessner, Scribner's, 1945.*

Cartier



Time Ticks Away Back of the Rosette

Just lift up the jeweled piece of this flexible bracelet — there's the watch! A very handsome Cartier gift, gold with sapphires and a diamond, $750. . . Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

Cartier gifts from $1.00 — Christmas cards from 15c
Gift Certificates available.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. Plaza 3-0111

Charles of the Ritz

A formal coiffure... called *Minaret* by CHARLES OF THE RITZ.
Tall and lofty...very sophisticated...very smooth!

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON THE RITZ TOWER
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(also White Plains and East Orange)

IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, *Boston* I. MAGNIN, *Los Angeles*
HUDNUT'S, *Detroit* T. A. CHAPMAN, *Milwaukee*
JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

TEA TIME IN KYOTO

TOKIO, SEPTEMBER 22

A SHORT while after our soldiers had started to occupy Tokio, I set out from that city early one morning for Kyoto, in ancient times the nation's capital, three hundred miles to the west. With me were two companions—a fellow-correspondent named Robert Reuben and our seventeen-year-old interpreter, George Yoshino, a London-born Japanese who spent his boyhood in Brooklyn and was brought to the land of his ancestors a few years ago. Reuben and I had decided that we wanted to see what life was like in a big Japanese city before our troops moved in. We returned three days later with the feeling that life in Kyoto—for an American, at any rate—is rather like a Japanese screen on which a fish-pond scene has been patched up here and there with pages from an old tourist guide and back numbers of the *National Geographic*.

Our trip to Kyoto took ten hours. We left from Tokio's Central Station in the morning on a train made up of second-class coaches that were on a par with the old Third Avenue Elevated's more decrepit specimens. Every car was jammed with Japanese by the time we got to the train, but two men willingly gave us their seats in return for a pack of American cigarettes, and Reuben and I, together with our interpreter, managed to squeeze into the space without too much trouble. On the journey we rumbled past scores of bombed-out towns and through interminable tunnels in which we choked on the smoke. The train stopped frequently and at each station more people got on than got off; even when it seemed that our car could not hold another passenger, people continued to climb aboard, the men loaded down with battered household goods and the women with babies strapped to their backs. At noon all our fellow-passengers opened up tins of rice and fish and began pecking away at them with chopsticks. The smell of fish soon filled the car. I opened a can of corned beef, and after we three had eaten what we wanted, we gave what was left to a country couple and their three children. Despite the crowded conditions, the father managed a deep bow and then, with a buck-toothed smile, said in halting English, "Words cannot express to you our thanks."

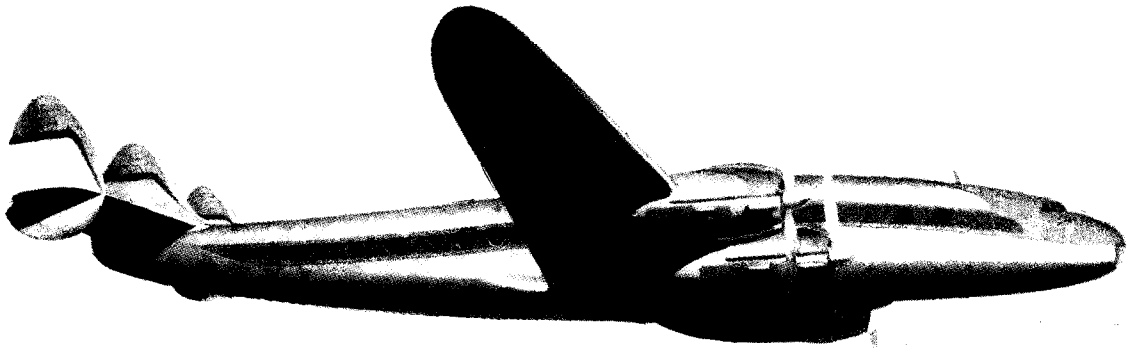
We arrived at Kyoto at six, our eyes smarting with cinders. As we stepped onto the platform, a freight train loaded with demobilized Japanese soldiers pulled in and stopped. George attempted to talk to the men but found they had been given orders to say nothing. A bottle of sake I had brought along soon made inroads on their discipline and two or three of them began explaining how sorry they were that Japan had gone to war against America and insisting that they had made a grievous mistake.

AFTER the troop train had gone, we walked out into the station square to have a look around. As had happened to us before, the Japs stared at us, but now the stares seemed merely curious and not unfriendly or fearful, as they had been in Yokohama and Tokio. This may very well have been because Kyoto, an art center of supposedly little industrial importance, was looked upon by our fliers as a sort of unofficial open city and was not bombed. It was discovered later that toward the end of the war the Japanese had made the most of this display of American thoughtfulness by setting up plane and munitions factories in Kyoto.

In the square we came upon a grinning sergeant of the Kempeitai, the Japanese military-police organization, who apparently saw nothing strange in two Americans being in Kyoto at the moment and offered to get us a black-market taxi to take us to the town's best hotel, the Miyako. The ride, which was not a long one, cost fifty yen, or about three dollars and a quarter. It was the last ride we paid for in Kyoto, for at the Miyako we met fifty liberated American prisoners of war who swiftly and joyfully taught us the brusque art of commandeering. When Japan surrendered, these men, most of them survivors of Bataan and the Luzon "death march," were in-

"She says she'll go her way and I can go mine."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



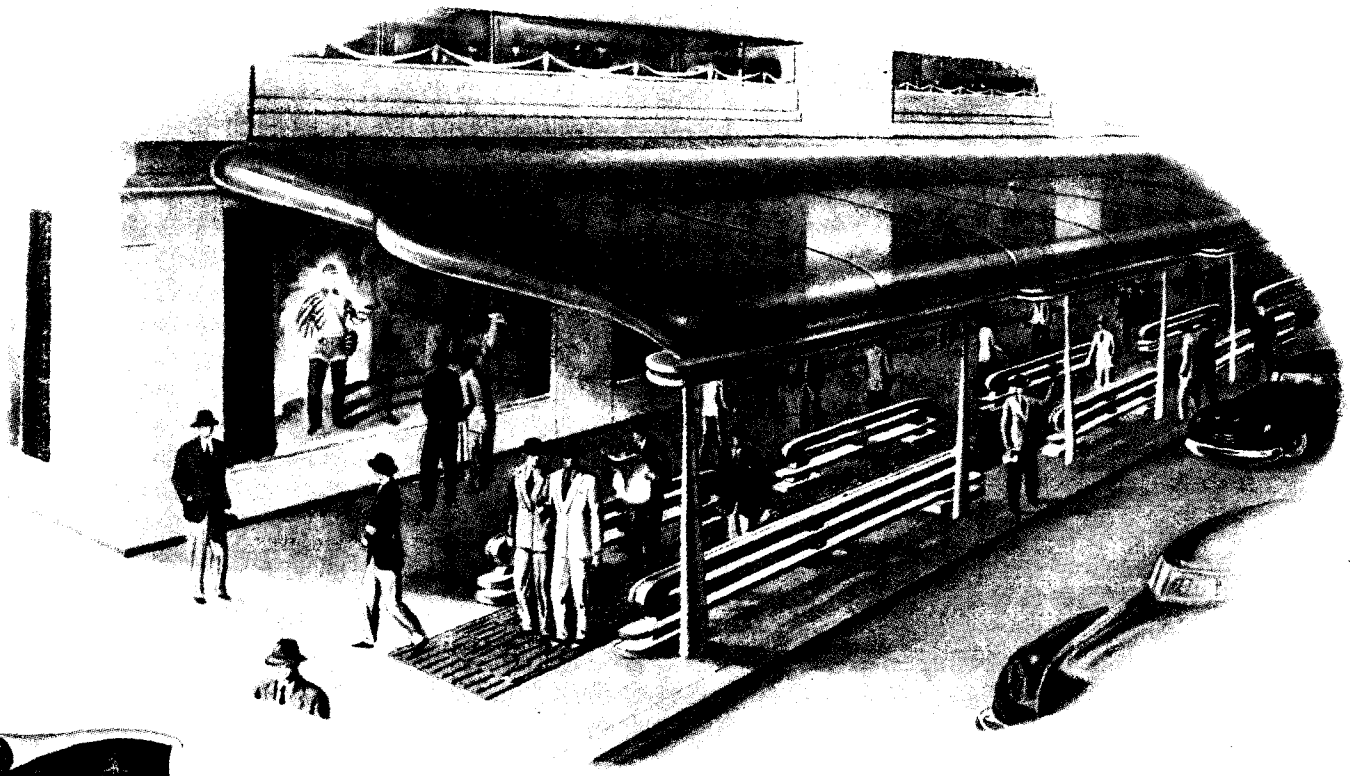
THERE'S A NEW STANDARD IN AIR TRANSPORTATION!

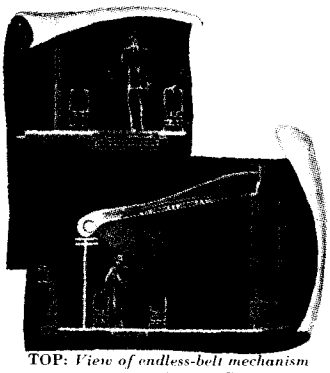
Lockheed Constellation

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California LOCKHEED *Years ahead in the science of flight*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All-Weather Sidewalks with "Magic Carpets" by Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow!





TOP: *View of endless-belt mechanism of the moving sidewalk.* BOTTOM: *Refrigerated air from concealed pipes cools the canopied sidewalk.*

PLANNED FOR YOUR SHOPPING COMFORT

Block-long canopies of translucent plastic will shield pedestrians from rain and snow... and in hot weather, cooling air from concealed pipes will make walking and window-shopping a pleasure. Near the curb a moving sidewalk, on the conveyor-belt principle, will speed "through traffic", eliminate jostling and allow strollers more freedom.

PLANNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE

For your pleasure, after walking or working, Seagram's brings you the world's lightest highball in today's V. O. Canadian . . . a glorious blend of choice Canadian whiskies, the youngest of which is six years old. Tonight, discover for yourself the clean-tasting, different-tasting lightness of this imported Canadian whisky.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terned in Maibara Camp, near Kyoto; when word came that the war was over, their guards quit and they walked out. Now, brandishing swords seized as souvenirs from the Kempeitai (a Japanese soldier can suffer no greater humiliation than the loss of his sword) and living on rations dropped to them by parachute, the Americans were making up for four wretched years of imprisonment. They romped through the halls of the Miyako Hotel—one of them fell down the elevator shaft while trying to prove something about the machinery—and through Kyoto's main streets, commandeering and signing for whatever they wanted in the name of the United States Government. Transportation was a simple matter of calling on the Kempeitai to supply one of its automobiles or on a local rent-a-car agency for one of its slower but more dependable electrical vehicles. The Americans had completely taken over the town, but with only one or two exceptions their spirit was, so far as I could learn, one of carnival rather than of vengeance.

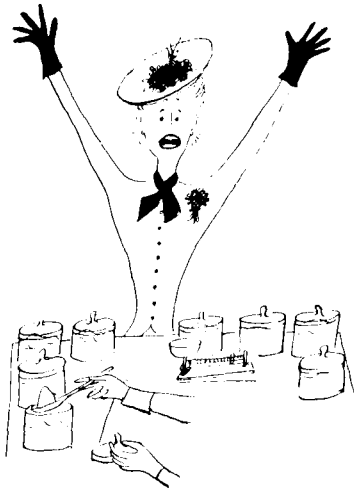
The manager of the Miyako assigned Reuben and me to the Princes' Suite on the sixth floor. It was an ornate setup—a large and luxurious living room, a veranda, a bedroom with two soft beds, and two bathrooms, both well appointed and in working order except that there was no water in the faucets. This deficiency, the manager told us sadly, was the result of the fact that the suite was high up in a building that was on a hill to begin with and there wasn't enough pressure to get the water up there. He then informed us that a nobleman was expected to arrive the following day and that if he did we would have to move out of the suite. Reuben thought this a suitable occasion to tell the manager who had won the war and to suggest that the Japanese nobleman could be kept on the waiting list until every last American private who wanted to had enjoyed the Princes' Suite. The manager nodded and smiled during this lecture, and when it was over he merely said, "Prease," which seemed to close the matter. The next day the head of the local Kempeitai, having heard of the incident, bawled out the manager, and after that we got anything we wanted, including buckets of water twice a day. I never did find out what happened to the nobleman.

The guests at the Miyako were a mixed lot. In addition to the former prisoners of war, there were a number of Occidental civilians who had been interned in Kobe, as well as some White Russians and other neutrals who had been free throughout the war. There were also two Nazi submarine commanders, survivors of a group of twelve who had been trying to run tin and rubber in their vessels from Japan to Germany. Only three U-boats ever managed to get back home, we were told; all the rest were sunk or were stranded in Japanese harbors for lack of repairs. These two submarine commanders were interned in Kobe as soon as the war ended in Europe, apparently in a hopeful effort to persuade Russia that the Japanese didn't like Germany after all, but it actually wasn't much of an internment, for the Germans had been allowed to walk around the streets of Kobe twice a week and even to visit Kyoto every now and then.

Among the other guests at the hotel were two Hungarian youths whose adeptness at swearing in American surpassed even that of the liberated prisoners. There were also a French-Canadian priest, a few Belgians, and a Lutheran pastor named Dr. Lieman Henning, a tall, thin aesthete with a high forehead and a passion for collecting old Japanese prints. Most of this peculiar assemblage wore threadbare clothes and spent much of their time exchanging expensively engraved business cards—standard etiquette, it appears, for foreigners in Japan as well as for the Japanese.

On our first morning in Kyoto, Reuben and I went for a stroll around the town, stopping in at the five-story Daimaru department store, which once sold beautifully patterned silk goods and such and now offers nothing but a few shoddy whatnots. We noticed, when we went in, that a considerable portion of the main floor had been walled off by a wooden partition; through some cracks we could see several rows of machinery that obviously was not of the kind a department store would be offering for sale. Later, when we went upstairs to the office of Kay Nakagawa, the sub-manager, we asked him about this. Nakagawa, who spoke English, was quite frank. He said that two months before the end of the war the Mitsubishi Company had "borrowed" the floor space and set up a shop there to manufacture airplane parts. The same thing had been done in several Kyoto factories that were supposedly devoted to making porcelain and weaving silk, he added. What he really wanted to talk about, though, were the good old days when buyers from Macy's and other big American stores used to come to his place to pick up silk goods. While he

"Now—
am I an
individualist?"



You always were . . . but *now* you're making the most of it. Your complexion is being catered to. Your face powder is hand-blended to match your individual skintints. Your very own colors, plus the highlights you may lack, are skillfully blended to your greater loveliness . . . right before your eyes in . . .

Made-to-order
face powder
by

Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

New York · Paris · London · Montreal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LISTEN: OCTOBER 13, 1945

The reason why so many people stay home Friday nights is that within three and a half consecutive hours they hear superlative entertainment. Without putting on your hat or paying a dime here's your agenda on CBS:

GINNY SIMMS SHOW, 7:30 P.M. EST
THE ALDRICH FAMILY, 8 P.M. EST
KATE SMITH SINGS, 8:30 P.M. EST
IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT, 9 P.M. EST
THOSE WEBSTERS, 9:30 P.M. EST
DURANTE-MOORE SHOW, 10 P.M. EST
DANNY KAYE SHOW, 10:30 P.M. EST

★

Bill Downs has seen a lot of fighting in four years covering war for CBS. The other day out in Saigon he got his first chance to do a little himself. The Annamites staged a revolt and attacked American OSS headquarters. Downs was in the neighborhood with several other correspondents when the shooting started. In self-defense they grabbed some guns, hid behind a wall and managed to wing 12 Annamite raiders. Then, gambling on a theory that nobody likes to shoot a man singing, they got out from behind the wall and walked down the road shouting "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Fortunately the theory worked.

★

The head of *The New Yorker's* Old Crosspatch Department last week declared shrilly that some G.I.'s are coming home provoked because they learned overseas to like gratis radio programs from which the supporting commercials had been emasculated by Government decree.

That's interesting, for a few weeks ago one of those homecoming soldiers said:

"We have been long in countries where we didn't understand the language, and later when we were in Germany not only were we unable to understand the language, but the faces were hostile. You don't know what it means to hear language that clinks sweetly in our ears—to hear commercials on the radio—and in all that means America to us."

The speaker was Gen. Ike Eisenhower.

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

reminisced, he insisted on serving us not only tea but a brown soup called *dango*, which looked like bouillon and had chunks of a black acorn bread in it that looked and tasted like chunks of mud. The liquid part of *dango*, Nakagawa told us, is made of seaweed and flowers. Reuben and I tried to get down a few mouthfuls of the stuff, but when we noticed a number of small insects that may have been ants climbing around the inside of our bowls, we told Nakagawa we'd better be going.

THAT afternoon, Dr. Henning took us to see the Ginkaku-Ji, a Buddhist temple in Kyoto, which has the oldest tea-drinking room in Japan, installed in 1483 by a shogun who preferred meditation to the affairs of government. This room is only one of the Ginkaku-Ji's selling points; there are also some incense rooms, a silver pavilion, a pond stocked with golden carp supposedly the direct descendants of some fish put in there by the shogun himself, and a rock garden whose rocks the shogun had brought in from all over Japan. Each rock, it seemed, had a very special meaning to the initiate, if not to the liberated G.I.s who had troubled to visit the temple.

Dr. Henning had arranged for us to participate in a *chanoyu* ceremony at the temple, performed by Tea Master Nobuaki Sone, a priest who is Prince Konoye's favorite tea dispenser and who frequently had served the Prince, both in Tokio and Kyoto. *Chanoyu* is a mystic and, to an Occidental point of view, hopelessly involved manner of drinking tea. It is supposed to demonstrate something about discipline and form in life and art. The big point is that there must be complete silence throughout the ceremony so that the drinkers can contemplate. Dr. Henning felt obliged to explain each step in the ceremony, and as a consequence our *chanoyu* was not an unqualified technical success.

When we arrived, Sone, wearing a dark-blue robe, met us outside the tea-drinking room. We substituted sandals for our G.I. boots and went through a good deal of rigmarole about cleansing ourselves at a spring, during which Sone disappeared. Then, following Dr. Henning's example, we crawled into the tea-room on our hands and knees and bowed our heads low to Sone, who was waiting for us there. Dr. Henning was served the first bowl of tea, with which he performed various ceremonial gestures before downing its contents. Reuben and I had brought along some lump

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York

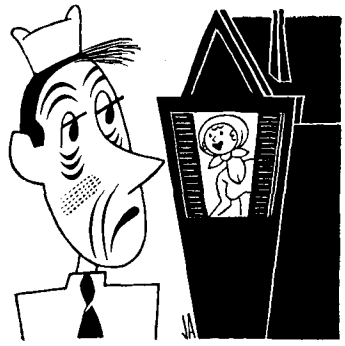
Very smart and attractive Footed Cocktails of splendid clear Crystal with cut design of flying geese over marsh grass. Hold 3 ounces. Open stock. 8 for $6.00.

Shaker to match, with same cut design of flying geese. Holds 1 quart; equipped with strainer. Each $9.00.

Smartly modern Serving Tray of clear heavy Crystal with handles and frame of gleaming chrome. Cut flying geese over marsh grass. Size 16 x 10 ins. $13.50.

Complete set of cocktails, shaker and tray, $28.00. Makes a wonderful gift.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. Y, 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free Gift Catalogue.
Name.....
Address.....



"Somehow I can't get to sleep without my Faultless Pajamas!"

Wilson Wear
BY WILSON BROTHERS
Quality men's wear since 1864

SCOTLAND · INDIA · HOLLYWOOD · SOUTH AMERICA · SWITZERLAND · CHINA · CAPE COD · MEXICO · ENGLAND ·
Gifts HUNDREDS OF UNUSUAL GIFTS from the Whole Wide World
The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of inspirations and surprising "Finds", all pictured and described for you. Inviting prices...the majority under $5.00. Each article is attractively wrapped and comes to you prepaid with our guarantee of your complete satisfaction.
Write NOW for your Free Copy ROBERT W. KELLOGG CO. 69 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

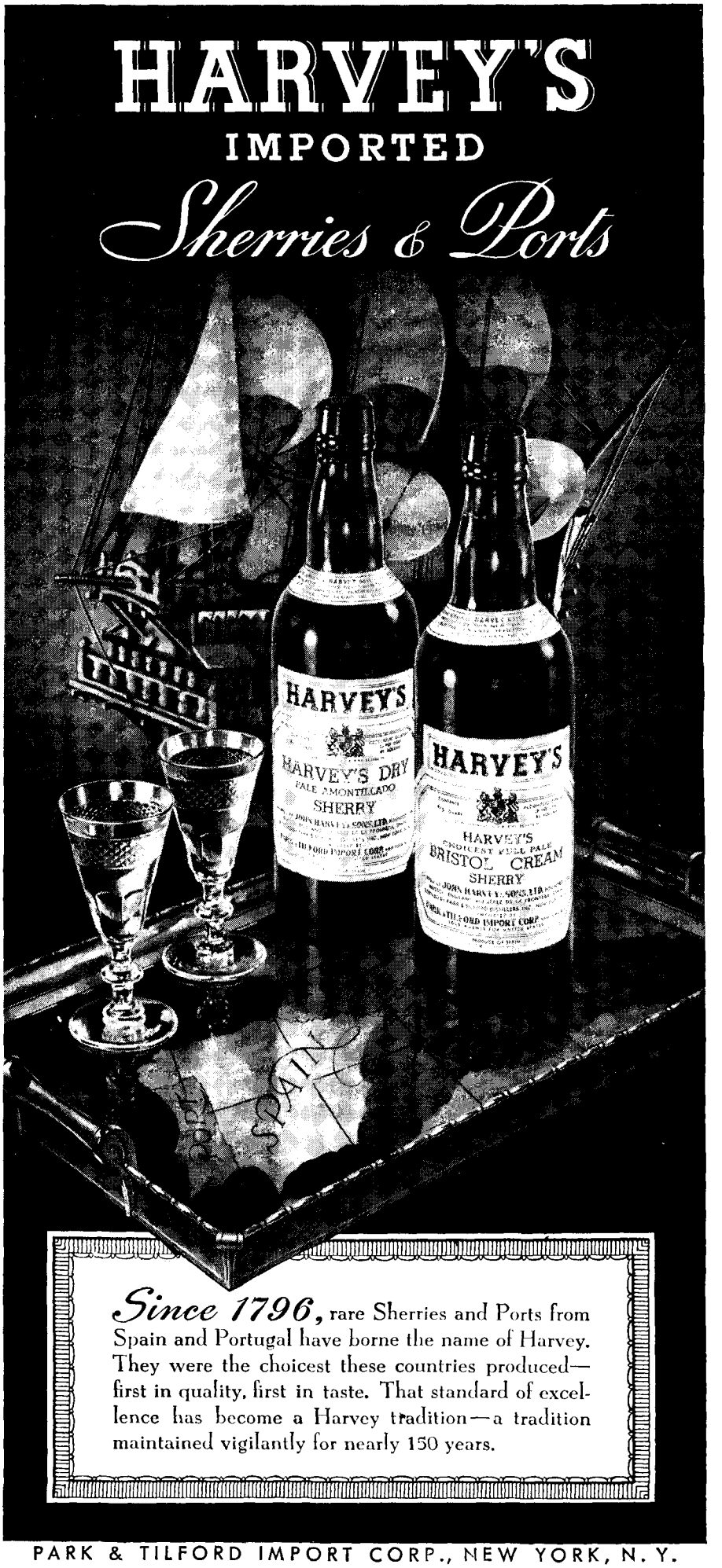
sugar from a K-ration package and some Charm candy drops to sweeten the tea, assuming that the Japanese were short of sugar. We handed these to Sone and he thanked us and put them on a plate next to the teapot, but when Dr. Henning finally got around to drinking his tea, the priest gave him instead a little ball of sugar. Our K-ration sugar and Charms stayed on their plate to the end.

Next Reuben drank some tea and then I did, while Dr. Henning kept up a running fire of instructions and explanations, making so much noise about it that Sone looked frantic. It was practically impossible to hear the tea boiling in its pot—a sound, Dr. Henning said, which was supposed to make us think of wind whispering through pine trees—and once Sone was so rattled by all the talk that he dropped a sacred ladle. It was probably the noisiest *chanoyu* in the annals of the Ginkaku-Ji.

SONE couldn't have been too put out, however, for that evening he came to visit us in our suite, accompanied by Dr. Henning and wearing shabby Western layman's clothes. He was by no means as impressive as he had been that afternoon. He drank with relish two glasses of beer we gave him, and Dr. Henning said it was too bad there was no whiskey around, as the priest liked an occasional nip. It developed that Sone was also fond of relaxing in geisha houses and he recommended one to us very highly. Dr. Henning carefully pointed out that in Japan it is considered proper for a priest to tipple and watch a geisha girl dance every now and then.

The next day Reuben and I decided that we might as well have a look at the geisha house Sone thought so well of, and accordingly we dispatched George to make arrangements for a visit that evening. As a precaution against language difficulties, we told him to make a reservation for himself, too, and for another of the guests at the hotel who had volunteered to go along—a Hungarian who had lived eight years in Kyoto and knew his way around.

The evening turned out to be as fragile and unreal as our session at Ginkaku-Ji. The geisha house was large and had been built around a garden. Four bashful and rather pretty girls in flowered silk kimonos met us at the door. They giggled as Reuben and I struggled to remove our Army boots, as required by custom; then they led us in-


HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition—a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peg Newton
DOES A
Tall Gal
PROUD

with front and back importance. Rayon crepe sheathe, gently peplumed, dramatically looped in back . . . and the new shoulder line softened with ruffled detail. Black, beige, brown, red. Sizes 12 to 38. $39.75

Send second color choice if mail ordering. Clip this ad for your next New York trip.

Tall Gals Haven
PEG NEWTON
3 E. 48th St., New York 17

to a room where we sat down cross-legged on mats. Two of the girls began preparing dinner from the American supplies which, after our experience with *dango*, we had thought it best to bring with us. The others lit our cigarettes for us as soon as we had pulled them out, it being against the rules for a guest in a geisha house to wait on himself in any way. The girls had dinner with us and ate as eagerly, our Hungarian friend pointed out to us, as the decorum of their profession permitted. Then they cleared a space on the floor, and three of them danced while the fourth sat in a corner playing a samisen, an instrument that resembles a guitar. There were two dances, one depicting the four seasons of the year and the other dedicated to the mountains west of Kyoto. At one point in the first dance, the girls cupped their small, delicate hands over their eyes, a gesture, our worldly Hungarian companion told us, that symbolized a lovelorn lady looking for an autumnal moon. The second dance was equally easy for him to follow: the girls were portraying fog over the hills and then the dispersal of the fog by a frightening wind and the revealing of a beautiful waterfall before which prayers were offered for a long and happy life.

The Hungarian told us that the end of the second dance completed the evening's diversion, so we all got up and bowed our way to the door. We drove off in the darkness, while the four girls stood bowing in the shadows of the doorway.

Quiet people, the Japanese.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

Climax a distinguished dinner by serving suave, unforgettable

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER
Liqueur

For after-dinner luxury—serve Delecta, which honors a name 250 years old. Made in America—true to its old-world tradition of quality: Try Delecta neat or half and half with brandy.

ANNO 1695

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 86 Proof

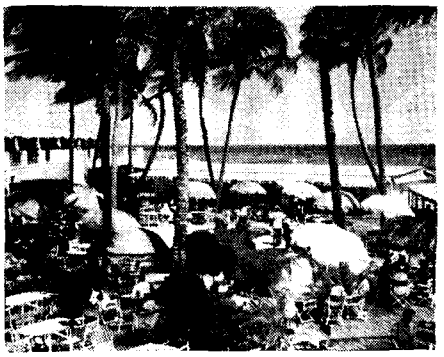
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

(DIVISION OF GOOD GOVERNMENT)

[*From the U. S. Independent Offices Appropriation Act for the fiscal year 1945-1946*]

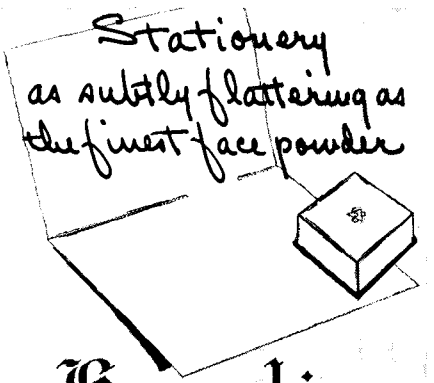
For salaries and expenses, including personal services in the District of Columbia, of the Securities and Exchange Commission in performing the duties imposed by law or in pursuance of law, including employment of experts when necessary; contract stenographic reporting services; purchase and exchange of lawbooks, books of reference, directories, and periodicals; not to exceed $1.000 for the purchase of newspapers; travel expenses; garage rental; foreign postage; mileage and witness fees; rental of equipment; operation, maintenance, and repair of one motor-propelled passenger-carrying vehicle; not to exceed $13,500 for deposit in the general fund of the Treasury for cost of penalty mail as required by section 2 of the Act of June 28, 1944 (Public Law 364); and purchase of rubber gloves; $4,100,000.

THE Boca Raton
FLORIDA'S "SECRET PARADISE"
OPENS DECEMBER 10th



At The Boca Raton Hotel you'll enjoy every minute of your winter holiday! Right on the hotel grounds you'll play golf and tennis, swim in surf and pools, or fish in the nearby Gulf Stream. At night, you'll dance and be entertained in an exquisite tropical setting. You'll relax in luxurious accommodations. Rates are extremely moderate. For 32-page illustrated book, phone or write The Boca Raton, 11 West 42nd St., N.Y.C.; 77 West Washington St. Chicago; Investment Building, Washington D. C. or:

THE BOCA RATON
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA
(Between Palm Beach and Miami)
GORDON B. ANDERSON, Vice President



Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
AT THE BETTER STORES

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th St. East of 6th Ave.

"The 'Boy' is back and we're celebrating tonight."
"Bet a chop you'll start as we did—with dinner at KEEN'S!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART GALLERIES

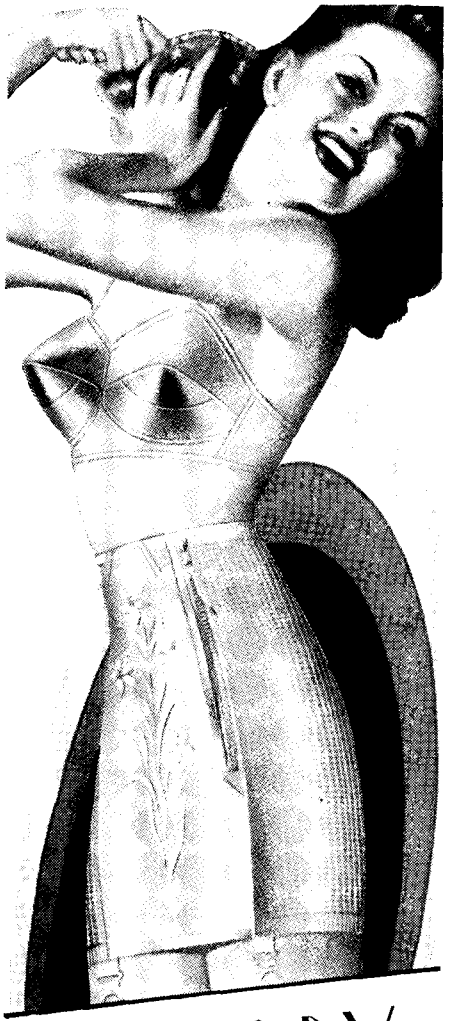
Documentary

IT may seem like old stuff now to be reminding people that Hitler persecuted artists and intellectuals, and it may seem a small matter, too, in the face of the far more massive brutalities of the concentration camps. Yet the fact is there, and it needs remembering. As one small effort in that direction, the Nierendorf Gallery has got together forty-odd paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists, all of them men whose works were classed as "degenerate" and banned by the Nazis. It is an unpretentious show, for many of the pieces are small, and they represent early work, since of course they were brought to this country well before the war.

But it is a curiously moving exhibit for all that, and I found the names and such information as the gallery's catalogue has been able to present about the artists' lives and whereabouts as interesting as the work itself, for they give an idea of what the life of the artist—the honest artist, anyway—must have been like in Germany during the war. A good many of them, the younger men and the ones who hadn't fled before escape became impossible, I had never heard of, which is the natural outcome of the fact that the world had no opportunity to see their work for so many years. A number of these men have excellent pieces in the show, particularly a "Nun," very broadly and simply handled, by Werner Scholz; a smoothly stylized bronze called "The Cow," by Ewald Mataré; and a large, fluent "Alpine Landscape" by Ludwig Kirchner.

Kirchner, I learned, committed suicide, but both Scholz and Mataré managed to survive by living, more or less in hiding, in small villages. These two had been forbidden not only to exhibit but even to work, and when a friend commissioned Mataré to do a bit of garden sculpture, the Gestapo got wind of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Invitation to Figure Beauty

Your smart new Hickory Girdle is sleekest of the sleek—gently yet firmly controlling. Here is a supremely comfortable girdle styled with fine elastic and lovely fabrics. Your figure will take on new charm in a smart new Hickory Girdle. Modestly priced at fine stores everywhere.

• You will enjoy wearing a Perma-Lift Brassiere—America's only Bra with "The Lift that never lets you down." Trust Perma-

a friend or admirer would even arrange a small show, usually in someone's apartment, to which visitors would come clandestinely.)

Of the whole group on exhibit, seven are dead, at least five of them as a result of the persecution, and these include such prominent figures as Oskar Schlemmer, the Expressionist and former Bauhaus teacher, and Ernst Barlach, the great medievalist sculptor, who died of starvation. Ten fled—like Oskar Kokoschka, to England; like Wolfgang Paalen, to Mexico; or, like George Grosz, Josef Albers, Josef Scharl, and others, to this country. Of the rest, beyond the fact that they survived, the only really good news about any of them concerns Carl Hofer, a man seventy-seven years old and perhaps Germany's greatest living painter, who, kept practically a prisoner in Berlin by the Nazis, survived all the bombings of that city and has now been appointed director of the Berlin Academy by the Russian military occupation.

There are three Hofers in the exhibition, one of which, a large study of a half-naked man shouting in the wilderness, named "The Call," is especially striking and curiously symbolical. There is also a scattering of other famous names—Paul Klee, Max Beckmann, Kandinsky (a lovely little glittering oil called "Floating"), Franz Marc, and so on. But the majority of the pieces were done by younger and less well-established men than these, and the odd thing is that most of the work is quite innocuous. There's Expressionism in Schmitt-Rottluff's "Farmhouse," and a moving toward abstraction in Xaver Fuhr's "The Harbor," but in general the work is touchingly tentative and, despite all the Hitlerian revilements, it's no wilder than what you would see at the average Whitney Annual. The important fact is that so many of the artists were willing to risk death to keep on doing it.

KURT ROESCH, at the Buchholz, and Walter Quirt, at Durlacher, are alike in that they are allied to that new and still rather amorphous school of painting which seems to lie midway between [illegible] and Surrealism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All for a Prettier You

A magnificent mink to put stars in your eyes... or a money-bag to hold your treasures. A marvelously simple dress... or a pin to spark it with drama. You'll find them all at Jaeckel's... the Personal Fashion Store ... cozy, intimate... where everything is hand-picked for a Prettier You.

Jaeckel
10 EAST 57th STREET

CALIFORNIA
Vernonware

Chintz

"I am the pride of an old California family, steeped in the

THE GENTLEMAN'S
The
KNIZE
TEN
Eau de Cologne

$3.75
plus tax

THE LOTION MEN LIKE...
AND WOMEN REMEMBER

WHOL. DIS. KNIZE TEN SALES CO., 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

No-Caddy
Golf Club

Seven clubs in one at just a switch of the adjustable head! For travelling or caddy-less days, this auxiliary club fills the bill. Sturdy steel shaft with all-in-one adjustable head. Lady's or man's regulation size, $15

Ask for our New Booklet "N-1"

A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY FOR OVER 97 YEARS

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

GETTING HOME

WHEN you go abroad these days as an employee of a government agency, you have very little to do with transportation details. You fill out a few forms provided by the agency, take a series of inoculations, and then, if the State Department hasn't turned you down as ineligible for a passport, you find yourself on board a ship or plane, en route to wherever you're going. The French government agencies in Washington occasionally employ Americans for special errands and they make it just as simple for their employees as the American agencies, a fact I discovered this summer. I found myself flying out of Washington one day on a French official errand, my ticket and passport in my pocket, scarcely aware of how they had been secured.

Before I left, a Frenchman in Washington had told me that I might find the government services in Paris exasperating. "Their tradition of formality is sometimes trying for an American," he said. "And of course they were pretty badly disorganized during the occupation. If they function poorly, be charitable and congratulate them for functioning at all." I remembered his words for a time, after I arrived in France, and then forgot them, for, as it turned out, my relations with officials in the French ministries could hardly have been better. They kept their appointments, welcomed me cordially, and gave me the facts I needed. There was every reason for congratulation and none for charity. None, that is, until it came time for me to return home.

"My work's about done," I confidently announced one morning to the *chef de service* of the bureau I was working in. "I'll be ready to leave in five or six days. Will you please have me fixed up with a plane reservation?"

The *chef de service* was astonished by my request. "I? How in the world can I do such a thing?" he demanded. "There's no use applying to *me* for such service. That's the function of the Direction du Trésor, in the Ministère des Finances. Ask for the Deuxième Bureau. Monsieur Millet. He'll take care of you."

I thanked him. The Deuxième Bureau de la Direction du Trésor du Ministère des Finances was located, he told me, in the Louvre, and to the Louvre I went, entering not by any of the familiar doors that had led me so often in other years to the Venus de Milo or the Winged Victory or the galleries of paintings, but by a door on the Rue de Rivoli, from which I proceeded up endless staircases and down long gloomy corridors lined with offices. After several inquiries I found the Deuxième Bureau, and after sending in my name, I was ushered into the office of Monsieur Millet, an elderly gentleman whose every aspect breathed traditionalism. He greeted me in formal style and waved me to a seat. When I showed him my credentials and told him what I wanted, he assured me that he would attend to the matter. "Simply indicate to me the price of the ticket," he said, "as well as the name of your bank and the number of your account, and I will see to it that the necessary money is deposited."

I found Monsieur Millet's words surprising, and told him so. "I have no bank account in Paris," I said. "Wouldn't it be possible for you just to telephone the Air Transport Command about the price of the ticket and arrange to pay them directly?"

Monsieur Millet shook his head emphatically. "I regret, Monsieur," he said, "but that would be completely outside the scope of our functions. We are not a travel agency. We reimburse government employees for their travel expenses, but we do not buy their tickets. Each traveller attends to the details of his trip just as he would attend to them when making a private journey; the Direction du Trésor merely pays. According to law any payment over five thousand francs cannot be made directly to the employee; it must be deposited in a bank. And I am quite sure, Monsieur," said Monsieur Millet with a faint smile, "that unless the Air Transport Command has recently reduced its rates considerably, your ticket will cost more than five thousand francs."

Monsieur Millet was right about that, of course. Five thousand francs was a hundred dollars, and my eastbound ticket had borne a stamp indicating that it had cost a little over seven times that. "Very well," I said, "since that's the way it's done, I'll open a bank account and let you know about it. But in the meantime, why don't I telephone to the Air Transport Command from here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to partake a little of each. In both men's work, forms are vague, and there is a deliberate effect of the offhand about the drawing. Figures loom, and the atmosphere is portentous, while the outlines are blurred or, as it were, scribbled over to increase the air of haziness and mystery. The color is completely Expressionistic, in the sense that it is chosen with no regard for reality; instead, for some reason that I can't figure out, there is a tendency toward color clashes (greens set against violets, reds against queasy yellows, and so on), as if deliberately to shock or startle.

Quirt goes further in this direction than Roesch, and his new pictures have a glaring quality that is almost frightening. The design, though, is bolder and more sweeping than in the past, and while it hasn't lost that nervous, angry quality which gave it value, the emotion behind it is more under control and the expression more assured.

Roesch, by contrast, is far more delicate, and if his work lacks Quirt's power, it has a certain suavity that makes it extremely ingratiating. There are times, indeed, when this ease of his descends close to the merely facile, as in the otherwise quite delightful "Caged Birds." But there are also paintings whose content is deeper, and in such pieces as his big, intricately organized "Dance of the Moths," the playful "Caterpillars," and the glowing blue "Insects," he combines grace and insight in truly telling fashion.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Rev. F. R. S———, supe
the Lutheran Inner Mission
a refresher course at Yale
School of Alcohol Studies t
—Dayton (O

Anyone's likely to go sta

•

He had, Alistair realized,
features dominated by a long
of a nose with two shrew
ous black eyes set to either s
*—From "Rivers of Glory,"
Wyck Mason.*

Can't think of a *better* place for them.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a letter in the Herald Tribune*]

The chain of freedom and security is no stronger than its weakest link. The Falangist barnacle still clings to the peaceful aspirations of the Potsdam conference. Should we fail to uproot the cancerous tissue, the seed of World War III is in the making.

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Both down!

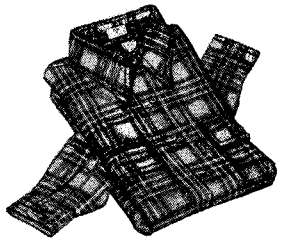
A fast right and left—and two birds will soon rest in the game pocket of this sleeveless hunting coat. It is ideal for wear on moderate October days.

To be correctly dressed, with everything for comfort and convenience, multiplies the pleasures of the sport. d where else would you go for clothing, footwear, essories and equipment when the blazed trail leads "the greatest sporting goods store in the world"?

EVELESS HUNTING COAT $6.20
Showerproof twill. Five pockets, shell loops, game pocket.

OT TROUSERS. Tough Sahib cloth. Knitted bottoms. $6.50

ANUCK" HUNTING CAP. Gabardine. Rubberized visor. $2.25



PENDLETON SHIRT . . $9.50
Light-weight virgin wool flannel. Scotch tartan plaids. Black Watch (green, black and blue), Royal Stewart (red, blue and white) and Wemyss (red and black).

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right now? One of the officers there is a friend of mine, and he'll tell me over the phone how much the ticket will come to. Then you'll know right away what deposit you'll have to make."

Once again Monsieur Millet shook his head. "Impossible, Monsieur," he assured me. "I haven't, alas, the slightest idea as to what the telephone number of the Air Transport Command might be. It is, of course, one of those American military numbers now so common in Paris, but to discover just *which* one would be such a long and troublesome undertaking that—"

"But I have the telephone *number* of Paris Military, as they call it, right here in my pocket, Monsieur Millet," I interrupted. "All we have to do is to call that, and ask for Information, and then—"

Monsieur Millet stopped me by raising his hand. "Believe me, Monsieur, it would be effort wasted. Present yourself in person at the Air Transport Command office. That is the proper method of procedure. Ask your questions there, and then return here and give me the information I require, and your business will be attended to."

Monsieur Millet rose, and I did the same. It seemed difficult to insist any further that a question could really be asked, and answered, by telephone. We said courteous farewells, and I left Monsieur Millet and the grim corridors of his section of the Louvre.

LATER that day, at the Air Transport Command Terminal, in the Place Vendôme, my officer friend, whom I'll call Lieutenant Frank, smiled when I told him about the conversation I'd had with Monsieur Millet. "Naturally I could have told you the price of the ticket over the phone," he said. "I guess the old boy was phone-shy. Lots of French people seem to be. I don't blame them, either, the way some of these Paris telephones work, or don't work. But of course the fact that I can tell you the price of a ticket doesn't mean that I can sell you one. You have to have a priority certificate for that, you know. Go around to the Embassy, on the Place de la Concorde, and see if they'll give you one. I know you didn't have to do any such thing in Washington—your agency did it for you. But you have to do it here. Ask for Mr.——" and Lieutenant Frank gave me the name of an attaché who'll be known here as Ridgeway. "He's a queer duck, they tell me," the lieutenant said, "but he's almost bound to give you a certificate, since the State Department gave you one

The Essence of Perrection

IN EVERY FIELD, from fly fishing to metal fabrication, skill is the essence of perfection. Particularly is that true in manufacturing products of stainless steel or similar high temperature alloys. They're difficult metals to work and many times inferior substitutes are used for this very reason.

If certain parts or your entire product can be built better with stainless, sub-contract this work to Solar. This company for the past fifteen years has been the industry's leader in engineering, designing and manufacturing heat and corrosion resistant products.

A letter addressed to "Service Department" will put you in contact with the men who, during the war, produced exhaust systems, heat exchangers, jet engine parts and many other products for the country's leading airplane manufacturers.

ARMY ★★ ARMY (E) NAVY ★★ NAVY

SOLAR

HIGH TEMPERATURE ALLOY PRODUCTS

SOLAR AIRCRAFT COMPANY ★ SAN DIEGO 12, CALIF. ★ DES MOINES 5, IA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to get over here with. Bring it back here when you get it, and we'll give you a priority and a tentative departure date."

At the Embassy, Mr. Ridgeway, a young man with easy manners, didn't remove his feet from the desk when I told him what I wanted. He merely shook his head—less formally than Monsieur Millet but just as negatively—and smiled. "Not a chance," he said cheerfully. "I mean, not a chance of your getting on a plane. I can give you a priority certificate if you want one, but it won't do you any good. Your work's not really terribly vital, you know. If you *were* to get on a plane, which I doubt, you'd certainly be bumped at the Azores for several weeks, or even a month or two, while essential personnel flew right past you to the States. You wouldn't like that. I'd forget the whole thing, if I were you. Get your Ministry to send you to England and pick up a ship over there somewhere. You'll be glad you did, in the end."

Ridgeway wagged his finger at me when, after thanking him for his interest, I suggested that he make out the priority certificate anyway, just on the off chance, since he'd said he was willing to. "Don't say I didn't warn you," he said reproachfully. "I don't envy you that enforced vacation you're going to have on the Azores. They tell me the A.T.C. base there is worse than St. Helena. Come around tomorrow at this time and the certificate will be ready, if you really want it."

It was ready the next day, and I took it to Lieutenant Frank, who assigned me a priority and asked me when I'd be "available"—definitely ready to leave. I named a date five days off, and he noted it and told me I'd probably be delayed a few days beyond it. "But you've got to be ready and have your money ready on the day you've set," he said. "You're likely to be called with just a few hours' notice any time from then on. And if you're not ready when we call you, after telling us that you would be, why—well, the A.T.C. isn't awfully interested in giving people second chances at airplane rides, I'll tell you that." When I told him about Mr. Ridgeway's prophecies, he shook his head and tapped his forehead. " 'Overeducated' is the only word I can think of for some of those Embassy people," he said. "If you were to be bumped in the Azores, which is unlikely, it wouldn't be for more than a day or two, while some generals or colonels or other Vips [Very Important People] went through. We don't give people flight

NO MATTER WHERE you go, these fine cocktails can go with you—and be the life of the party.

Made of the best liquors, in the correct proportions and the right strength to allow for proper dilution by the ice you use to chill them. Ask your local liquor store for *Heublein's Club Cocktails.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.,
Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

THE FIVE KINDS:
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

priorities just to let them make nuisances of themselves hanging around our bases. We like to get rid of our passengers. Be ready—that's all I ask."

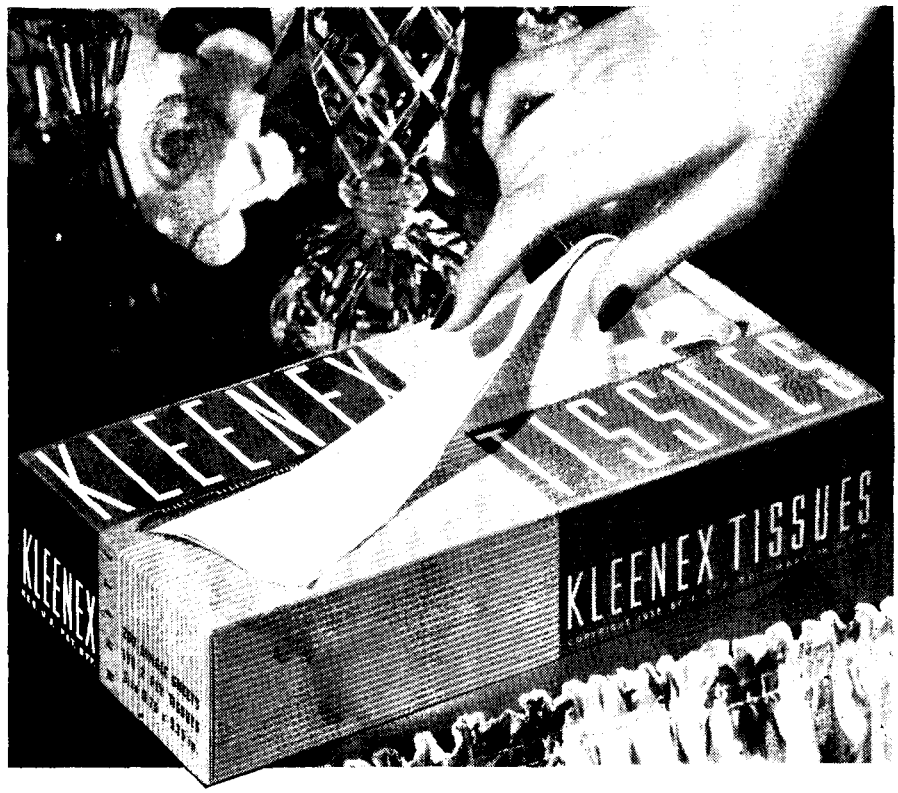
I promised that I would be, and walked across the Place Vendôme and opened a checking account in the Westminster Bank, where I'd had one before the war. Then I went to the Louvre and Monsieur Millet, and told him the news. "The westbound fare seems to be a little less than the eastbound, for some reason," I said. "The basic fare is six hundred dollars, and there's a sixty-dollar extra-weight charge for my typewriter. That makes thirty-three thousand francs. You'll be sure to have it in the Westminster Bank within five days, won't you, Monsieur Millet? I'll be out of luck if it's not there."

Monsieur Millet's eyes dilated and he stared at me as though I had pointed a gun at him and ordered him to hand over the entire Trésor on the spot. "Five days!" he cried. "Five days! But Monsieur, that is quite impossible! Do you not realize how such a transaction as this is accomplished, Monsieur? Do you not realize that the Direction du Trésor formally requests the Banque de France to deposit this sum to your credit in the Banque Westminster? And do you not realize that the preparation, delivery, and acceptance of this request all take time? And that the actual depositing of the money likewise takes time? A transaction such as this, Monsieur, is normally accomplished in from two to four weeks. I have known it, under extraordinary conditions of urgency, to be consummated in eight days. But five days! Impossible, Monsieur. Out of the question. You must postpone your departure."

Now it was my turn to shake my head, for to postpone my departure was something I was quite unwilling to do. My work—although, as Mr. Ridgeway had said, it was "not really terribly vital"—was of such a nature that its results would be useless if brought back to the States late, and the probable delay of several days prophesied by Lieutenant Frank after my date of declared "availability" would be delay enough. Besides, I'd been impressed by the Lieutenant's repeated warnings about being ready and had no desire to queer my chances of getting off. "Do your best to get the money into the bank on time," I said to Monsieur Millet, "and meanwhile I'll try to think of some way out in case it isn't there." Monsieur Millet frowned. "*Ce n'est pas commode, vous savez*," he informed me with displeasure. "*La Banque de France n'aime pas*

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

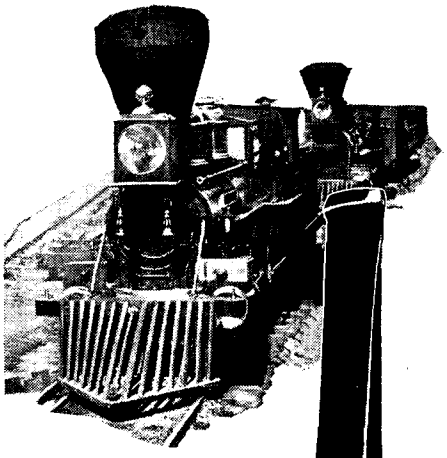
In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ever since the 50's



EVER SINCE THE 1850'S WHEN AMERICA WAS BUILDING ITS RAILROADS, WE HAVE DEDICATED OURSELVES TO MAKING PIPES FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

Relief Grain
Shape #07, $7.50
"Billiard"
Sandblasted so that the grain stands out in relief. Light in weight.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

The KAYWOODIE of 1945

Kaywoodie Pipes are made for your pleasure, with the experience of 94 years of continuous operation at making pipes. Discriminating smokers all over the world have adopted Kaywoodie as their favorite. May be had at your dealer's in various styles, from $3.50 to $25.

Kaywoodie Company, New York & London—
In New York, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20.

The term "Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been selected to meet our exacting requirements, and satisfactorily seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE NEWEST AND BEST IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF

être obligée de se hâter." But he said he'd do what he could.

The way out that occurred to me was a cable to the States, either to the French agency in Washington that had sent me over, asking it to pay the Air Transport Command for the ticket there, or to my bank in New York, asking it to cable me funds. But that evening, when I told my story to a French friend, a kindly and simpler solution was suggested. "Let me give you my check for thirty-three thousand francs," he said, "and you can just turn it over to the Air Transport Command. And whenever the deposit is made in your account by the Banque de France, your bank can transfer it to mine." I thanked my friend and told him I hoped I wouldn't have to accept his offer. But in the end I did accept it. I waited until the day I was "available" and subject to call, and then, no money having yet been deposited to my credit by the Banque de France, I dared wait no longer. I telephoned Lieutenant Frank to say that I'd like to get my money ready and asked him whether a check would be acceptable. He said it would not. "Just cash," he told me. "And nothing bigger than a thousand-franc note. So bring a real roll with you when you come in."

That was what I brought. The Westminster Bank cashed my friend's check, and I left with them a letter asking that thirty-three thousand francs be turned over to him from my account as soon as possible. And then, with thirty-three thousand-franc notes in my briefcase, I walked across the Place Vendôme and paid for my ticket. As things turned out, I was glad that my friend had made his offer and that I had accepted it, for a few days later, after almost the exact delay prophesied by Lieutenant Frank, I boarded my plane, and still no money had arrived from the Banque de France.

A FEW hours before my departure I telephoned to Monsieur Millet, to say goodbye and tell him how things stood. I thanked him for his efforts on my behalf. "It's no thanks to the Banque de France, though, that I'm getting off on time," I said. "I'm certainly grateful to my friend. I don't know just what I'd have done without him."

I should have known how displeased Monsieur Millet would be by such a lack of respect in speaking of the Banque de France. That he was indeed nettled was apparent in the slight pause that preceded his reply and in the sharp, not to say biting, tone of the reply when it

THE Homestead
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

AUTUMN is a most beautiful season at Virginia Hot Springs. Riding, driving, golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, mineral baths. Just overnight from Eastern points. Open all year.

Address
THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Va.
or our N.Y. Office in
The Waldorf-Astoria

Chuck Foster
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
PLUS A GALA
Ice Show*
ON REAL ICE
HOTEL
New Yorker
*Ice Show and dancing daily
at luncheon, dinner, supper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came. "*Ah, Monsieur, vous qui êtes si américain, si débrouillard; il y aura toujours quelqu'un qui vous prêtera de l'argent. J'en suis persuadé, Monsieur.*"

There was nothing to say to that except "*Mais Monsieur, je l'espère bien.*" I could only hope that Monsieur Millet was right and that I would, as he so witheringly prophesied, be saved anew, in the same way, if ever again I found myself in such a spot.

The friend who lent me the money was, I am glad to say, eventually repaid. I had a letter from him the other day. It seems that the money from the Banque de France came through to my bank and thence to his a week or so after I arrived in Washington—without, I should like to add for Mr. Ridgeway's information, having been bumped at the Azores.

—Francis Steegmuller

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

(PEACE AND DRAMA COME TO EL PASO)

[*From the El Paso (Tex.) Times*]

Now that peace is here, and casual dressing has given away to elegance, El Paso following the trend of fashion centers all over the world, is going in for interesting dramatic effects.

The first cool autumn evening, the night of the Ed Heid's party, brought out many smart new autumn modes which featured the dramatic.

The dramatic note of Laura Lawson (Mrs. Karl) Scherer's costume was the dark blue military cape reaching to the hem of her gown. There were three general's stars of crimson across the shoulder line. The gown, of white crepe, was unadorned and had a shirred bodice and wide skirt. There were crimson carnations in her golden hair.

There was drama in the diamond brooch which blazed in the laces at the V neckline of Jouett Everhart Rawlins' black sheer crepe and lace gown and in the sleek styling of her dark hair.

The dramatic note of Margaret Schuster Marshal's costuming was a coat of Battenberg lace, satin lined which reached to the knees and was worn over a filmy gown just the color of a sunset.

The drama of Mrs. William P. Blocker's costuming was the black lace mantilla and black lace gloves which she wore with a lovely black lace gown.

In the costume of Mrs. Stephen Aguirre, the dramatic note was expressed in the long satin sash which extended to the hem of Mrs. Aguirre's chiffon gown as blue as the summer sky and her chiffon of soft pink handkerchief, dotted with rhinestones.

There was drama in the tiny glittering hat of black sequins which Mrs. Charles Rennick wore with her black crepe peplum gown. Mrs. Rennick, a recent bride, was the former Patty Newton Skaggs.

Drama was in the gold fringe which outlined the sleeve line of white crepe gown and the long gloves which Winifred Porter (Mrs. David) Price wore.

BROOKS CORDUROYS

Brooks Brothers' Corduroy Jacket introduced a new style, a good many years ago, that is now a staple. Brooks Brothers' Norfolk Jacket, many years ago, established a similarly basic style. Today, as a recent innovation, we have a combination of the two: *the celebrated Norfolk in Tan Corduroy*. Brooks Brothers' Blazer, as illustrated, may also be had in the same material.

Brooks Brothers' Corduroy Norfolk Jacket is illustrated above. Box-pleated at the front, with similar single box-pleat at the back seam. A three-button, full-belted Jacket with capacious bellows-type pockets. Tan only. 36 to 46, including sizes for tall, short or average height. $40.

Brooks Brothers' new Corduroy Blazer, illustrated at the right, in Tan Corduroy. Blazer-cut, with patch pockets and no lining. 36 to 46, tall, short or average height. $30.

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.
523 WEST 6TH ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. • 111 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOWS FOR TOWN

Little wool dress with the smooth town airs of a suit ...showing its feminine gender with a pair of flighty hand-stitched bows. Mandarin-collar jacket and skirt in fuchsia, emerald, royal blue, black. Sizes 10 to 20.

$39.95

DE PINNA

650 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Ivory Towers

UNLESS you stopped mumbling over a teething ring only recently, you will remember the cinema version of Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel," which Greta Garbo, the Barrymore brothers, Joan Crawford, and many other eminently satisfactory performers established as one of the best films of 1932. That memory, I am sorry to say, is going to nag you all the way through "Weekend at the Waldorf," a new and clumsy model of the Baum masterwork. There are still all kinds of people caught in the meshes of the plot, but this particular haul doesn't seem half as interesting as the first one. In the rôle of a Hollywood actress who feels chilled by life even when she's bundled up in ermine, Ginger Rogers is given nothing more exciting to do than roam around a suite at the Waldorf which, considering the housing shortage, seems comparable to Boyle's Thirty Acres. As part of her gloomy chores in the picture, Miss Rogers has to murmur such lines as "Do you realize I've never lived?" and to pine for the patter of little feet, though she is obviously sitting pretty in luxurious tranquillity. To furnish counterpoint to Miss Rogers' observations, Walter Pidgeon, as a foreign correspondent weary of war, delivers himself of such questions as "Have you ever seen men die—slowly?" This is meant to point up his conviction that his prose isn't all it should be. "Every word's tired," he announces morosely. When Miss Rogers and Mr. Pidgeon aren't grousing about their work, they try strenuously to be jolly, which is more than you can say for the other set of lovers in the film, played by Lana Turner and Van Johnson. Mr. Johnson is cast as a flier with a fifty-fifty chance of surviving an operation for the removal of some shrapnel, and Miss Turner is a public stenographer tempted to give her all to a rich swindler in order to get away from her home on Tenth Avenue, a street that depresses her. Mr. Johnson is justifiably moody about his probable demise, and Miss Turner is rightly worried about her imminent defloration,

look...

for the Logan orchid

Logan

it's the label that identifies those exquisite handkerchiefs with the floral petitpoint detail.

George M. Logan

389 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16

OUR EXECUTIVE SUITINGS COME IN DARK BLUES & GREYS

There is a certain man—and his number is legion—who craves the formal touch in business. He will be seen in nothing but dark blues and dark greys. Our woolens in this range are exceptionally fine, and we custom-tailor them by our Pre-Try-On* technique (fitting before cutting) beginning at $75. Prompt delivery now assured, preference to Service men. *REGISTERED

Richard Bennett

Custom Tailoring for Gentlemen since 1886

435 MADISON AVENUE • 7 MAIDEN LANE
3 EAST 44TH STREET • *Open all day Saturday*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but even so they're not much fun to have around.

As in the original "Grand Hotel," enough characters appear in "Weekend at the Waldorf" to put on a Shakespearean festival. They turn up in every cranny of the Park Avenue establishment, which is properly stylish and handsome, and God knows there are plenty of crannies. Nothing is left out, from the impressive lobby and the immaculate bakery to the soaring towers and the elegant Starlight Roof, where, incidentally, you hear the song called "Guadalajara," which is a kind of triumph in songwriting in that the lyric consists almost entirely of the title, shouted over and over again. Whether other hotels will insist that they, too, merit attention from Hollywood is anybody's guess. Even now, in the cinema vineyard, men are perhaps working up films with such gripping titles as "St. Regis Nights," "Alone at the Gotham," "Murder at the Mills," and "Through he Sherry-Netherland with Rod and Gun." I suppose they really should. It seems the fair and decent thing to do.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE RADIO

TEARS

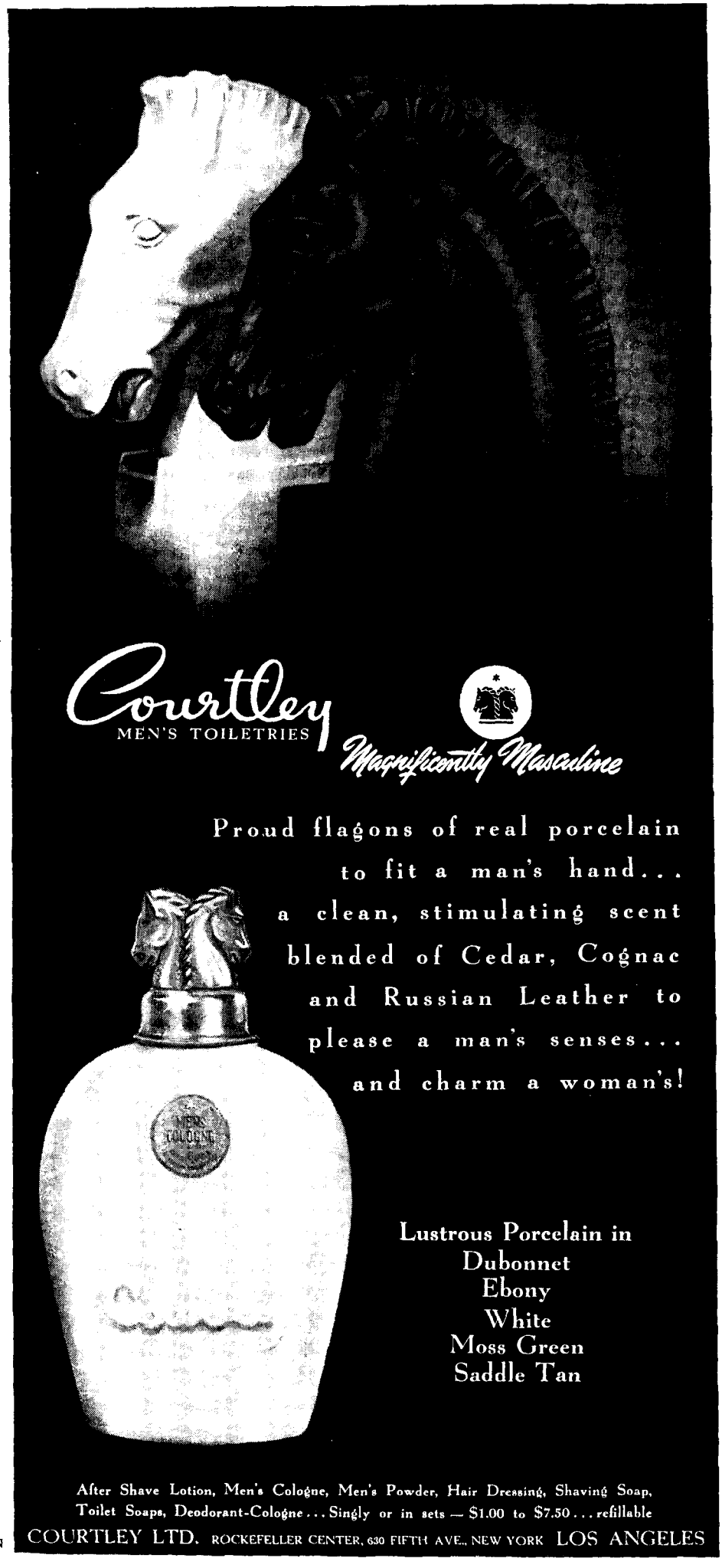
Tribulation here and trial
Anywhere I turn the dial,
Threnody of maiden hope
Vanquished, in the sale of soap,
Heaving recitative of sighs.
How abundantly she cries,
The poor lady! Snuffle, snuffle,
All is trouble, toil, and scuffle,
All is grief and suspiration
Billowing across the nation.
Where a man is, there is sorrow.
Hear her weep again tomorrow.
Hear the wailing women. Drip.
Entertainment: drip, drip.

•

LAUGHTER

Like an accommodating shower,
By the hour, or the half hour,
Loosed at intervals and checked
As the program may direct;
Like an affable Greek chorus
To detect the humor for us,
Laughter punctually excited,
Laughter of the ones invited,
Stimulating you and me
Of slower risibility;
Timed and orchestrated swell
That the thinnest quip may tell,
That the fancied comic's guile
May at length provoke a smile.

—HELEN BEVINGTON


Courtley
MEN'S TOILETRIES
Magnificently Masculine
Proud flagons of real porcelain
to fit a man's hand...
a clean, stimulating scent
blended of Cedar, Cognac
and Russian Leather to
please a man's senses...
and charm a woman's!
Lustrous Porcelain in
Dubonnet
Ebony
White
Moss Green
Saddle Tan
After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, Men's Powder, Hair Dressing, Shaving Soap,
Toilet Soaps, Deodorant-Cologne... Singly or in sets — $1.00 to $7.50... refillable
COURTLEY LTD. ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE TALKING HORSE

THIRTEEN years ago a Shetland pony named Black Bear died in obscurity on an estate just outside the town of Briarcliff Manor, up in Westchester. The little creature was ten and a half years old and hardly worth his hay, for he had never been much as a beast of burden and had recently become no great shakes as an intellectual, either. In fact, his mind had been definitely failing in the two years following the death of his master, a lanky, weatherbeaten, and gabby octogenarian named Thomas Barrett. Before Barrett's demise, however, Black Bear had given evidence of being one of the most intelligent, garrulous, and —some thought—witty horses that ever lived.

Black Bear's ancestry is unknown, beyond the fact that he once informed Barrett, before a gathering of members of the American Society for Psychical Research, that his mother was named Charm. That was on the evening of December 7, 1927, at the Society's headquarters in Hyslop House, just off Gramercy Square, and the proceedings were considered sufficiently important to be described in the Society's *Journal*. J. Malcolm Bird, a research officer of the Society and a former member of the editorial staff of *Scientific American*, was the author of this article, and we have his word for it that Black Bear put on quite a show—telling time, making change, adding and subtracting, kissing ladies, and in general acting like the intelligent horse he was.

The early years of this century appear to have been the golden age of the intelligent horse—or talking horse, as the phenomenon is often loosely called in the literature on the subject, although even the most fervent apologists for such animals admit that no horse in history has ever spoken a word. Black Bear seems to have been the last of a celebrated lot of extraordinarily gifted creatures who set various sections of the world by the ears over a period of some thirty years. Perhaps horses are no longer born with such remarkable minds, or it may simply be that men are too busy with other matters to devote the time and patience necessary to develop an equine prodigy. Whatever the reason, you don't hear much about talking horses any more.

In any discussion of the subject, care should be taken to distinguish between intelligent horses and merely educated ones. The educated ones are mostly professional performers working in the circuses and their stock in trade consists of little more than giving the answers to simple problems of addition and subtraction by pawing the tanbark with their forefeet as many times as their trainer signals with his whip. The intelligent talking horses, on the other hand, were usually amateurs, and those few who did their stuff for money also appeared from time to time, without charge, before groups of interested scientists. These horses, far from taking their cues from a trainer, dug up the answers to problems out of their own minds, or so their sponsors said. Occasionally skeptics stirred up trouble for themselves by claiming that they had detected evidence of subtle human guidance, conscious or otherwise, in the responses of even the most distinguished talking horses, and therein lay the basis of a controversy that made a shambles of certain learned groups in Europe and the United States.

LIKE a number of other controversies, this one started in Germany. The principal figure in the dispute, at least in the early stages, was a black Russian stallion named Hans, probably the most famous talking horse of all time and certainly the only one ever to rate being written up in a book with a preface by Dr. James R. Angell, former president of Yale. Hans was the property of a touchy old gentleman named Carl von Osten, a retired mathematics teacher who owned an apartment house in Berlin and kept his horse in the rear courtyard. Von Osten had acquired Hans when he was a colt, had decided that he was an animal capable of ratiocination, and had spent four years familiarizing him with the ways in which human beings communicate with one another. Hans's ability to think things out for himself later became suspect, but there is little reason to doubt the sincerity of von Osten's belief that in training his horse he had simply given a means of expression to a consciously reasoning being. Furthermore, he never charged a pfennig to put Hans through his paces.

If the academic turmoil that arose over Hans's talents seems difficult to account for today, it should be realized that fifty years ago a lot of metaphysical problems that have since been fairly satisfactorily threshed out or forgotten about were capable of causing severe differences of opinion. From the time of the ancient Greeks, philosophers had been worrying about whether or not animals could reason, and they were still worrying about it in the summer of 1904, when the fame of Hans began to spread far beyond Herr von Osten's rear courtyard. Thousands of people went to see Hans perform there and most of them were convinced that he could spell, write, tell time, distinguish one color from another, recognize a person from a photograph, work out harmonious musical chords, and so on, all without help from his master or anyone else. Word of these gifts reached the press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and soon Hans was being discussed throughout Europe. Two German professors published monographs on him; songs about him were sung in music halls, his face appeared on picture postcards, children's toys were made in his image. He was the Mickey Mouse of 1904.

In July of that year, Hans's prestige in the academic world went up several points when Carl Schillings, a German zoologist and explorer with the *giraffa schillingsi* and the *hyaena schillingsi* to his credit, visited the von Osten courtyard and afterward stated publicly that the horse's ability to reason was absolutely genuine. Schillings said that he had been skeptical but had been converted when the animal gave him correct answers to questions even when von Osten wasn't around. It was probably the weight of Schillings' testimonial, as much as anything else, that led to the formation, late that summer, of a committee of thirteen scientists to try to get to the bottom of the matter. The committee—known to the profession as the September Hans Commission, to distinguish it from the December Hans Commission, which came later—was headed by Professor Carl Stumpf, director of the Psychological Institute of the University of Berlin, and it studied the horse's behavior at two four-hour sessions, on the eleventh and twelfth of September. Its investigation ran into trouble when von Osten, becoming angry at a suggestion that there was some trickery about the proceedings, marched out of the courtyard, leaving the committeemen and Hans to eye one another with mutual distrust. The scientists didn't seem to be able to speak Hans's language, which made asking and answering questions awkward. The impasse ended only when von Osten relented and spent an hour or so with the committee explaining how to converse with Hans. After that, things went nicely.

Although a temperamental animal (he was in the habit of prancing about and nipping people when he considered their questions silly), Hans, on this occasion, acquitted himself well on all counts. The scientists watched him closely and each other harder, to make sure that no one was cheating. Shown a pile of colored cloths, Hans was asked to pick out first a red one, then a green one, and so on. Then, with his forefeet, he tapped out, slowly but accurately, the spelling of words and names that were given him, using a code von Osten had devised. Finally, shown a photo-

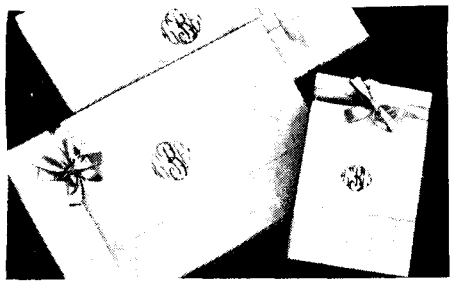
BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

Gossard's designers anticipate the American woman's desire for light, unhampering figure support. The new Gossards are a mere few ounces of cloud soft fabrics combined with tissue weight elastics.

The Gossard line of beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Toronto, Melbourne, Sydney, Buenos Aires

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LINEN REFRESHER OR TROUSSEAU
with duotone monograms . . . $198.00

Ideal wedding gift . . . or a handsome addition to your own linen closet. Léron's budget-priced trousseau . . . with two-tone monograms in one of the three styles illustrated below.

(A) ★ 8 Hemstitched Sheets, 72 x 113 (extra length), in finest white "Norcliff" percale; 8 matching Pillow Cases. 8 top quality, highly absorbent large Bath Towels; 8 Hand Towels; 8 Face Cloths; 2 Bath Mats. 8 pure Irish linen huck Guest Towels. Pure linen Luncheon Set with large napkins. Monogram and embroidered border in matching colors.

(B) Service for 8 — 17 pieces. (Copen, Turquoise, Rosedust or Platinum with Natural border, Platinum with Rosedust border, Natural with Copen border.) 8 pure Irish linen Glass or Kitchen Towels in Red, Blue, Green or Gold.

(C) ★ For double size sheets 90 x 113 (extra length) add $8.00.

Please indicate color desired and underline principal initial of monogram.

Write for our new Fall Brochure

Léron 745 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

A famous "landmark" of St. Louis, Mo., since 1874.

There's Only One Eads Bridge!

AMONG THE MANY DRINKS

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

AMERICA'S MOST VERSATILE DRINK

Southern Comfort Corp. • St. Louis, Mo.

graph of one of the committee members, he sauntered across the courtyard and nudged the man. The committee was profoundly impressed. In its report on the investigation, it observed, "This is a case which appears in principle to differ from any hitherto discovered and has nothing in common with training in the usual sense of the word and is therefore worthy of a serious and incisive investigation."

That definitive investigation was conducted by the December Hans Commission, which, though its seven-week study period ended on November 29th, was not as whimsically named as it might seem, since its findings were published on December 9th. Dr. Stumpf was chairman of this committee, too, and among its members was one of his colleagues at the Psychological Institute, Dr. Oskar Pfungst, a psychologist of distinctly iconoclastic tendencies, who did his best to debunk Hans. Hans was once more placed under scrutiny, meeting with the commission and von Osten several hours a day, four days a week. It was unquestionably the most exhaustive study ever made of a talking horse. The scientists tried Hans out with blinders, but they got nowhere with this phase of the investigation because he took offense and would do nothing but buck and rear until the blinders were removed. Dr. Stumpf was particularly interested in the "nasal-whisper" theory propounded by a Danish psychologist named Lehmann, who thought that people interviewing talking horses might unconsciously whisper the answers to questions through their noses in a pitch inaudible to human ears but distinct to horses. Because of the very nature of this hypothesis, however, the scientists could not prove the existence of such a whisper unless Hans confessed to hearing it, and this he never did. Despite all the false starts and blind alleys, the committee finally made up its collective mind. The report was a shock to von Osten, for it declared that the committee had decided that Hans knew nothing about spelling, mathematics, color, music, or anything else except how to follow the unconsciously given directions of his master.

In reaching their conclusion, the investigators appear to have been strongly influenced by Dr. Pfungst, who claimed that von Osten, after putting each question to the horse, made slight movements of his body. Pfungst called these "minimal movements," and his theory about them became the basis for one of the most important books in talking-horse literature—his own "Der Kluge Hans." In his attempt to decry the animal's achievements, Pfungst wrote, "These signs are minimal movements of the head on the part of the experimenter. As soon as the experimenter had given a problem to the horse, he involuntarily bent his head and trunk slightly forward and the horse would then put the right foot forward and begin to tap, without, however, returning it each time to its original position. As soon as the desired number of taps were given, the questioner would make a slight upward jerk of the head. Thereupon the horse would immediately swing his foot in a wide circle, bringing it back to its original position."

It is strange that Pfungst did not explain how a horse (an animal he admitted is noted for its poor eyesight) could detect minimal movements which another member of the committee insisted were "absolutely imperceptible to the human observer." Moreover, Pfungst hardly gave an adequate explanation of how von Osten, a nervous individual, managed to execute his minimal movements while striding jerkily around the courtyard, as was his custom during the questioning. Such apparent inconsistencies, however, are an integral part of talking-horse lore, and the serious student of the subject either learns to put up with some exasperatingly fuzzy reasoning or else goes crazy. Dr. Angell, in his preface to the English translation of "Der Kluge Hans," took a dismayingly inconclusive stand on the subject, but that was away back before he had even become president of Yale. As ambiguously as any talking-horse expert, Dr. Angell wrote that Pfungst's revelation, if presented as fiction, "would take high rank as a work of imagination," but that, being a scientific report, "it verges on the miraculous." Indeed, of all the learned men who have had anything to do with talking horses, only a handful have taken a firm stand. Perhaps the most succinct of these few is Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, a stalwart figure in educational psychology and a professor emeritus of Teachers College of Columbia University. In his book called "Animal Intelligence," written a quarter of a century ago, he remarked, "All the counting tricks of the intelligent horses depend on the fact that a horse raises a hoof when a certain stimulus is given."

In concluding the history of Hans, it should be pointed out that Dr. Stumpf tried to let von Osten and his horse down gently. But the scourge of double-talk with which Dr. Stumpf, like most of his colleagues, was hopelessly afflicted got the better of him and he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wound up his tribute to von Osten's integrity by very nearly calling his erstwhile host a crook. "No one," wrote Dr. Stumpf in his backfiring defense, "has the right . . . to charge an old man, who has never had a blemish on his reputation, with having invented a most refined network of lies, if the facts can be explained in a satisfactory manner in some other rational way. Even assuming that the horse had been purposely trained by him to respond to this kind of visual signal, the case would still deserve a place in the annals of science. For visual signals, planned and practiced so that they could not only be more readily perceived by the animal than by man, but could be transferred from their inventor to others without any betrayal of the secret—this would be an extraordinary invention, and Mr. von Osten would then be a fraud, but also a genius of the first rank."

SADDENED and humiliated, von Osten and his Hans faded into the mists of time, or at least into seclusion on the estate of Karl Krall, a well-to-do goldsmith and a friend of von Osten. This estate was near the Ruhr city of Elberfeld, where, not entirely by coincidence, the next great talking horses made their appearance. Krall, an enthusiastic admirer of Hans, decided to see what he could do with talking horses on his own, and he bought a couple of Arabian stallions named Muhamed and Zarif, who, under his tutelage, reputedly became so chatty that a visit to their stall was like dropping into a *Bierstube* on a Saturday night.

According to Maurice Maeterlinck, who, being an amateur naturalist as well as the author of "The Blue Bird," was invited to visit Elberfeld and inspect the Krall stable, Muhamed was quite a hand at gags; sometimes he'd give wrong or silly answers to questions just for the hell of it. He was also a squealer, conscientiously reporting to Krall all infractions of stable etiquette, such as the groom's beating up a Shetland pony. Zarif was indolent; he'd suddenly stop talking and, when asked why, explain that he was tired or had a pain in his leg. Maeterlinck said that one morning, while Krall was conducting a class in advanced thinking for his horses, Zarif dozed off. Krall asked Muhamed why Zarif wasn't paying attention. "Because he's lazy," Muhamed replied. "He said at the beginning that he didn't want to learn anything."

The most painstaking record of Muhamed and Zarif is the work of Professor Edouard Claparède of the

Telephone Tours
PERU
"BASKET BOATS"--ON LAKE TITICACA, BETWEEN PERU AND BOLIVIA, THE NATIVES USE PICTURESQUE BOATS WOVEN FROM REEDS SIMILAR IN DESIGN TO THOSE USED BY 12TH CENTURY INCAS.
"NON-STOP CROP"--CLIMATE ALONG RIVERS IN PERU'S DRY COASTAL PLAIN PERMITS RAISING COTTON AND SUGAR ALL YEAR ROUND. COTTON IS NORMALLY ONE OF PERU'S LARGEST EXPORTS.
MOUNTAIN MASONRY--IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES, ANCIENT MASONRY-SIDED TERRACES, LIKE VAST STAIRCASES, MAKE MOUNTAINSIDES SUITABLE FOR AGRICULTURE.
WATCH ON "THE LINE"--12 MILES SOUTH OF HUANCAYO IS CARNEGIE MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY, ALMOST EXACTLY ON THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC EQUATOR, WHERE U.S. SCIENTISTS STUDY GEOPHYSICS.
IN THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY, GUANO DEPOSITS ON PERU'S COASTAL ISLANDS (SOLD FOR FERTILIZER) YIELDED $375,000,000 PROFIT --FAR MORE THAN THE VALUE OF ALL THE GOLD SENT TO SPAIN BY THE CONQUISTADORES.

Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. Peru and the United States have been linked by Overseas Telephone Service since 1932.

Bell System OVERSEAS Telephone Service

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO., EST. 1859

If you can't travel ...PLAN! Come when you can—

Worth remembering
Lazy days. Tranquil nights. Unbelievable sunsets. Ever-changing mountain colors. Guest ranches, fine hotels. Home of University of Arizona.

Unmatched
Nowhere else in U.S. so many days of 100% sunshine. Warm, dry, invigorating! Altitude only 2400 feet. For free booklet, write Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, 4550-A Rialto, Tucson, Ariz.

UNCHANGED BY WAR
TUCSON'S DESERT CLIMATE BECKONS

But please remember—
Do not come without confirmed reservations for living accommodations.

TUCSON

Your place in the sun is TUCSON

JUMBO PRUNES

Huge big prunes direct from my California ranch. Plump, tender, delicious. Great for eating like candy; fine for cooking. Marvelous flavor. 6-lb. box $2.95; 10-lb. box $4.45; PREPAID. No ration points.

ROBT. B. HAWKINS, Box N
Vaca Valley Orchards Vacaville, Calif.

University of Geneva, who described the two stallions in a paper called "Les Chevaux Savants d'Elberfeld," which appeared in the September, 1912, issue of *Archives de Psychologie*, published in Geneva. The pace of their progress in learning, he said, was "of a startling rapidity," a remark which, in view of his findings, seems hardly an overstatement. After three days of classes, according to this source, the horses recognized the figures 1, 2, and 3 when they were written on a blackboard; when one of the numbers was spoken, the animals would walk to the board and touch the correct one with the tips of their noses. Within two weeks, Muhamed could work simple problems in arithmetic, such as two plus five or eight minus three. Four days later, he had progressed to multiplication and division, and by the end of the third week he was adding fractions. Claparède reported that it was something over six weeks, however, before Muhamed could figure out such knotty problems as:

$$\frac{(3 \times 4) + \sqrt{36}}{3}$$

"What is behind it all?" Claparède asked, in comprehensible bewilderment. "Have I dreamed or am I quite awake?"

At first, of course, the horses conversed only in German, but before long, Claparède said, Krall taught them French, too, which was probably just as well, since Elberfeld wasn't far from the French border. After four months of study, Zarif could spell, in either language, words he had never seen written. By and large, though, the stallions were a disappointment as spellers. They favored a free-and-easy phonetic orthography of their own devising and it was difficult to make them see the desirability of standardization. Claparède gave the following list of spellings the horses used at one time and another for "*Zucker*," the German word for "sugar": "zkr," "zukr," "zugr," "czukr," "sucr," "szukr," "cukr," "uzker," "zuker," "zucher," and "zuqker." Claparède felt that the animals' independence in the matter of spelling went a long way toward establishing their validity. "It is evident that that hardly agrees with Pfungst's hypothesis," he wrote.

Krall also acquired a horse named Berto, who never became as proficient at mathematics as Muhamed and Zarif and would not be worth mention were it not for the significant fact that he was blind. If Berto was all he was supposed to be, and several witnesses have testified that he was, his ability to add and subtract would seem to knock the props out from under the Pfungst theory of minimal movements.

The scientists at the Berlin Institute of Psychology refused to be lured into another talking-horse controversy and would not come near Krall's establishment. Anyway, Krall had put those gentlemen in their place by saying of the December Hans Commission, "The commission naïvely supposed that a horse who understood human speech, and who thought, would feel a sense of pride or even of duty about allowing his light to shine in the presence of these scientific gentlemen." Meanwhile, scientists from other universities journeyed to Elberfeld to see for themselves. Almost without exception, they corroborated Claparède's findings. Dr. Paul Sarasin of Basel and Professor H. E. Ziegler of Stuttgart both reported themselves satisfied that the horses received no signals of any kind from their master, and Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa and Dr. Roberto Assagioli of Florence told of having watched through peepholes as the horses, alone in their stalls, gave the right answers to problems that had been written on a blackboard.

AMONG hippologists, it is generally believed that the first talking horse of any real importance in this country was Lady, a mare owned by Mrs. C. D. Fonda, a youthful housewife living with her husband on a small farm in the Virginia countryside near Richmond. Lady was three when, in 1927, fame began to come her way. The United States may have been slow in getting around to producing a talking horse, but when it finally did, the result was a honey, for the gifts attributed to Lady made Hans, Muhamed, and Zarif look like nothing at all. Addition and subtraction were no trouble to Lady; according to a dispatch in the July 26, 1927, issue of the trusty old New York *World*, she could also read minds, predict the future, and converse in Chinese.

Lady was only two weeks old when Mrs. Fonda bought her. She was bottle-fed and reared as a member of the family, and she seemed to care little for barnyard companionship, preferring the intellectual give-and-take of the Fonda living room, where she was always welcome. There she became accustomed to nuzzling some lettered and numbered wooden blocks belonging to a neighbor's children. Before long she

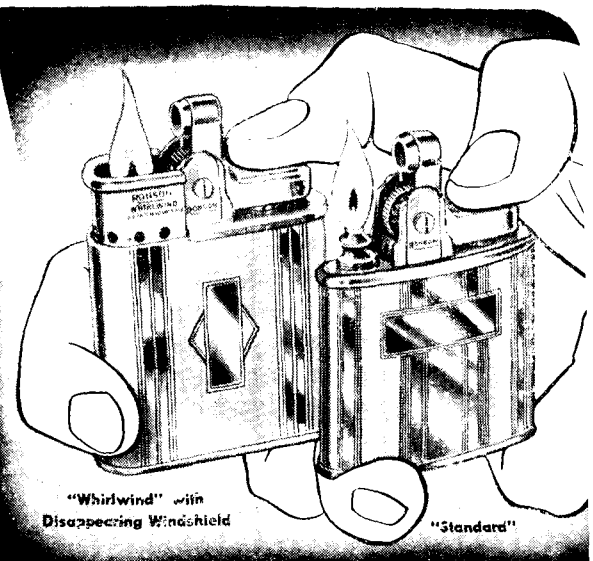
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was spelling out words and doing sums with the blocks and mentally far outstripping the children.

"Scientific men and women confessed they were perplexed by the uncanny behavior of Lady," wrote a *World* reporter, listing such baffled savants as Dr. Franklin Johnson, professor of psychology at the University of Richmond; Dr. R. Finley Gayle, neurologist at the Tucker Sanitarium in Richmond; and Dr. H. D. C. Machlachlan, pastor of Richmond's Seventh Street Christian Church. "Lady apparently read the human mind," the reporter went on. "The scientists were not converted to the mind-reading theory, but admitted they could find no other explanation." According to this same report, Lady had correctly predicted that Jack Dempsey would defeat Jack Sharkey (a pretty safe prophecy, many thought) and, on request, had given the maiden name of Dr. Machlachlan's wife, which no one there except the minister knew. Impressed, Dr. Machlachlan told the *World* reporter that he thought subconscious communication between men and animals was possible. The psychology professor, Dr. Johnson, suggested that a "purely mental influence" might account for Lady's gift but said he was convinced of the honesty of Mrs. Fonda, with whom Lady performed for the benefit of the visitors. Dr. Gayle, the neurologist, said he didn't believe in telepathy and that in Lady's case he just didn't know what to think.

Lady broke into the big time on December 3rd of that year, when Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, the celebrated expert on extrasensory perception, visited the Fonda farm to find out what was going on. Installing himself, his wife, and the mare in a large tent, he spent six days on a series of controlled experiments which he subsequently described in a report published by the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*. Mrs. Fonda was on hand for some of the experiments and absent from others; at some she attended she was blindfolded and at others she was not. Rhine concluded that Lady reacted to a metapsychic impulse, or, to use a more common expression, that she was responsive to mental telepathy. She had, said Rhine, extrasensory perception, but she did not have independent reasoning powers, because she couldn't give the correct answer to a question unless some human present knew it. There remained the problem of Lady's supposed ability to speak Chinese. Just who in the Fonda mé-

RONSON LIGHTERS NOW INCREASINGLY AVAILABLE



PRESS . . . it's lit. RELEASE . . . it's out. The famous patented one-finger one-motion Ronson action.

"Whirlwind" with Disappearing Windshield "Standard"

7 BIG FEATURES

THAT MAKE RONSON "THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER"

SIMPLICITY . . . Press—it's lit; Release—it's out! RONSON'S famous patented one-finger, one-motion action. Fully automatic! No smudged fingers! No trick spin! No fumbling with lids!

DEPENDABILITY . . . Precision-made to light every time.

VERSATILITY . . . Equally useful for cigars, cigarettes or pipes—and wherever flame is needed.

DURABILITY . . . Scientifically hardened and tempered parts stand up under a long life of hard use.

SERVICE . . . Hermetic sealing conserves big fuel supply. Refilling is needed less often.

SMARTNESS . . . Handsomely styled with quiet dignity.

SAFETY . . . Snuffer cap puts out flame *automatically*, preventing accidental fires.

Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.

For Cigarettes, Cigars and Pipes

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Over 14 million RONSONS have been sold

★ BUILD YOUR FUTURE—HOLD YOUR WAR BONDS ★

HOTEL *Charlotte Harbor*

PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

A private resort estate, directly on Charlotte Harbor, in an area of *dependable* sunshine. Social references are required. Opening on Dec. 1.

Ownership-Management, FLOYD ALFORD, JR.

Consult your travel agent or Wolfe & Roberts, Representatives, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. (PE 6-0665). Branches in Philadelphia and Chicago.

SANFORD'S

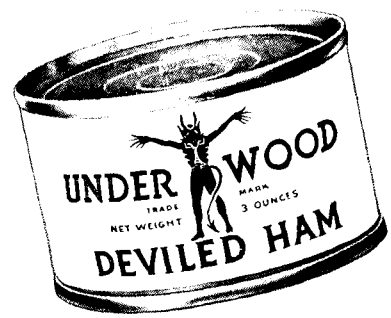
The World's Most Famous Name in

INK

REMEMBER?

REMEMBER?

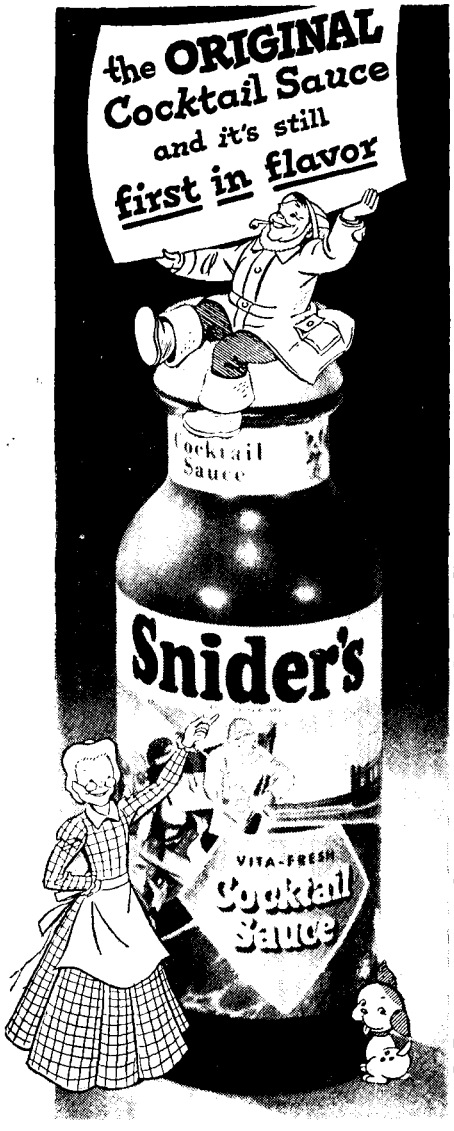
Remember the zestful flavor of this delicious spread? It will be back again at your grocer's.



THE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION

Branded with the devil . . . but fit for the gods!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



That one-and-only Snider flavor is the crowning glory for any fish dish! Makes all the difference in the world!

The recipe's been a Snider secret for years . . . a tangy blend of tomatoes . . . celery . . . horseradish . . . cabbage . . . and special Snider spices.

Snider's Cocktail Sauce was the *first* Cocktail Sauce ever made—and it's *still* the finest. Try it—and see!

for all fish dishes

Snider's

cocktail sauce

nage knew Chinese, Rhine didn't say.

In December, 1928, Dr. and Mrs. Rhine went to see Lady again and subjected her to another series of experiments, as a result of which the Doctor decided that whatever gift Lady might once have had was all but lost. She had, the scientist thought, been corrupted by too much training. "Whether or not this sensitivity could have been preserved by different management of the horse or whether it was an ephemeral quality due to pass in any case is an unanswered question," Rhine wrote later. "According to Burgmans' and other reports on telepathy in human beings, it is an ability which in some cases has been weakened and finally lost, so that Lady's case is not entirely unique."

THE decline of Lady to the status of mere mare cleared the decks for Black Bear's claim to public attention. Unlike Hans, Muhamed, Zarif, Berto, and Lady, Black Bear, who lived near Briarcliff Manor, was a professional. He frequently performed, for reasonable fees, before the young ladies at two junior colleges in the town, and he also did an occasional turn at lawn parties and summer resorts. Black Bear and his master, Barrett, lived on Haymount Farm, an estate owned by W. W. Fuller, a corporation attorney, who apparently gave them board and lodging in return for Barrett's help about the barn. In winter, Barrett usually took Black Bear to Florida, where the rheumatism that troubled the pony in his later years was less apt to act up and where tin-can tourists in hibernation offered an opportunity to turn a nice ten dollars or so now and then.

Black Bear's severest critic was Dr. Hereward Carrington, who so prided himself on his ability to expose various kinds of trickery that he wrote a book or two on the subject; the animal's dearest friend, next to Barrett himself, was a New York gentleman of leisure named Arthur Goadby, who has made a lifelong study of metaphysics and has been writing and lecturing about the Briarcliff pony for fifteen years. Goadby fell in love with Black Bear almost at sight and ever since, in contributions he has written for the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research, he has been downright rhapsodic about the pony's gifts. "Never," Goadby wrote in 1940, "have I met any individual who excelled Black Bear, the psychic pony, in the genius for riposte and repartee, for laconic humor, for variety in the art of conversation that Montaigne called the supreme art of life." To this unqualified

When shipments can be resumed

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

will remain true to a quality tradition that is over a century old

1826 ~ 1945

Makes the Best Breakfast BETTER

Not too sweet—not too tart—just too good for words. If not obtainable, write giving grocer's name. Crosse & Blackwell Baltimore 24, Md.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL ORANGE MARMALADE

WITH THE FAMOUS ALL RED LABEL

WANTED— Six-room furnished apartment in Manhattan, *beginning about November 1, for four or five months.* Must have two bedrooms (or one bedroom and a study), pleasant kitchen, maid's room. Prefer duplex and prefer Washington Square location. This would be an exceptionally good opportunity for someone wishing to leave his apartment (including domestic help if desired) in responsible hands for the winter. Reply to

Box Q, The New Yorker Magazine, 25 West 43 Street

or phone Miss Adams, Bryant 9-8200 between 11 & 5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pacan, Goadby appended a list of thirty-two questions he had put to Black Bear and the pony's answers, as examples of the animal's conversational sparkle. Here are a few:

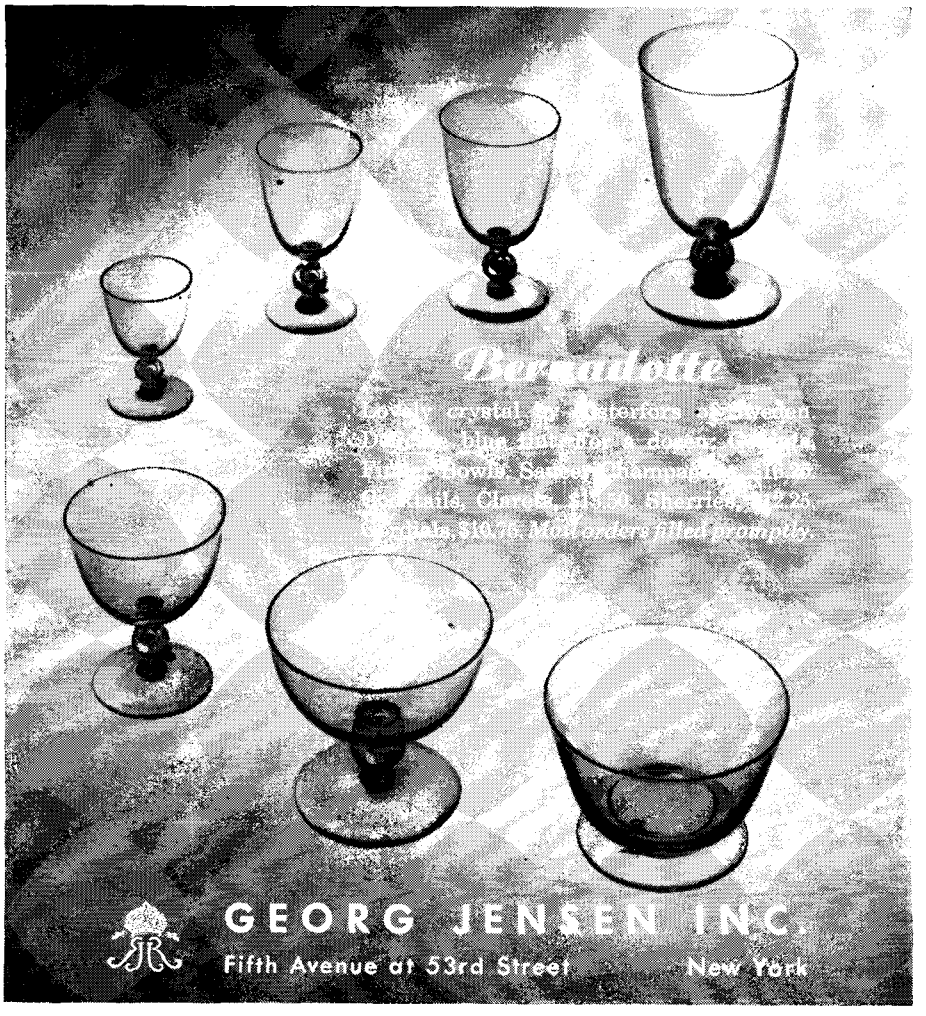
"What is the square root of one hundred sixty-nine?"
"Thirteen."
"What American president was assassinated in 1881?"
"James A. Garfield."
"Have you ever lived in any other country than the United States?"
"Yes. Egypt."
"What was your name when, as you claim, you were afterward in Jerusalem?"
"Solomon."
"How many wives did you have there?"
"Three hundred."
"Where were you, Black Bear, last night?"
No answer.
"Where was I last night?" (Asked by a Mr. M., a visitor.)
"I'll not commit myself on Mr. M."

There are probably those who will feel that by reproducing this conversation Mr. Goadby did not strengthen his ase greatly. Before becoming too critical, however, they will do well to ponder his assertion that he put the same questions, as a control test, to "scientists, professors, humorists, and men of the world and not one of them replied as cleverly as Black Bear, nor as quickly, either."

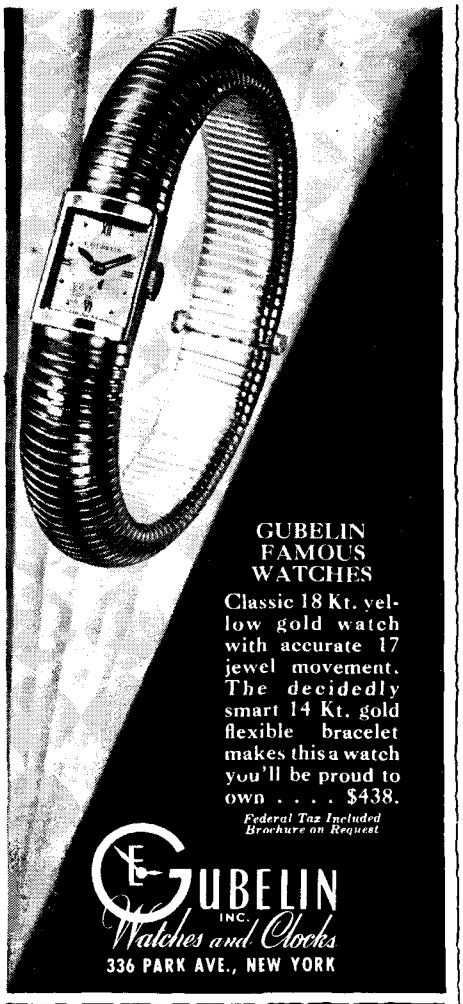
Another snatch of conversation presents Black Bear at his best, or his worst, depending upon whether you're a Goadby or a Carrington. Asked why he didn't think Calvin Coolidge would be reëlected President, he replied, "Sap won't run." To Goadby, this sort of thing was proof that Black Bear was a thinking being and one of the great humorists of our times. It was Goadby's contention that the pony's owner, who had had little education and had been a farmhand and railroad fireman most of his life, wasn't sufficiently intelligent to give the answers of which Black Bear was so clearly capable. Carrington felt otherwise. "The responses of the animal invariably impressed me as precisely those which Mr. Barrett would have given," Carrington remarked. "And while this gentleman cannot in any sense be regarded as a learned or erudite person, he is emphatically nobody's fool. I think he will be recognized as of a type to which the adjective 'slick' is justly applied. He has travelled considerably, is quick at figures, has read some, and thought more, on the subject of performing animals."

Against such grave implications, however, the impartial student must weigh the testimony of no less upright a citizen

IT JUST HAD TO COME FROM TEXAS
EXPERTS SAY—THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE A BUCKAROO
Here's a tall, all-weather thirst-quencher, famous both sides of the Border. Buckaroo just HAD to come from Texas. Try it. 1½ oz. Bourbon or Rye. 6 dashes Angostura, bottle of Cola, ice, stir slightly.
ANGOSTURA BITTERS
A TONIC APPETISER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN
304 E. 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GUBELIN
FAMOUS
WATCHES
Classic 18 Kt. yellow gold watch with accurate 17 jewel movement. The decidedly smart 14 Kt. gold flexible bracelet makes this a watch you'll be proud to own . . . . $438.
Federal Tax Included
Brochure on Request
GUBELIN
INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

Because the greatest portion of all tobaccos grown for cigarettes is below the quality standards set for

Gordon Buchannan OVALS

these fine cigarettes will always be available in limited quantities only.

Twenty for twenty-five cents.

Christian Peper Tobacco Co., St. Louis

Since 1852

than Dr. Shailer U. Lawton, then as now lecturer on education at the School of Education of New York University and a general diagnostician in private practice. In a letter to Goadby, Lawton described a money-changing session he had had with Black Bear. "The coins were silver and a few coppers . . . about ten coins in all," Lawton reported. "I asked the pony to give me coins of different types. This he did without hesitation and with no errors. I then asked him to make change, such as 'Give me eighteen cents,' 'Give me twenty-five cents in nickels and dimes,' 'Half a dollar in dimes and quarters,' or 'If I owe you forty-five cents and hand you a dollar bill, how much change must you give me?,' etc. He did these sums correctly several times. It did not seem to make any difference whether I said 'dime' or 'ten cents' or whether I looked at the coins while he chose them or looked away. . . . I have no certain explanation, but I know that I tried not to help him."

Dr. Lawton went on to note that Barrett, "during this whole experiment, remained absolutely concealed behind the door, where neither I nor the pony could see him." Even so, Lawton thought it "perhaps worthy of mention that Black Bear kept glancing toward the door and also kept his ears turned in that direction most of the time during the above tests." Dr. Lawton's afterthought about Black Bear's peculiar interest in the door may seem, to the lay reader, more pertinent than all the rhetoric of Pfungst, Claparède, and Rhine. On the other hand, to the horse who can read, it may not.

—ARTHUR HALLIBURTON

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(FLYING BROWS DIVISION)

[*From "Panic," by Helen McCloy*]

The eyes were . . . bright and tearless under fine, dark brows tilted sharply as wings in flight. —*Page 2.*

His olive cheeks were smooth and unsmiling; his dark eyes enigmatic under their winged brows. —*Page 24.*

Ronnie's winged brows met in a deep frown. —*Page 28.*

The bright eyes glittered incandescently under the winged brows. —*Page 30.*

He smiled and the winged brows flew apart, flattening and broadening his face. —*Page 33.*

The winged brows had flown together again. —*Page 36.*

His olive cheeks flushed a dusky red. The dark eyes under the flying brows were bright and hard as Yolanda's jewel. —*Page 127.*

The flying brows met in a frown . . . . —*Page 197.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared E. R. Spaulding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the general manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editors, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Editor, H. W. Ross, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editors, G. S. Lobrano, Chappaqua, N. Y. William Shawn, 50 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y.; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Jane Grant, % The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Rea Irvin, Newtown, Conn.; E. Melville Price, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Viola P. Rosett and Max Rosett, Trustees, 575 Park Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; H. W. Ross Stamford, Conn.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; William Shawn, 50 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Ruth G. Vischer, Lambertville, N. J.; Katherine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945. (Seal). WILLIAM G. GEBERT, Notary Public, Queens County Queens Co. Clk. No. 825, Reg. No. 27G7, Certificate filed in New York Co., N. Y. Co. Clk. No. 637, Reg. No. 36G7. (Commission expires March 30, 1947.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS . . .

© 1945 *Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.*

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *VICTORY BONDS!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress Playing Cards...
synonym of fine craftsmanship,
distinctive design, quality finish...
the choice of smart hostesses.
the preference of knowing guests.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
CINCINNATI 12, OHIO
MAKERS OF CONGRESS AND BICYCLE CARDS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY BYRNES reports that the unhappy London conference did manage to agree on a number of minor issues. As so often happens, it was the big ones that got away.

•

The failure of the Big Five Conference has given new life and hope to American isolationists. Many of them have emerged from their bomb shelters to have another look around.

•

Japan is obviously suffering from a grave shortage of young blood. Only the other day the government had to draft a seventy-three-year-old man to be MacArthur's errand boy.

•

General Patton has been removed as military governor of Bavaria and put to work on a history of the European war. If he is diligent in his studies, he may learn just what it was that he was fighting about.

•

Pierre Laval seems to be as obstreperous a customer as any of the managers of our big-league baseball teams. The other day he became so argumentative at his trial for treason that the umpire had to throw him out of the game.

•

In view of certain unfortunate events, a further change in the name of Sixth Avenue may be advisable. For the time being, at least, it might more properly be called "The Avenue of the Americas, Except Argentina."

•

At the moment, the strike situation appears to be somewhat brighter. Now that cooler weather is coming on, the craze for vacations may begin to subside.

•

The motion-picture industry is now taking a keen interest in television. Hollywood evidently suspects that someday the moviegoer may decide that his place is in the home.

•

Republican congressmen, we are told by the management, are engaged in formulating a positive, constructive legislative program. Some of us were beginning to fear that the G.O.P. had grown too old to dream.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

The One and Only
In landmarks, it's the "Eiffel Tower" ... in Scotch, it's Haig & Haig ... masterpieces that have stood the test of time
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal preference for 318 years
HAIG & HAIG
The Oldest Name in Scotch
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rogers Peet . . Authentic Fashions

"Hand Paints"

$7.50

Pure Silk

THE talented American artist who has grown famous through her secret hand-painting process (a secret she shares with no one but Rogers Peet) now makes an *exclusive presentation* through our Neckwear Department of her newest creations for Fall! Refreshingly different!

Rogers Peet Company

A label that spells character

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

distinctly masculine decidedly correct

Sportsman for town tempo with country zest. Outdoor exhilaration in bowl and bottle. A brisk, clean scent selected by a large jury of men for men.

Sportsman

GROOMING ESSENTIALS

In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists: Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., $1.50; 8 oz., $2.50; Talc, 75¢, $1. Shaving Bowls, $1.50 and $2.50. Sportsman Gift Packages $2.25 to $10. Plus Tax. Only At Better Stores.

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., 663 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Openers

THE formal Carnegie Hall orchestral-concert season opened last week with a program of Russian music presented by the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Leon Barzin. Under his firm and energetic direction, the group sailed through Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" overture, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, and Shostakovich's fifth symphony with enormous enthusiasm. The musicians played with such zest, in fact, that the excellent performance of Frank Sheridan, the piano soloist of the evening, was sometimes blotted out. The concert was a stimulating affair, and the bright decisiveness of the playing was a tribute to the training the musicians had had from Mr. Barzin.

An evening later, the Philadelphia Orchestra arrived in Carnegie Hall for its first local session of the semester, and it was evident at once that this orchestra intends to maintain its reputation for tonal splendor and precision. By way of novelty, there was a "Canto di Palude," by a young Italian composer, Renzo Rossellini. It is attractive and handsomely orchestrated music but not especially distinctive. Stravinsky's "Four Norwegian Moods," one of which for some reason has a French title, received sensitive treatment from the orchestra and its conductor, Eugene Ormandy, but the "Moods" are hardly one of the most striking entries in the Stravinsky catalogue. The familiars of the concert were a Handel overture (arranged by Mr. Ormandy), Beethoven's seventh symphony, and Debussy's "La Mer." They were all expertly played, but the symphony seemed a little matter-of-fact for all its aural impressiveness.

The Philharmonic-Symphony's première of the season, two days later, introduced Aaron Copland's new version of "Appalachian Spring," which, in its earlier, ballet setting, received both a Pulitzer Prize and an award from the Music Critics Circle of New York. None of the outdoor feeling and joyous austerity of the original, which was written for only thirteen instruments, has been lost in converting the music into an orchestral suite. The concert edition accomplishes the happy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feat of enriching the music without inflating it. The new work should be a valuable addition to the orchestral library. The performance by the orchestra, under Artur Rodzinski's guidance, had charm and the quality that everybody, including me, calls "atmosphere." The program also included Beethoven's third symphony, which was done a little too straight for its full effect to register. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that the Philharmonic-Symphony's playing has more finesse than it had last year, and that the concert was one of the best openers in the Society's hundred and four seasons, of which I've heard never mind how many.

As a kind of prelude to all these orchestral events, there was a benefit concert at Carnegie Hall for Italian orphans by the N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. The principal offering was Beethoven's ninth symphony. Mr. Toscanini's remarkable direction of this piece is, of course, legendary. The superb singing, in the symphony's finale, by Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorale, also deserves a special word of praise.

THE new opera season was opened by the New York City Opera Company at the City Center. Since I plan to discuss the performances of this group in some detail next week, I'll merely inform you now that its productions are almost always ingratiating. The most interesting manifestation of something new was in the staging of "Pagliacci" by Eugene S. Bryden, who skipped a lot of tradition and developed a quantity of ingenious activity on the stage. The company will be at the Center through October 28th.

EDDIE CONDON has resumed his high-spirited jazz concerts, which are held at Town Hall on the first Saturday of every month. The opening session last week offered the usual agreeable combination of instrumental virtuosity, spontaneity, and informality. There was also the customary program note telling at what bar you'd be most likely to find the musicians, in case you wanted to look them up for a chat after the show. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles News*]

The army and navy officials state that the effect on a serviceman who is out of the United States of advising him that his wife has given birth to a child who is not his, is most demoralizing.

Swingtime ...good companion to any ensemble, dressmaker or tailored. *The turn-down flap minimizes your size...the nailheads emphasize its fair square lines. Built for walking with ease, yet light as a breeze on your toes. Suede or calf. One leading store in your city has "Casual Classics" at* **$9.95** *and* **$10.95**

Write for folder of additional styles

Casual CLASSICS BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS & STEWART, INC. AUBURN, N. Y.

Jay Thorpe, New York • Baltimore, Hutzler Bros. • Boston, Coleman's; Jordan Marsh • Chicago, F. E. Foster Los Angeles, The Innes Shoe Co. • Minneapolis, C. M. Stendal • New Haven, Samuels Shoe Store • Philadelphia, W. H. Steigerwalt • Portland, Meier & Frank • Providence, Gladding's • Seattle, Nordstrom's • Wash., D. C., The Hecht Co. Or write for the name of your nearest dealer.

GIRARD·PERREGAUX

Fine Watches since 1791

17 jewels, from $40
... at selected jewelers.
Write for new Watch Style Booklet N-6
Girard-Perregaux • 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 CONVENIENT WAYS TO GO TO JAMAICA RACES

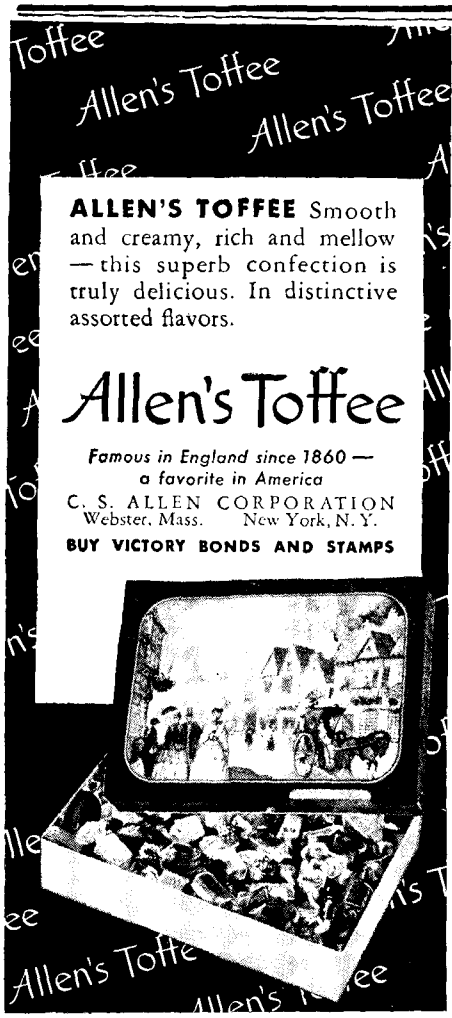
BY TRAIN: • Regular scheduled trains from Penna. Station N.Y. and Flatbush Avenue Brooklyn, to track.

BY SUBWAY: • 6th and 8th Avenue Subways to Parsons Boulevard Station Jamaica, connecting with buses.

BY BUS: • From Parsons Blvd. Sub. Sta. Jamaica (6th and 8th Ave. Lines) also connecting with Jamaica Line El trains at 160th Street, Jamaica.

FIRST RACE 1:30 P. M. Daily Double Closes 1:15 P. M.

Admission $1.60 Tax Incl.
Children not admitted



ALLEN'S TOFFEE Smooth and creamy, rich and mellow — this superb confection is truly delicious. In distinctive assorted flavors.

Allen's Toffee

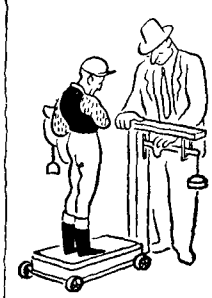
Famous in England since 1860 — a favorite in America

C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
Webster, Mass. New York, N. Y.

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

THE RACE TRACK

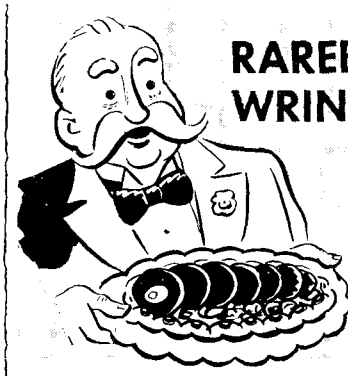
From Belmont to Jamaica



RACING hereabouts consisted of three days at Belmont and three at Jamaica last week. The Ladies' Handicap at Belmont, which was won by War Date, was the first bit of excitement. Of course, War Date, who is the type of filly one dreams about owning, was the best horse in the race, but some grumblers insisted that if Arcaro, who rode Surosa, had judged the pace better and hadn't been blocked just as he started to make his run, Surosa would have beaten her. And Price Headley thought that if his Letmenow, who led for more than a mile and a quarter, had been wound up one tick more she would have stayed in front to the end. I'm not so sure. I can tell you, though, that after watching riders handle their mounts so badly in all these long races, I'm not the pushover for such events that I used to be. One thing racing needs badly is compulsory education in the art of riding for jockeys.

Belmont closed on Wednesday in a blaze of cockeyed form. There was the failure of True North in a sprint down the Widener Course, over which he had been almost unbeatable. Perhaps he didn't like the stiff wind in his face. At any rate, he finished last, a long way behind the winner, Polynesian, who seems to be himself again. And in the Champagne Stakes there was Marine Victory, whom no one expected to win because it was his first appearance in New York and because he had won only three out of a dozen starts anyway. When he got to running, he disposed of Star Pilot quickly and easily and went on to win by lengths, rewarding his backers with a $34.70 mutuel. As for Star Pilot, I thought that he looked a bit drawn from his effort in the Futurity only four days before. But then, I'm only one of those fellows who train horses from the grandstand.

For most of the season I have felt that Pot o' Luck wasn't quite as good as he was supposed to be. Even when he won the Lawrence Realization and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, I wasn't entirely convinced. His performance in the New York Handicap changed my mind. He is a nice colt. Although he



RAREBIT WRINKLE

Meet "Old Chut", late of the Indian Army, whose hobby is recreating favorite messroom dishes for his friends' delight.

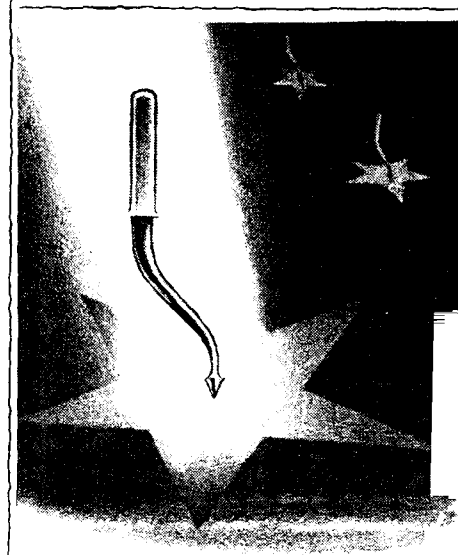
Today he's offering Chateau Rarebit as garnished with Calcutta Club Chutney — giving a new, delicious flavor-twist to an old-time dish. *Try it yourself, the recipe is easy.*

Chateau Rarebit and Calcutta Club Chutney*

Ingredients: ½ lb. Borden's Chateau; ½ cup milk; 1 teas. prepared mustard; ¼ teas. salt; dash of Worcestershire sauce. *Method:* cube Chateau, place in double boiler top. Slowly add milk and seasonings. Stir until cheese melts. Turn off heat, let stand 5 minutes. Serve immediately over toast. *Top with genuine Calcutta Club Chutney*.* Serves 3.

*Calcutta Club Chutney is authentically East Indian chutney at its traditional zest and best. On sale at better shops or write

CalcuttaClub PRODUCTS
475 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



THE "Star" Sapphire

The world's finest phonograph needle; 5000 perfect plays guaranteed. Reproduces with full brilliance—without static or record-wearing friction. Five dollars

Duotone NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's pouring plaids Newest thing under the rain (cute for Christmas). Raincoats in brilliant cotton clan plaids done by Aquatogs in Hope Skillman's water-repellent Norane processed fabric, self-lined. Red, green or yellow. Raincoat, 10 to 18 sizes, 25.00 Matching hat, 4.50 **Umbrella,** 7.75 Eighth Floor Children's raincoat 3 to 6x sizes, 10.95 7 to 14 sizes, 15.95 Hat, 3.95 Umbrellas, 4.75 and 5.50 Seventh Floor

Bonwit Teller new york

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLAN JONES out of town on wedding anniversary

Flowers-by-wire to wife IRENE HERVEY!

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES — FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy*—just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at right) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
DALLAS	for	$5.00	+	63¢
TACOMA	"	"	"	63¢
LOS ANGELES	"	"	"	63¢
SIOUX CITY	"	"	"	53¢
NEW YORK	"	"	"	44¢
BANGOR	"	"	"	53¢
MIAMI	"	"	"	63¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finished second to Reply Paid, to whom he gave fourteen pounds, it was his best race, for he carried high weight and was with the pace throughout the two miles and a quarter. Reply Paid, the latest of those Class D horses to pop into the big money (his share of the New York Handicap purse was $21,150), was claimed by Mrs. Louis Rabinowitz from Commander Harry Guggenheim for $6,000 about a year ago, and at the time was considered by his stable to be very well sold. By the way, students of thoroughbred bloodlines no doubt will make something of the fact, though I don't know what, that Reply Paid's mamma, Lady Johren, used to be ridden in thoroughbred hunter classes at horse shows by the Commander's daughters.

THE most interesting races at Jamaica were the Correction Handicap, on Thursday, in which Monsoon beat Twosy, and the Continental, on Saturday, which was won by Stymie. When Buzfuz and Chief Barker had raced themselves dizzy in the first three-quarters of the Continental, Stymie simply galloped home free. After all, you can't keep a good horse down.

ONE of this department's little crusades is for simpler names for racers. I'm thinking now of Darby d'Amour, who won at Jamaica the other afternoon. Maybe one reason that Darby d'Amour paid $60.60, although he had won his previous start, was that horseplayers got him mixed up with a couple of other Darby two-year-olds. You see, there's a Darby d'Abbie, a Darby D Day, a Darby Detroit, a Darby Darius, a Darby Dingo, a Darby Devon, a Darby Duma, a Darby Dune, and so on, all of which is confusing and hardly fair to racegoers, many of whom play horses by ear. I'm sure that J. W. Galbreath is proud of his Darby Dan Farm, whence all these animals come, but it seems to me that the Jockey Club should straighten matters out.

WELL, Busher, that hard-working lady, won her tenth race out of thirteen starts this season last weekend at Hollywood Park, earning $17,445 more for Louis B. Mayer. Her grand total is now $334,035.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

N—— was tried only for the slaying of his mother. His father was an agent for the Department of Internal Revenue.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Oh.

Because of Liqueur Quality
and High Proof (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN
with GORDON'S GIN
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94·4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
*
Gordon's Gin
100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain
*Temporarily, due to war conditions, GORDON'S GIN is now being shipped in the Victory round bottle
GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

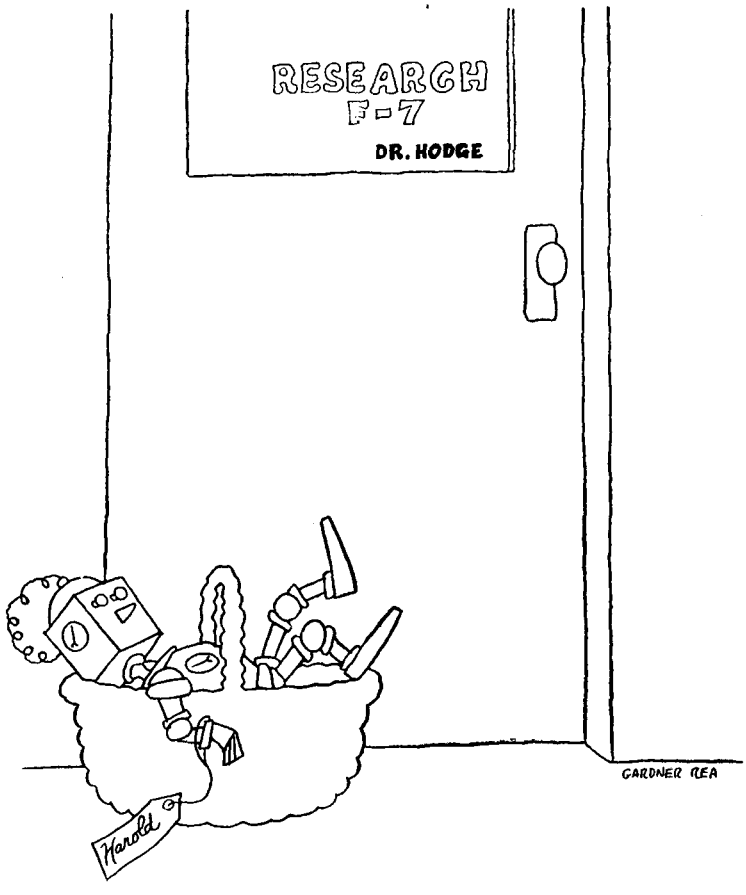
BOOKS

Salute to an Old Landmark: Sinclair Lewis

THIS review of Sinclair Lewis's new novel—"Cass Timberlane" (Random House)—is, I am afraid, going to be one of those articles in which the reviewer talks about himself, so if this irritates you, you might skip to the middle, where I really get to work on the book. Coming back a month ago to New York after visiting several countries of Europe, I found myself more alienated from the United States than I ever remembered to have been after any similar trip. This may have been due partly to the fact that in Europe I had constantly been thinking how much better off we were at home and had built up an ideal picture, and partly to the fact that making the trip by plane in two days from Naples to New York does not, if you are accustomed to the old-fashioned kind of travel, give you time to prepare yourself for the change from one continent to another. The old reflexes, conditioned by sea voyages, do not tell you that you are home again, and you feel that you are not really there, that the new place in which you seem to have alighted is some sort of simulacrum or mirage. In any case, it was almost like arriving in another foreign country. I noticed characteristics of the Americans of which I had not been aware when I left: they were much larger than Europeans, enormous; their faces seemed lacking in focus and their personalities devoid of flavor; and most of the things that they were doing seemed to me done in a boring way. I had looked forward to picking up my old interests and was baffled and disconcerted when I discovered that these no longer seemed interesting.

Then I saw that I had to make an adjustment quite different from the kind of adjustment that is involved in going abroad and learning one's way about. I already knew my way about at home, yet I could not find the values I had known, the values on which I depended; and I realized that what made the difference was that abroad you were always in the position of a spectator for whom the inhabitants were putting on a show. This show consists of their being foreigners and behaving in a foreign way, and it provides you with entertainment without your needing to do anything yourself. But at home you are no longer in the audience, you have to be one of the actors, and there will not be the old show unless you get back into your rôle. You have to contribute, yourself, to creating the interest and the value, and I was still in the state of mind of the passive looker-on. I had not begun working yet.

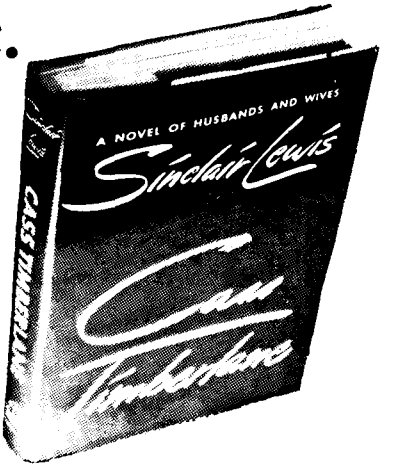
At this moment I read Sinclair Lewis, and I appreciated him in certain ways as I had never done before and as I perhaps should not otherwise have done. We have had Lewis around for so long, so consistently being himself, that he has become a familiar object, like Henry Ford or the Statue of Liberty, about which, if one has been living in America, one does not think very much. Up to his novel before this last one, I had not read him for years, and had heard little about him except routine complaints that he was repeating himself or going to pot. I did read his book before last, "Gideon Planish," because I had heard it was about foundations and I had had enough experience of foundation workers to want to see Sinclair Lewis turned loose on them. "Gideon Planish" was an extremely funny caricature, and I saw that Lewis's writing had improved: he moved more swiftly, made his points with less effort, and had mastered a not common art of introducing colloquial American, with style, into literary prose. But I found in his new book, "Cass Timberlane," some qualities that were new to me and that I had not expected. Lewis has returned to Minnesota to live and he has written about a small Middle Western city in a way that is quite distinct from anything in "Main Street" or "Babbitt." These northern Middle Western cities, with their big lakes and their raw business buildings, their gloomy old houses of the eighties that run to fancy windows and towers, and their people playing bridge and drinking cocktails, kept warm by a new oil furnace, in the midst of their terrific winters, have a peculiar impressiveness and pathos which is sometimes rather hard to account for in terms of their constituent elements but which, despite all the crassness and dullness, is inherent in the relation of the people to the country. This Lewis has got into his novel. Gopher Prairie, of "Main Street," he hated; Zenith, of "Babbitt," he ridiculed; but Grand Republic, Minnesota, the scene of "Cass Timberlane," has really been lived in and loved. And the book made me feel, when I read it, that I was back in touch with home again and made me realize that Sinclair Lewis, in spite of his notorious faults, is one of the people in the literary field who do create interest and value, that he has still gone on working at this when many others have broken down or quit, and that he is, in fact, at his best—what I



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sinclair Lewis

has written many great novels in his time, but none so frank as this one. It reveals with tenderness and relentless satire what is happening to American marriage.



Cass Timberlane

A NOVEL OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

390 PAGES, $2.75
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

RANDOM HOUSE
20 E. 57th ST., NEW YORK 22
Publishers of the Modern Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The sophisticate's dream of light reading," says *The Chicago Sun* of

Rain Before Seven

the new novel by

MARC BRANDEL

"Often completely whacky, but without a dull line, 'Rain Before Seven' is a strange and heady mixture of satire, farce, broad comedy and some very brilliant writing . . . a writer you'll be quoting before long."
—*Chicago News*

"Fantastic, hilarious and salty . . . shocking and uproarious . . . He is a very wicked and witty writer."
—*Boston Herald*

"A copy costs only $2, and your grandchildren may very well pay off their mortgage some day by selling your first edition."—*Phila. Record*

At all bookstores • $2.00

HARPER

They *laughed* when he wrote another book!

BENNETT CERF (as if you didn't know) is the author of TRY AND STOP ME. Here are 600 of the funniest stories he has ever heard, retold as only he can tell them. At this rate you get *six laughs for one penny* . . . which brings the new bestseller by Cerf within reach of practically everybody who has any money.

Laughing Stock

Edited by BENNETT CERF

author of TRY AND STOP ME
Illustrated by CARL ROSE

$1

and it's only

At all bookstores

GD **GROSSET & DUNLAP**

never quite believed before—one of the national poets.

AND what about the story itself? It is a story about a husband and wife and is very much the same sort of thing as such novels as H. G. Wells's "Marriage" and Arnold Bennett's "These Twain," of the literary era in which Lewis grew up and to which he still more or less belongs. A judge in his early forties, a serious and upright man, falls in love with and succeeds in marrying a girl in her early twenties, pretty, clever, and rather perverse. They do all the usual things—there are clashes of taste and interest, quarrels and reconciliations, she has flirtations with other men and he makes her jealous scenes, she gives birth to a baby, which dies, and has a period of ill health and depression. When she recovers, he takes her to New York, and there she is unfaithful to him with an old friend turned city slicker. Back in middle-class Grand Republic, she decides that she will divorce the Judge and marry the other man, but when she goes to New York, she finds out that her lover has never taken her seriously. She falls ill; the Judge comes on and rescues her and takes her back to Grand Republic. She has learned to appreciate her husband and is prepared to like their neighbors better, and we assume that all will now go well.

What is new in Sinclair Lewis's picture is an attempt on the author's part to deal with a typical bright young woman of the forties, so different from the emancipated woman of the earlier decades of the century, the "Woman Who Did," that heroine who dared to get herself a job or be a social or political worker or desert her conventional husband for the unconventional man she loved. The new young girl wants to compete with the man without learning any trade, is rebellious against marriage but does not want a job, leaves her husband but does not stick to her lover. Lewis is trying to get hold of this type, and his perception of social phenomena is always alert and sharp; but the truth is that he does not like Jinny, is too old-fashioned, perhaps, to sympathize with her. He works hard to make her attractive, but her relentless cuteness and cleverness always sound off key and self-conscious. Does he know how obnoxious he has made her? At one point he remarks that if the Judge had not been so much in love, he might not have cared for her whimsicality; and we have an uncomfortable feeling that if the author changed his tone only a little, we should get one of his frank female caricatures, like the wife of Gideon Planish. Here is Jinny being cute in Florida: "Jinny eyed the crêpe myrtle, the roses, the obese wonder of a grapefruit growing, and looked at the Cass who had worked this magic for her. 'My Merlin!' she said." And here she is being clever on the subject of their going to New York: The Judge says, " 'We'll pick up New York and shake it.' 'Oh, but that headwaiter at the Marmoset Club, with eyes like a wet old dishrag, who looks at you just once and guesses exactly what your income is, and do you know any Astors.' 'Maybe we'd get to know a few Class B Astors, if we wanted to, which I doubt.' 'I'd love to know *lots* of Astors—big fat juicy ones, and little diamond-studded ones in sables!' . . . 'Jinny, you shall have all the Astors you want. Have Astors with your corn flakes.' 'And cream.' 'And extra cream, from the Ritz. God knows even a very rich Astor or Vanderbilt or Morgan, one nine feet tall with a robe made of securities, couldn't be more chilly than our local John William Prutts. Let's look their lodge over. I mean, before we actually decide whether I ever shall resign, I think we ought to go to New York and study it, to see whether, if we had a real home of our own there, we wouldn't enjoy the place.' 'And Cleo?' 'Naturally.' "

Cleo is an intolerable kitten, who goes all through the book and reflects the moods of their marriage.

The ending is absolutely Victorian. Lewis stacks the cards against Jinny by making her lover such a cold-hearted scoundrel—he has the currish name of Bradd Criley—as has hardly been seen in serious fiction for a century, and he has her develop diabetes so that she will become a chronic invalid. Scorned by her seducer and confined to her bed, she has no choice but to go home with the Judge, and Lewis evades the problem of finding out what such a girl would do if she were well and had pleasanter friends. He leaves her reading "Dombey & Son," where, in the story of Edith Dombey and Carker, she must have found a singular parallel to the destiny which her creator has invented for her.

But with Judge Timberlane, Sinclair Lewis is much better. Here he has something he intimately knows, and the Judge in relation to his town is really thoroughly and admirably done. The most satisfactory section of the book is the early part, in which we see Timberlane, divorced from his first, worthless wife, living alone in his sombre house, hearing cases and dining with friends,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them.

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE
GINGER BEER • SARSAPARILLA • SODA
Manufactured and Bottled in England by SCHWEPPES, Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & Meleer, Inc., 90 West Broadway, N. Y.

Buy All Books at-

CAMPBELL'S
BOOK STORE
10918 Le Conte Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.
BR 21077 (Westwood Village) AR 39549
OPEN FRIDAYS UNTIL 9:00
Order by Mail. California residents add 2½% Sales Tax.
Postage paid—anywhere in U.S. on books costing $1 or more.

working out chess problems at home, and discovering the birdlike young girl, living among the local Bohemia, whom he is passionate enough to pursue but not young enough or supple enough to meet on her own ground. The best and subtlest thing in the novel is the effect, on the Judge's behavior with his wife and his treacherous friend, of the conception of justice and individual rights to which he has trained himself in the law. Judge Timberlane, too, in his personal as well as in his official life, is creating interest and value for his less conscious and responsible neighbors.

These neighbors, the social organism of Grand Republic, are shown not only in relation to the Timberlanes but also by a series of brief histories, interspersed through the book, of the married lives of certain selected citizens. Some are funny, some are touching, some are implausible or superficial. But the general effect is successful. These sketches build up the community and serve to set the Timberlanes off. Nor can it nowadays be said of Lewis—as Sherwood Anderson used to do—that he does not see inside his characters and appreciate their human merits. He does not slight their commonness and ugliness any more than he did in "Main Street," but Grand Republic, Minnesota, is a place in which one can imagine living, not, like Main Street, a circle of Hell.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HERCULES, MY SHIPMATE, by Robert Graves (Creative Age). An almost wholly delightful reconstruction of the voyage of Jason and the Argonauts to recover the Golden Fleece. Except in its general outline, the story is less familiar than you probably think. Most people know it only through the watered-down tales of Hawthorne and Charles Kingsley; even Greek literature, as the author points out, has no complete account of the quest. It is Mr. Graves' belief, after an apparently monumental job of research, that some such voyage did occur. He presents his version as fiction, but it is not a historical novel in the usual sense. The book has a marked factual quality, not only because of the painstakingness of the details of the voyage itself but because of some more or less exhausting discussions of the complicated theology of the time. Once Mr. Graves gets the Argo afloat, however, he has a lively story to tell—of

A rollicking novel of adventure in modern China

The Small General

By

Robert Standish

Author of
The Three Bamboos
and *Bonin*

Equal parts of violence, laughter and conspiracy are the ingredients of Robert Standish's new novel. It tells how old Sung tricked his friend out of a houseboat; how the Small General gave pretty Peahen away to an American doctor and then stole her back; how he caught a traitor by pickling his finger; and how five pirate-patriots were martyred by proxy. $2.50

At your bookstore

MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For smart distinguished hospitality
—ELSA MAXWELL
ROMA
CALIFORNIA
Champagne
Distinguished hospitality calls for a distinguished sparkling wine—ROMA Champagne—reflecting the heritage of ROMA'S ancient winemaking skill. Delightful pale-golden, sparkling goodness of sprightly dryness and piquant flavor. A truly fine champagne of unvarying fine quality, at reasonable cost.
ROMA
NATURALLY FERMENTED
PLEASURE FULLY YOURS
Naturally fermented in bulk
©1945 ROMA WINE CO.
LODI, HEALDSBURG, FRESNO—CALIFORNIA

violent death, double-dealing, grand larceny, and seduction—that should startle anybody who has considered the ancient Greeks a race of noble athletes. Hercules, who joins the expedition merely to break the tedium of his Labors, is a powerful, credulous, truculent drunkard. A remarkable book, and possibly one of considerable lasting interest.

TRIAL BALANCE, by William March (Harcourt, Brace). A large collection of stories, including practically everything Mr. March has written in the past seventeen years, that makes a fairly unimpressive showing. What is surprising, however, is not the uncommonly uneven quality of the lot but the equally uncommon durability of some of the author's best work, particularly "The Little Wife," as fine a study in hysteria now as it ever was. Altogether, there are six or seven pieces in the group that are worth serious attention. Not a very high score, but not an especially low one, the mortality rate among short stories being what it is.

THE UNSPEAKABLES, by Laverne Gay (Scribner). The period of this novel, that of the Lombard rule in northern Italy and Rome in the sixth century, is one that the author has firmly in hand, and the story she has chosen, about the beautiful Bavarian princess Theudelinda, who was married to two successive Lombard monarchs, is full of romantic possibilities for the historical novelist. But the tale would have been better in a style less pretentious than Mrs. Gay's determinedly literary one. Brocade is all right to a point, but four hundred pages of "Her light laughter broke on the morning air like shards of finest porphyry" and "A thrall, chancing to get into the way of Alic of Brescia, was knocked sprawling into his trencherful of lentils" gets to be rather wearing.

THE SMALL GENERAL, by Robert Standish (Macmillan). Mr. Standish, who in "The Three Bamboos" gave us a picture of modern Japan, tells now of the forces stirring present-day China. Through the story of a Chinese merchant, and of his son's immersion in the thinking and in the patriotic struggles in his country, he shows a people caught and quickened by a conflict between static traditionalism and progress. "Under General Chiang Kai-shek," Mr. Standish writes in a preface, "there has been an acceleration in the move towards unity, but no more. It means little more than that a few more millions of Chinese regard unity as their goal. They will achieve it, but not yet." In a readable narrative that often has the interest of a good adventure story, he succeeds in imparting some sense of the events and forces disturbing that country in the present stage of her long and painful effort to achieve that unity.

GENERAL

THE GOLDEN CARPET, by Somerset de Chair (Harcourt, Brace). This book, a companion piece to T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," is an exciting, well-written, fully documented work that describes one of the least known and most remarkable campaigns of the war. In the early part of 1941 an Iraq leader named Raschid Ali, won over by German agents, led a revolt against the British and was joined by the British-trained and British-equipped Iraq Army. The British thereupon decided to do the impossible—to send a column of seven hundred and fifty men across the desert from Palestine to capture Bagdad, then defended by forty thousand Iraq troops—and proceeded to do it. Captain de Chair was intelligence officer of the expedition, and his account of how it marched across the desert, how it captured Bagdad and held it until reinforced by troops from India, thus saving Iraq from German domination, is one of the few substantial contributions to literature produced by the recent war. Harold Nicolson is quoted by the publishers as saying that Captain de Chair is a born writer, which is exactly what he seems to be. Illustrated.

LITTLE SUPERMAN, by Heinrich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

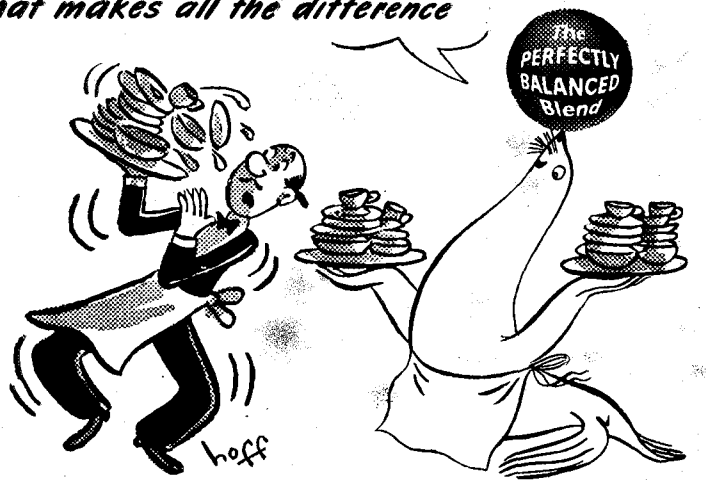
Mann, translated by Ernest Boyd (Creative Age). A reissue of an earlier novel of Mr. Mann's, published in 1918 in German as "Der Untertan" and in English as "The Patrioteer." The life story of a ruthless German, the chilling archetype of the German who made and accepted the Nazi tyranny, analyzing his temperament from its beginnings in a complex and tortured family relationship to its flowering in unscrupulous political ambition. An excellent example of the talent and perceptiveness which won for the author the successive distinctions of an honored place in the Academy of Art in Berlin and then exile to France.

FRANCE, by Florence Gilliam (Dutton). The author, an American who lived in France from 1921 to 1941, remembers the last time she saw Paris, and all the things that France meant to her. Although the mist of nostalgia that hangs over most of her pages is not unlike the haziness that settles over the Bois de Boulogne in the rain, there are also many clear-edged passages, including a description of Paris under the Nazis and an examination of the resistance movement, that make it a shrewd and deeply informed analysis of contemporary France.

JAPAN AND THE SON OF HEAVEN, by Willard Price (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Price, says the jacket of his book, was a "neighbor" of the Japanese Emperor for five years (the author lived in the fishing village of Hayama, not far from the summer palace), but this hasn't kept him from writing a most unneighborly book. Hirohito, he says, should be taught to understand that o-u-t spells "out" and that "out" is short for "abdication," for no matter how peace-loving Hirohito may be, or how enthusiastic about the democratic way of life, we can't do business with him. The Emperor must be deposed, the emperor myth exploded, and the foundations laid for a free, peaceful, and democratic Japan. "Knowing our impatience and forgetfulness," Mr. Price writes, "I do not say [this program] will be carried out. I merely say that if it is not carried out . . . our 'victory' will prove only an episode in Nippon's hundred years' war."

AMERICA'S STAKE IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE, by George Soule (Viking). An economist looks at the social, political, and economic relationships between England and the United

It's BALANCE that makes all the difference

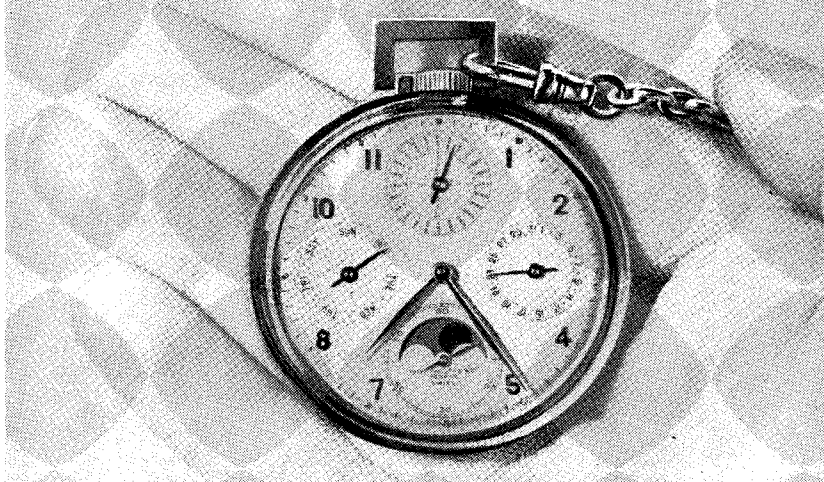


Taste the difference in smoother, finer tasting

CARSTAIRS White Seal
Blended Whiskey

86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH



A new 18 jeweled Perpetual Calendar Watch that shows name of week day, date and name of month and phases of the moon. Automatically adjusts leap year variations. 18 karat gold case. $1250 (Federal Tax Included)

PATEK PHILIPPE & CO., INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1405 Peel Street, Montreal, Canada
and Geneva, Switzerland

ESTABLISHED 1839

COPYRIGHT 1945. PATEK PHILIPPE & CO., INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

* © 1945
*Reg. T.M.

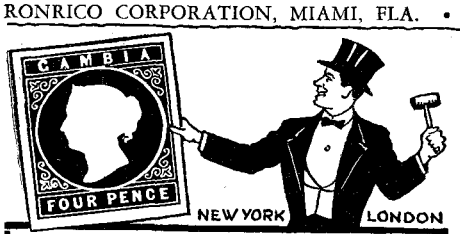
"NIX, NIX!"... said MR. HICKS

"That's not the drink I asked you to mix.
I want a cocktail smooth and mellow
Made of rum that's *rich*, dear fellow!"

"SURE, SURE, for a connoisseur
I have a rum that's really pure
Delight! Absolutely the peak o' flavor
Here, try it—it's Ronrico neighbor!"
Hicks sipped, then said, "No doubt about it!
Never again will I be without it!
Ronrico, eh? That's a famous name—
I'm on my way for a bottle of same!"

BEST RUM BAR NONE* **RONRICO***

RONRICO CORPORATION, MIAMI, FLA. • RONRICO RUMS 86, 90 AND 151 PROOF

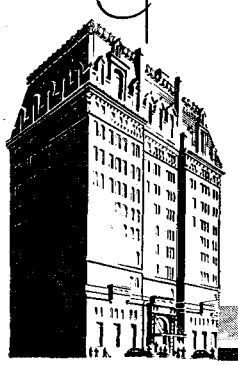


A Tailor-Made Market for Your Stamps!

THE CREAM of the stamp-buying public bids at our world-famous auctions. We can sell your collection to your best advantage. Ask for details.

H. R. HARMER, Inc.
The World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers
32 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22
Established over 50 years.

The Belvedere



BALTIMORE'S *Finest* HOTEL

States, and, after a good many pages devoted to such phenomena as cartels, world trade, and finance, comes to the conclusion that England expects every American to do his duty and see that this country doesn't fall into a depression, since depression here means depression there, and headaches for everybody. He makes the thing sound convincing, too.

PROSPECTOR IN SIBERIA, by Jonas Lied (Oxford). The author, an international businessman who prospected in Siberia and opened up the Kara Sea route, has taken time out from an excessively active career to write his biography. Mr. Lied, whose devotion to the strenuous life finally led him to conclude that nothing is nicer than farming in Norway, his native land, tells so many good stories of his adventures that a lot of his readers may decide that he is mistaken and that international business is more rewarding than farming, after all.

MY DOG LEMON, by Ray P. Holland (Barnes). Four stories from the *Saturday Evening Post*. Lemon, a very remarkable pointer, will be none the less attractive to his audience separated from the resolutely beautiful ladies and the incisive men of business who make up the bulk of that magazine's population. Illustrated.

•

SLOT MACHINE SLUGS. Perfect in size weight and color. Samples 10c. De-Ver Novelty Co., Dayton, O.—*Adv. in Mother's Home Life.*

Home isn't what it used to be, eh Mother?

•

Film actress Ella Raines has announced thru her studio, that she and Kennet Trout have separated. Trout has just been released from the Army air force where he served as a major. He and Mi Raines were married August 11, 1943.

Ostriches mate for life.—*Topeka Dai Capital.*

Now, don't go getting preachy.

•

WHICH DEPARTMENT OF "THE NEW YORKER" D'YA READ

"I [Frederick Papsdorf] started ta ing night courses at the Detroit Institu of Arts and in 1934 my teachers pe suaded me to take up oils."—*"The Ta of the Town," September 29th.*

Papsdorf is, of course, an authent primitive in the sense that he has nev had any formal training.—*"The Art Ga leries," same issue.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAVAL AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

Special Delivery *to the Fleet*

The Navy's swift conquest of the South, Central and Far Pacific has been paced and accelerated by the Naval Air Transport Service..

Critically needed supplies, replacements, personnel and mail have been carried to the most distant bases of operation in less than 72 hours by PB2Y *Coronado*, PBM *Mariner* and the PB2M *Mars* flying boats.

The stiff schedules operated by the NATS on the world's longest overwater routes have demonstrated the dependability of such exclusive Curtiss features as Automatic Synchronization, Reverse Thrust and erosion resistant Hollow Steel Blades.

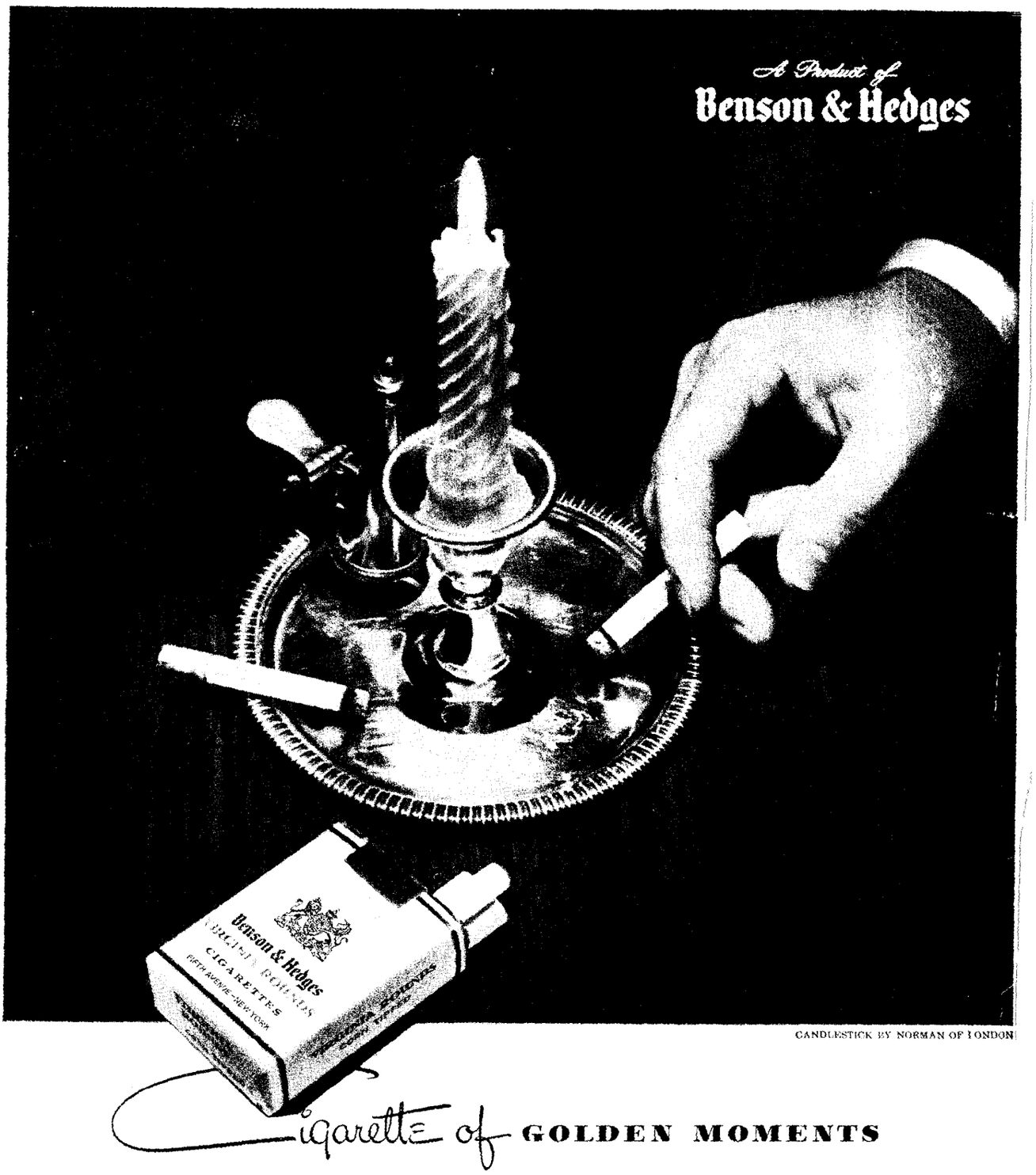
CURTISS *Electric Propellers*

DIVISION OF

CURTISS WRIGHT

FIRST IN FLIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CANDLESTICK BY NORMAN OF LONDON

Cigarette of **GOLDEN MOMENTS**

The bright, golden color of Virginia Rounds tobacco is a promise of coming golden moments of true smoking pleasure. For this is a cigarette that rests its case entirely on the mild but definite character of choice light Virginia leaf — the most expensive bright tobacco.

Virginia makes the Rounds — and the Rounds make smoking an ever-fresh pleasure.

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

PLAIN OR CORN TIPPED

They cost a few cents more—and most people find them worth it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED